deancookie
BLOODLUST

an unknown place. - prolouge

I slowly and fearfully opened my eyes.

What is this place..? I thought to myself. This place wasn't familiar to me at all.. The soft, luscious green grass and the beautiful yellow trees that were once here had somehow disappeared and had been replaced with this cold, wet floor that was covered in this disgusting purplish-red bloody substance which emitted a suffocating and toxic smell.

I tried my best to stand up but as I managed to get on my knees I felt something sharp forcefully pull me back onto the floor, making me fall face-first back on the ground. I felt it tugging violently at my feet as I groaned in pain.

"What is this..?!" I managed to painfully utter out, my voice trembling.

As I breathed in, I felt a horrible, sharp pain in my throat which caused me to cough out violently. I looked down to the ground, my eyes widened in terror, horrified at what I had just coughed out. It was.. blood..?! I stared into the floor, my mind racing to comprehend the nightmare I found myself in.

It wasn't long before the sharp pain took over my whole body, and I felt myself unable to move.
I tried my best to drag myself across the floor, but I felt a strong force hold me back.

"Where do you think you're going..?"

I quickly turned my gaze upwards to see.. it was her..

But before I could utter a response, I felt a horrible sensation radiate in my throat, a force so strong and intense I felt my eyes violently

shut against my will, plunging me into unconsciousness...

-

hi!! so i just wanted to give a quick update to you 16 viewers. thanks so much each and every one of you for reading this so far, and i hope you enjoyed the prolouge. chapter 1 will be coming out in a few days (hopefully), I'm so excited to release it and i hope when it comes out y'all enjoy it! so, that all i have to say. thanks again for reading this and i wish the best for you all.

have a good day!! :)

edit: thank you so much for 57 reads. I have to push chapter 1 a few days forward to finish the writing and proofread so expect it out by 25th or 27th May.

that's a great idea. - chapter 1

The sun beamed down on the road, illuminating everything in its warm glow. The sky above was a clear, vivid blue, not a cloud in sight. It was a peaceful and quiet street, the only sounds being occasional chatter from the birds. Everything was at peace... That was until the serenity was abruptly shattered as a large, red bus thundered down the road, followed by the stamping and heavy breathing of a Golf Ball. Startled by the sudden commotion, the birds took flight in a flurry of wings, their peaceful coexistence momentarily interrupted.

"WAIT UP! WAIT UP!" Golf Ball huffed, running as fast as she could.

Golf Ball's voice echoed through the street, her frantic plea cutting through the air. Her legs pumped with determination as she chased after the departing bus, her breaths coming in short gasps. She had to catch up, had to board that bus before it disappeared from sight.

To her luck, the bus halted at a nearby stop, giving her enough time to catch up and board on.

"Finally..", GB huffed as she got on the bus, still panting from all the running earlier.

She climbed onto a seat, her heart thumping from all the running earlier. Golf Ball let out a sigh of relief and stared at the view from outside the window. She felt herself unwind and zone out as she stared at the luscious, evergreen trees blowing softly in the wind, the newly growing petals blossoming from the leaves. She then directed her vision toward the houses. She couldn't really capture the precise details, but she admired how beautifully sculpted they were, how it took time to build... As Golf Ball was zoned out, her phone suddenly vibrated, making her heart jump.

Who could possibly be texting me right now? She pondered, grabbing

her phone to look at the sudden notification.

TENNIS BALL: Come to the Grasslands ASAP!

Golf Ball rolled her eyes and let out a slight chuckle. Of course it was TB. He was always sending her messages at the most unexpected times...

YOU: Okay.

She sighed once again and stared back at the window to pass the time.

...

"The Grasslands".

That must be my stop... Golf Ball thought to herself as she stood up and headed towards the door.

GB headed towards the door, humming to herself in boredom, while not paying attention to her surroundings.

She was walking calmly until suddenly...

THUD

GB bashed into someone, causing them both to tumble face first onto the floor.

"Ouch..." She groaned while regaining her composure.

As she pushed herself up from the ground she scoffed, frustrated.

"Hey, watch it next time!" She yelled angrily without second thoughts, not even taking a look at the person she bumped into.

"Excuse me...?" The person said with such grace and etiquette that Golf Ball felt her mouth forcefully shut.

As the person turned around, GB couldn't help but stare. The girl was a tall, brown makeup brush, her bristles a soft, dark grey colour with a slight pink ombré on the tips.

GB felt such familiarity looking into her eyes. She remembered this girl from somewhere but she just couldn't put her **finger** on it.

"Um... are you just gonna stand there...?" The girl said, snapping GB out of her trance.

GB suddenly felt flushed with embarrassment.

"Oh! Uh... I..."

Blushing, she hurriedly ran off of the bus without turning back.

Gosh... that was so embarassing... She thought to herself while running.

That girl was so oddly familiar... why do I feel like I've seen her before... Y'know what, whatever. Don't be stupid. You've probably never even seen her before. You probably don't even know who she is. Your mind is just messing with y-

THUD

Golf Ball felt herself crash into someone... again.

"OH, WHY DO I KEEP BUMPING INTO PEOPLE TODAY!" She yelled angrily, while gritting her teeth.

"Golf Ball?!"

"Huh?"

Upon hearing the voice, Golf Ball lifted her gaze to see that it was none other than her best friend, Tennis Ball.

"Oh... it's just you..." Golf Ball chuckled calmly while getting back onto her feet and dusting herself off.

Tennis Ball let out a chuckle and smiled at the sight of his best friend.

"I'm so glad you're here! But, what took you so long?"

Golf Ball remembered what happened at the bus just a few minutes ago and began to sweat nervously at the thought.

"Oh.. haha.. it's nothing, just traffic!" She said hesitantly while putting on a poker face.

Tennis Ball raised an eyebrow suspiciously.

"Oh... whatever you say GB!"

GB let out a sigh.

"So anyways TB, why did you call me to come in such a hurry?"

TB's eyes widened excitedly at the question.

"It's because I want to show you something I made! Follow me!"

"Oh, okay then..." Golf Ball followed along, curious as to what TB had possibly made.

Tennis Ball stopped and stood proudly next to his new invention.

"Behold... the Voice Changer Device! ! It's kinda self explanatory but just speak into it and your audio recording will come out in a different pitch! There's also settings at the back to change how high or deep the voice goes! And when the audio is ready, it'll make a beeping sound to let you know!"

Golf Ball took a good look at the machine. It looked a bit simplistic and boring, the colour choice was tacky, and parts were a bit wonky, but she didn't want to upset her best friend.

"It.. It looks great...!" She said while holding a smile, sweat trickling down her face.

"Thanks..." The Tennis Ball replied, flattered by the response.

"Yay! Grassy can't wait to try this invention!" Grassy said, coming out of nowhere.

"Wait, what's the stupid piece of unmowed grass doing here?" GB said with disgust, making Grassy frown.

"Golf Ball! Be nice! He's my test dummy."

"Grassy's a test dummy....?" The young child said with innocent confusion.

"Tester, I mean tester.." TB corrected himself nervously.

GB rolled her eyes.

"Whatever, take it away Grassy."

"Yayyyy!" Grassy exclaimed while clearing his throat.

"Hm, hm...."

Tennis Ball gritted his teeth and squinted his eyes fearfully while Golf Ball stayed idle.

"I'M GRASSYYYYY!!!" He yelled, at the top of his lungs.

"O-OKAY GRASSY! I THINK THAT'S ENOUGH!" Tennis Ball yelled, trying to make himself heard through the noise.

Grassy quickly paused and smiled angelically.

"You can go now, Grassy."

"Yayyy!!....." The child yelled happily while running off into the distance, never to be seen again.

"So Tennis Ball, I was meaning to ask you something.." GB said, turning back to her best friend.

"What is it?" Tennis Ball replied nervously, his heart thumping with anticipation.

"I still want to know why you wanted me to come so quickly, I mean, other than the machine, I feel like there's something else you want to tell me..."

"Well... y'know..." Tennis Ball looked to the side nervously, taking a deep breath before continuing.

Golf Ball looked at Tennis Ball, puzzled by his somewhat slow response.

Sighing, he gave in and started to speak.

"So you know how BFB ended just a few weeks ago, and we along with all the other contestants just got released from the EXIT?"

"Yeah...?" GB replied, raising an eyebrow slightly.

"Don't you think we deserve a break from all that eternal maths torture?"

Golf Ball looked at Tennis Ball, a shocked expression painted on her face.

"But the math was fun! We got to do square roots, and algebraic equations, a-and we-"

BEEEEEEEEEEP

The sudden loud noise made GB halt in fear.

"Oh, that means the audio is ready, I'll just go check on it and..."

"OOH! What does this button do?" Gelatin said in curiosity as he peered towards the large, flashing green button, which enticed him.

Alarmed, TB quickly ran towards Gelatin.

"NO! GELATIN, DON'T PRESS THA-"

"Oops." He said, his hand already on the button, pushing it down.

"Oh no..." Tennis Ball muttered, expecting the worse to happen.

Suddenly, the machine started to beep loudly before it let out an ear-piercing, deafening and horrible screech. A sound so powerful that even the strongest contestant couldn't withstand.

~~

"Hey! How come you won tic tac toe 72 times in a row!" Firey grunted.

Leafy chuckled.

"Oh I guess it's just l-"

AAAAAAAAAA.....

"LEAFY!"

A sound so powerful that Leafy was blown away.

~~

"Hey Icy! Wanna see the new treehouse that me and Saw made?" Book asked, excitedly.

"I'd love t-"

AAAAAAAAAAA.....

"I-ICY!"

A sound so powerful that it could instantly shatter Ice Cube.

~~

"HOW DO I STOP THIS!!" TB yelled through the ear-splitting noise.

"WAIT! I KNOW!!" Gelatin shouted in response as he ran back towards the machine, pressing the button, making the noise come to a halt.

"Oh. That actually worked!" He laughed.

"Well, I'm gonna go now, let's forget this ever happened, okay TB!" Gelatin said before running off into the distance.

Tennis Ball sighed.

"I should probably just keep this machine somewhere else for now..."

He powered off the machine and walked back to Golf Ball, a bit sad after what happened but brushing it off.

"Sorry about that GB! I didn't expect that to be so loud!" He chuckled, trying to laugh off the chaotic situation that happened just a few

seconds ago.

"It's okay.." GB replied quietly.

"So... what did you want to tell me TB?"

"Oh! Right. So, I figured that everyone wants a break from the EXIT and the endless piles of math... So I was wondering..."

"Hm?"

Tennis Ball smiled proudly.

"Why don't we invite them to a **hotel**!"

Golf Ball gasped, her eyes widening with excitement.

"That's a great idea!"

~~~

Hey guys! So that's chapter one! Pretty short, I know🎾🎾, but I hope you enjoyed it! And don't forget to tell me what you think in the comments!!

I will aim to release chapter 2 on June 10th, so make sure to stay tuned!! Anyways, Dean out!!
~~~

little miss alliance. - chapter 2

"That's a great idea!"

"Y-you really think so?!" TB said, his eyes widening with surprise.

"Of course!" GB replied, her eyes shimmering with excitement, a shine so brightly glistening and filled with confidence, one of which has never been seen before.

"I didn't think you'd like it all that much... So who do you think we should tell first?"

"I was gonna ask you that." GB replied, her eyebrow raised with confusion.

"Okay then...! How about Pen!" TB exclaimed with a smile.

"That's random, why him?" GB said curiously, her eyebrow raised higher.

"Y'know, because of how popular he is, he'll just effortlessly spread the hotel thing to the others without us having to go around telling everyone!" Tennis Ball smirked.

GB looked at TB, her lips curling into a playful smile as she considered his idea.

"Well, I guess that's settled, let's go!"

"Yeah!"

The two set off to go find Pen, both eager and thrilled to tell him about TB's idea. As they approached Pen, GB abruptly halted, her jaw dropping wide open in astonishment.

"Golf Ball, why are you just standing there? **Are you Okay?**" TB

questioned, his voice laced with confusion and concern.

Met with no answer, he sighed and observed the scene until, he discovered the reason for GB's shock...

"Oh wow..." TB said, his voice filled with surprise.

And there before them, he saw Pencil fighting with... Eraser?!

"JUST GIVE UP ERASER!" Pen yelled, desperately trying to pry Eraser off of Pencil.

"NO! SOMEONE NEEDS TO TEACH PENCIL A LESSON!" Eraser retorted back, trying to resist Pen's hold.

"TEACH ME A LESSON?? SOMEONE NEEDS TO FUCKING PUNCH YOU IN THE FACE FOR ALL THE BULLSHIT THAT'S COMING OUT OF YOUR MOUTH!" Pencil screamed back before smacking him in the face.

"PENCIL ARE YOU STUPID?! HE'S NOT WORTH IT!!" Match yelled, struggling to pull Pencil out of the fight.

Pencil groaned angrily as she attempted to push Match off of her.

TB's eyes widened as he watched the chaotic scene unravel before him. Eager to know what was going on, he attempted to push through the quickly forming crowd of people.

"Hey, quit pushing me!" Pin yelled, her voice barely audible amidst the chaos as she was unintentionally shoved to the side by Tennis Ball.

"Sorry! I just wanna see what's going on!!" TB nervously apologised back.

"Y'know, you might not wanna go up to them, Pencil's on another one of her temper tantrums and she might just end up by banging you in the face!" She laughed loudly while looking to the side and back.

"Ohhh...." TB stared at Pin before looking away.

"WHY DON'T YOU JUST ADMIT IT! AND DON'T EVEN TELL ME THAT YOU DIDN'T OR I'LL PUNCH YOU!" Pencil yelled angrily with rage, her voice getting progressively louder after each word.

"I'M NOT ADMITTING ANYTHING BECAUSE I DIDN'T SAY IT!" Eraser snapped back angrily before getting kicked on the ankle by Pencil.

"THAT'S IT, YOU IDIOT!" Pencil screamed. She stiffened her fists with all her rage, ready to throw a powerful punch at Eraser. As she lifted her fist...

THUD!

..she suddenly felt someone forcefully push her along with everyone else onto the grass.

"Ow! What the hell...?!" She groaned as she regained her composure.

"STOP IT! THAT'S ENOUGH!" She heard a familiar voice say.

"WHAT HAS GOTTEN INTO YOU GUYS! WE SHOULDN'T BE FIGHTING OVER STUPID STUFF LIKE THIS! JUST BECAUSE FOUR ISN'T AROUND DOESN'T MEAN YOU PEOPLE SHOULD START FIGHTING EACHOTHER!"

Pencil rubbed her eyes and got up from her feet to see that the person who pushed everyone off of each other was...

"BOOK?!" She yelled, astounded to see that it was her of all people.

"I don't even wanna hear a word from you Pencil, you're always causing unnecessary trouble!" She said angrily, a stern expression painted on her two-toned face.

Pencil's frustration simmered beneath the surface as she listened to Book's words. She couldn't shake off the feeling that Book was singling her out, making her the blame for the everyone's problems. Anger flared within her, and she couldn't take it anymore... it slipped out.

"SHUT UP BOOK, YOU GOODY TWO-SHOES! THAT'S A BUNCH OF BULLSHIT!"

"Uh-huh, yeah, you're sure about that, aren't you." Match retorted in such a way that Pencil felt herself bite her tongue out of pure shock.

"I..." Pencil felt her throat go dry, unable to utter a single word.

Match looked Pencil deep in the eye, shooting her a dirty look before walking off with Book, leaving Pencil all by herself...

As the crowd dissolved, she stood there, isolated, the only company being her troubled mind...

...

...

...

Sometimes I get the impression that even my own best friend would be better off with me in the EXIT.

...

...

"Why is she being so dramatic, her alliance died years ago!"

...

"I thought she'd change, but I guess not. She's still horrible."

...

"Ironic isn't it. You've said so much shit about others but when they finally bite back you want to get physical?"

..

"So rude..."

..

"Why can't she just be nice, it's not even that hard..."

..

"She disgusts me."

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"She should just go away."

.

"She should go back to the EXIT. WHERE SHE BELONGS."

.

stop... please...

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"Get out of our sight, we're better off without you."

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"Such a jerk. I hate assholes like Pencil..."

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JUST STOP...

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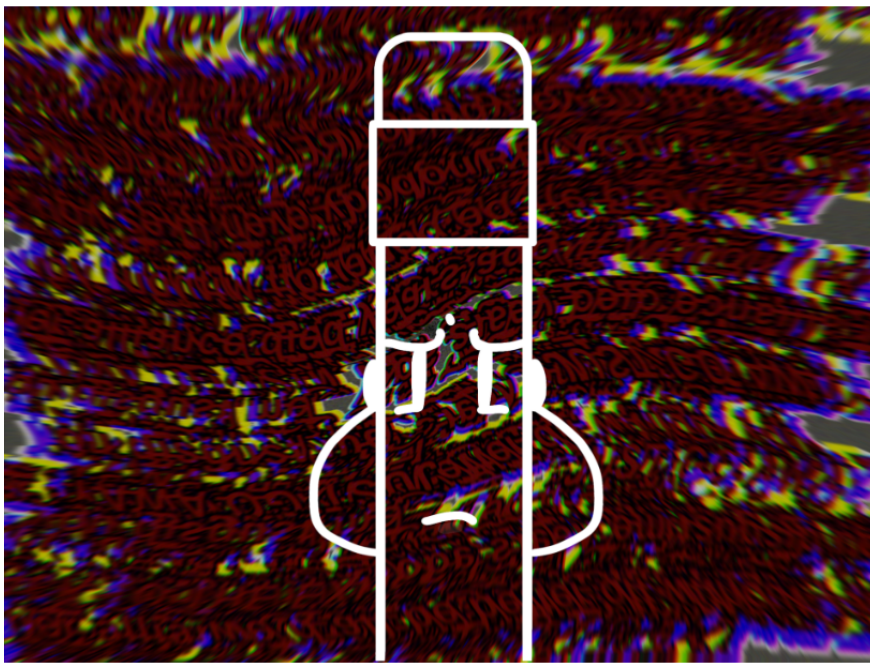

GET... OUT... OF... MY... HEAD...

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.
.

"Pencil?"

"Huh?"

Pencil rubbed her eyes and swiftly turned around to see it was... Pen? Shocker.

"Are you alright? I heard you sulking and breathing heavily..."

How come he's suddenly concerned about me? He barely even talks to me. I bet he just wants to tell me off like Book. I bet Eraser told him to do it because he's too chicken to say it to my face. I'm not gonna let that happen. He isn't gonna try and mess with me. I won't let anyone mess with me...

"What do you want... Are you just here to tell me off like Book? Did Eraser tell you to come to me?" Pencil said distrustingly.

"W-What? No! I-"

"JUST ADMIT IT! I KNOW YOU'RE HERE TO TRY AND MESS WITH ME LIKE YOUR OTHER FRIENDS!"

"Pencil! That isn't my-"

"I'M NOT STUPID LIKE YOU ALL THINK I AM! IF YOU'RE GONNA TRY AND MESS WITH ME YOU MIGHT AS WELL-"

"PENCIL! Will you please just listen to me.." Pen pleaded, his voice tinged with genuine concern.

"Look, okay... I'm not here to mess with you or pick sides. You looked so scared of something, and your face looked all upset. So I thought I could help..."

Pencil looked into his earnest eyes. She wanted to shout at him but she just couldn't. Something about what he was saying felt so sincere and genuine, it was such a strong feeling she just couldn't push away.

His sincere words echoed in her head. She didn't want to trust him, but she felt a strong desire inside her to just go along with it. She put her thoughts aside, taking a deep and hesitant breath.

"I just... I don't understand..." Pencil said, her voice softening. "How

can someone say such horrible things about something I worked so hard on."

Her voice quivered with a mixture of hurt and confusion. Her hesitant admission revealed an unseen and unimaginable side of her, one so vulnerable and sensitive which was always masked by her tough and cruel persona.

"Y'know Pencil, I know how that feels. I've been picked on by others waayy more times than you can imagine," Pen said with a smile.

"Oh."

"But besides the point, I think I should talk to Eraser. Why did he say that out of nowhere? I didn't see you annoying you or anything."

Pencil sighed.

"That's the thing, I don't know! And now Match is mad at me and soon everyone's gonna be mad at me, and, and, you're mad at me, aren't you! Why wouldn't you-"

"If I were mad at you, why would I even be speaking to you?" Pen questioned, cutting her off.

"You're not mad at me? B-But how?! I was literally fighting your best friend!"

"Because I know that there's more to a person than just their moments of anger."

Pencil's eyes widened upon hearing Pen's words. Never had she expected such a calm, collected and level-headed response to her actions. She was so used to being criticised by others that this felt unfamiliar to her.

"Why are you being so nice to me? I don't understand! How come you don't hate me like Match?"

"Why should I hate you just because of a fight? There's more to you than what happened! Also, who said that Match hates you?"

Pencil looked up to him, teary eyed.

"Because I've been such an asshole, and I've caused problems for her and everyone else!"

"I don't think she would hate you just because of that, you two have been best friends for years, you should-"

"BUT DIDN'T YOU SEE THE WAY SHE LOOKED AT ME?! A-AND SHE EVEN-"

"Y'know Pencil, you should know Match better than that, you guys have been friends for so long!"

Pencil stayed silent.

"Listen, Pencil. I think you should talk things out with Match. I really think it would clear the air between you two... And I'm sure Match would understand once you explain everything to her!"

"...Y-You really think so?" Pencil questioned, her eyes widening yet still hesitant.

"Of course! Now, I gotta go talk to Eraser, I'll see you around!" Pen exclaimed.

"Oh- and before I go..." He slowly reached his hand out towards Pencil. "High five?"

"Y-Yeah!" She smiled before exchanging a lighthearted high-five.

"Well... cya around!" Pen yelled from the distance as he speedily ran off.

...

Yeah... maybe he's got a point. Maybe Match doesn't hate me... Maybe she's just mad at me... Maybe I should talk to Match... Maybe I should...

...

"Well that wasn't really a good idea to approach Pen." GB said, her voice trembling, still shocked from the fight.

TB nodded, his brow furrowed in contemplation.

"Yeah, you're right, but who should we tell now!" he replied with uncertainty.

"Hm..."

GB observed her surroundings, her gaze darting from one person to another.

Puffball? No, she's not gonna be interested, besides, I don't even like her. Tree? Nope. I don't even speak to him. Pin? I'll consider it... Wait, how about...-

"Let's tell Foldy!" TB said, his face lighting up with excitement as he looked towards Foldy, who was in the middle of a conversation with her best friend, Stapy.

"That's exactly what I was thinking!" GB grinned, her determination resurfacing.

Without wasting another second, GB and TB energetically sprinted over to her, once again determined to tell someone about TB's amazing idea.

"Hey Foldy!"-

—

"UGH!" A feminine voice screeched before stabbing a sharp sickle into the tree.

"I hate you, I hate you, I hate you, I hate you, I hate you, I hate you, I hate you, I hate you, I HATE YOU..."

Nothing could be heard but the violent rustling of paper on the muddy forest floor and the angry sobs of a certain individual.

"Why do you always have to get what you want... IT'S NOT FAIR.

Everyone always wants to talk to you, everyone always wants to support you. Why won't anyone support me! IT'S... NOT... FAIR...!"

"I just want to stick a knife into your throat slowly and watch you cry for help..." She said corruptly with manic laughter as she pulled her sickle out of the tree.

"YOU DON'T DESERVE ANYTHING! JUST DIE!" She screamed as her laughter suddenly paused, her mood swinging almost instantaneously as she violently and repeatedly slammed her sickle into the tree before abruptly and menacingly pausing.

"I'm gonna destroy your life, I'll take everything you hold dear and SMASH IT INTO PIECES! I'll make sure you witness it with your own two eyes..."

"You ruined mine, so I'll ruin yours..."

"I'll get my revenge on you, sooner than you think..."

"**FOLDY...**"

———

Hey guys! Hope you enjoyed the chapter as much as I enjoyed writing it lol!! anyways, chapter 3... I'll aim to release it around the end of July to mid August!
Well, that's all I have to say, cya!! Dean, out!

why do you wanna know? - chapter 3

"Where are you going?! You have Death Preventing duties, remember?!"

That's the question they ask me every single day.

"Oh, I'm just going on a walk to take a breather!"

They're suddenly concerned about how I feel, huh. Why do you people pretend to care, WHY?! It's embarrassing to watch you people all fake your smiles.

Why do they think that they can all just toy around with me like I'm their little ragdoll? Why do they all think that they can just use me? I bet they don't even care about me anyways, they just need me to help with their little 'saving lives' shit. Do it yourselves.

They have absolutely no idea what I'm doing anyways, not like they would even care. I'm just preparing something perfect for you all... You wanna know what that is...?

REVENGE...

_____

Pencil slowly and hesitantly walked across the luscious green grass, each step making her doubt herself more, and more.

Should I really approach Match? What if she turns me down? What if she doesn't want anything to do with me? What if she... No, shut up Pencil. Just do it.

She clutched onto her stomach tightly as she tried to take brave strides forwards, squinting her eyes and flinching out of fear.

"You're seriously, like, apologising now?! Save it. I don't want anything to do with you."

Shut up Pencil... she wouldn't do that. She's your best friend, after all. She wouldn't treat you poorly... would she? Would she? Would... she...? She wouldn't... she would-

"PENCIL!"

Startled, Pencil furrowed her eyebrows in shock. Expecting the worst, she swiftly turned around to see it was... Match..?!

Pencil felt herself tremble intensely at the sight of Match as she felt her anxiety slowly take control of her body.

Get ready Pencil... she's gonna tell you off...

As she prepared to run away, her mind filled with thoughts of escape, she felt a sudden force pulling her back. Startled, she turned around only to find herself in a tight embrace, much to her surprise.

"I'M SO SORRY FOR, LIKE, LASHING OUT AT YOU LIKE THAT!" Match blurted out loudly as she tightly clawed onto Pencil's arm in a flurry of tears.

"W-Wha?!"

"I SHOULDN'T HAVE LEFT YOU STANDING THERE PENCE-PENCE, IT'S, LIKE, ALL MY FAULT!" Match cried loudly.

Pencil bit her lip with guilt as Match clung onto her like a sore puppy.

What do I do... I have no idea what to say to her... She nervously thought to herself.

But then she realised... what does Match have to apologise for...? This was all Pencil's fault, right? She was responsible for provoking Eraser, she was responsible for causing so much havoc... This was all her fault... She was truly the one who was supposed to apologise for all of the turmoil she created. So she sucked up all her anxious thoughts and then... it dawned.

"Match... there's no need for you to be apologising. If anything, I should be the one saying sorry. I'm so sorry for all of this chaos. I don't know why I didn't come to you earlier, I was just blinded by my own ego..."

And for a split second, Match stopped crying and let go of Pencil, looking at her deep in the eye. She felt herself fill with shock as she listened to her best friend's apology.

"I... Match?!" Pencil said with confusion as she watched Match stand still, her eyes wide open with surprise.

She raised her eyebrow with confusion as Match stood idle, unable to figure out why that was.

"Uhhh, earth to Match?!" Pencil yelled as she tapped on her best friend's arm as if to wake her up.

And after a while, she saw Match regain her senses, before bursting into laughter.

"Oh! Hahah! You should've seen your face!" Match giggled as Pencil felt a wave of relief wash over her.

"M-Match! You scared me!" Pencil retorted as her relief turned into a hint of anger.

"Oops! Sorry!" Match laughed before sticking her tounge out.

"It's okay, I guess. I'm just glad you're alright..." Pencil sighed.

Match stared at her, grinning before bursting into laughter.

"Awww! Pencil!" She chuckled as she gave Pencil a tight and unexpected embrace.

Pencil, still filled with emotion, could only bring herself to hug Match back with a smile.

I really hope this happiness lasts forever... Pencil thought to herself with a smile as she closed her eyes.

"So... You wanna go to Gelatin's Steakhouse? I'm kinda hungry," Match said as the two let go from the hug.

"Yeah!" Pencil replied as the two linked arms and skipped off.

Pen watched from a distance as Pencil and Match chatted, their laughter carrying through the air. A bittersweet smile tugged at the corners of his lips as he observed the two, happy to see Pencil finally make up with her best friend.

"I'm happy for them," Pen muttered to himself, a slight twinge of jealousy in his tone.

"Hey, Pen!"

"Huh?"

Pen snapped out and swiftly turned around to see it was Tennis Ball and Golf Ball. He was always a fan of their nifty inventions and he was quite eager to know what they were going to show him this time.

"Oh, hey you two!" He greeted them enthusiastically as he was returned with a happy wave from TB and a very unenthusiastic one from GB.

"Are you sure you want to ask him? Remember what happened last time we tried to!" GB whispered to TB in a screechy tone.

"Well of course I'm sure! No one's fighting so it's not an issue!"

GB rolled her eyes as she turned back to Pen who was standing there awkwardly waiting for them to say something.

"So Pen, I wanted to ask you a-"

"WE!"

Tennis Ball frustratedly sighed, "We... we wanted to ask you a question!"

"Yeah, go on!" Pen responded with an eager grin, all ears for what the two had to announce.

"Okay, so basically, you know how BFB ended like a week or so ago, right?"

"Mhm,"

"I was wondering if you'd like to be invited to a hotel trip that me and GB are planning as a break from the EXIT!"

"A... A hotel trip?!" Pen muttered, his eyes lit with excitement, "But... why me?"

"Well, we're inviting a lot of people to be honest!"

"O-Oh..." Pen replied, feeling less unique.

"We'd love for you to come along, we need enough people to properly form a guest list! So far, we've invited like... 20... people? Umm..."

"24." GB stated as she pulled out a notebook, her eyes scouring the contents it.

"Ohh... alright! That sounds exciting, sign me up!"

"Great!" TB smiled as he pulled out a **pencil**, "Just write your name on this notebook and you're in!"

"Okay..." Pen replied excitedly as he grabbed the **pencil** from TB to write his name. As he was about to write his name, he awkwardly paused and turned to TB who raised an eyebrow.

"Wait... do you have to pay money for this?"

"Nope! Free of charge! We wanted to do something nice for the rest of you guys!"

Pen's eyes glistened with excitement as he quickly wrote his name in the notebook, sealing his spot for the hotel trip. He handed the pencil back to Tennis Ball, a wide grin plastered across his face.

"I'm really looking forward to this!" Pen grinned, unable to contain his enthusiasm.

"We're excited to have you there!" TB replied with a friendly smile and a wave.

As Pen turned to leave, he felt a soft nudge on his arm. Turning back, he saw Golf Ball looking at him sternly, deeply staring into his eyes with a straight face as he felt a shiver travel down his spine.

"Hey, can you make sure to tell more people about this?" She requested.

"O-Oh, of course!" Pen smiled nervously as GB returned a slight smile to him.

"Cya around you two!" He waved as he walked away from GB and TB.

———

"Have you heard?" Stapy asked as he hopped over to Fries with Foldy.

"Heard what?" He replied as he turned to the two, an unamused expression on his face.

"The hotel trip, idiot!" Stapy exclaimed, slightly annoyed at Fries' obliviousness.

"Oh, right. Yeah, I heard about that," Fries replied nonchalantly, pretending not to care, "Also who are you calling an idiot?!

Stapy looked him up and down before going on, "Well, there's two other people here, obviously I wouldn't call Foldy an idiot so... that leaves one lucky person!" Stapy grinned as he held out his index finger.

"And it's y-"

Before he could finish his sentence, Foldy angrily kicked him hard on his side, giving him a frustrated look as if to tell him to shut up.

Stapy painfully rubbed his side where Foldy hit him, giving her a disgruntled look, but he got the message.

Folding his arms, he huffed, "Fine, I'll stop. But you know he started

it, right?"

Foldy rolled her eyes and sighed, not bothering to respond to his attempt to shift the blame. Instead, she turned back to Fries with a slight smile to cover up her frustration.

"Sorry about that Fries. He's just being annoying right now! But anyways, did you put your name on the list?"

Fries shrugged casually. "Yeah, I did, but only because Puffball wanted to go. I'm not so keen on going, honestly."

"Oh?" Foldy raised an eyebrow. "Why's that?"

"It just... it feels a bit strange. Not that I don't like TB and GB, I think their ideas are pretty cool. But it just pretty rushed, like seriously! Out of nowhere they just waltz in and tell everyone that they're inviting people to a hotel, and then everyone's suddenly so excited! Like, have they even booked the hotel? And where are they even getting the money from?!"

"Woah there chips! Calm down with the conspiracy theories!" Stapy chuckled as if to cool off Fries from his anger.

"Really?" Fries replied, turning to him with an irritated look on his face.

"Alright! Calm down man, I'm only joking!" Stapy said as he playfully raised his arms in the air. "You're overthinking this whole thing!"

"No I'm not!" Fries snapped in retaliation. "It just feels rushed and unplanned!"

"Y'know... Stapy's not wrong! I don't think you should take this so seriously, GB and TB are trustworthy!" Foldy added, chiming in with Stapy.

"You know what, whatever. Unless you guys want to blindly enter a death trap! I'm gonna go!" Fries scoffed as he put his hands on his hips and walked off, leaving Foldy and Stapy in confusion.

"What was that about...?" Foldy said, turning to her best friend.

"Dunno," Stapy shrugged as he watched Fries walk off without turning back.

———

Liy sat on the bench, intensely focused as she wrote into her good old notebook. She was so delved into this notebook that nothing could possibly distract her, right?

She was so focused in fact that she couldn't sense her old teammate Pen's presence until he tapped her softly on the shoulder with his hand, a tap that somehow managed to make a sudden shiver travel down her spine, a tap so startling that she shrieked in fear as she slammed her notebook shut immediately at the sight of him.

My old teammate... Liy thought to herself as she looked into Pen's eyes, the horrible memories of BFB 5 flooding back into her head the moment she made eye contact. Then she clocked it. He along with all the others never bothered to say bye. He, along with all of those others never cared. Ironic, isn't it. She was always the one carrying Death Pact under her wing, and this was their thank you? They never, ever understood Liy. They were never, ever thankful for anything she ever did for them. And what was the best they could do? Watch with a smile as she was unfairly taken away from them. She hated everyone on that team, she didn't want to utter a single word to Pen. She felt utterly horrified at the sight of his face. But she couldn't show that. She couldn't show anyone how she truly felt. So what did she do? Plastered it up with a giant smile.

"Liy? You there?" Pen pondered with confusion as Liy innocently smiled at him.

"O-Oh! I'm so sorry for keeping you standing Pen, it's just my head... it hurts so much today!" Liy replied almost instantaneously with a gigantic smile, a smile so large you could almost compare it with Leafy's.

"It's alright!" Pen laughed nervously as he found himself staring into her eyes in confusion, watching as the bright light in her eyes drastically formed into a... star...?

Perplexed at the sight, Pen decided to just ignore it and continued.

"Say, Liy. I've been meaning to ask you something!"

"Oh? And what is it?" Liy asked as she looked into Pen's eyes creepily to try and put him off.

"So have you heard about what TB and GB are hosting?"

"No..?" Of course Liy wouldn't know. It's not like anyone ever bothers to utter a single word to her anyways.

"They're hosting a **hotel** trip! And I was wondering if you wanted to be invited to it!"

A... Hotel... Trip...? Those three words echoed in Liy's head as her starry eyes widened so much that Pen couldn't tell whether it was out of pure shock or excitement.

A... Hotel... have my prayers been answered?! The surprised Liy thought as she scrolled through her notebook.

Finally... I... I can enact my long awaited rev-

"So Liy! Is that a yes or a no?" Pen chuckled with confusion as he fidgeted with the **pencil** and paper in his hand.

"Yes, yes! Sign me up Pen-y!" She exclaimed as she excitedly grabbed the **pencil** from his hand and scribbled her name on the paper.

Finally... I've been given a purpose in this horrible world again! I won't let down! This time I'll do it perfectly. I'll finally get the chance to ki-

"Thank you Liy! I'm so glad you've joined us! The trip's gonna be in 2 days, cya there!" Pen cheered as he took back the pencil and paper and excitedly ran off into the distance.

2... days... that's more than enough, right? Liy thought nervously as her pupils shrank dramatically.

There's no time to waste! I must start now!

And with that, Liy grabbed her notebook and got up from the bench, speedwalking back to her old team house.

Along the way, she came across a distraught and annoyed Fries stomping through the grasslands.

"This hotel thing is so unplanned and messy! Those two don't even know what they're doing!" He yelled to himself with anger.

Overhearing those words, Liy couldn't help but snarl and giggle to herself.

Oh honey please, this is just the beginning. There's more you should be worried about...

———

"Have you heard about that hotel trip?" Bottle asked excitedly.

"Yeah, I think so..." Tree uttered unenthusiastically in response as he leaned back on his rocking chair, not paying proper attention as he was to busy delving into a magazine about plant life.

"Ehh... how about you Remote? Are you going?" Bottle asked again, diverting her attention from the distracted Tree to Remote.

"Yep. Pie told me about it. Her friend wouldn't stop begging me to sign up for it!" Remote complained in her text-to-speech voice.

"So did you sign up for it...? Or..."

"Yeah, I did. But I don't want to go, personally. I'll just break the news to Pie tomorrow or something." Remote shrugged.

"Wait, wait, wait. Who's Pie's friend, and as a matter fact, where even is Pie?" Tree replied obliviously as he closed his magazine.

Remote swiftly turned to Tree, raising an eyebrow in surprise in response to his cluelessness.

"You don't know? She's obviously playing tic-tac-toe with Cake!" She replied to the oblivious Tree as he stared in confusion.

"Oh okay." He replied as he quickly opened his magazine to pick up where he left off.

"I wonder why Pie never talks to us anymore." Bottle pondered. "It's not like I'm stopping her from talking to anyone else but it's just a bit-"

Suddenly, the sliding door that led into the lounge slammed open with such force that Tree rocked back on his chair.

"Woah!" Tree yelped as he held onto the magazine for dear life before it slipped out of his hand.

The one who stepped through the door after that was none other than Liy. Her sudden and dramatic entrance puzzled the three as she walked swiftly through the lounge, not uttering one word.

"Woah, Liy! What's the matter?" Bottle asked with a bit of a giggle as she looked towards Liy's direction, to be met with no response.

As Liy swiftly stopped to turn around, the atmosphere grew heavy with curiosity as Bottle, Tree, and Remote exchanged puzzled glances.

"Is she... alright...?" Tree whispered quietly to Remote who responded with nothing but a shrug.

"I'm sorry for that guys! I didn't mean to startle you all!" Liy apologised profusely, her bright starry eyes and her huge grin fuelled by her inner disgust and deceit.

"It's... okay... where are you off to though?" Tree responded with a skeptical and perplexed tone in his voice.

"M-Me?!" Liy fumbled as she quickly tried to come up with a lie on the spot.

"O-Oh! I'm just heading off to the bathroom, don't mind me!" She uttered nervously before opening the door to the shared bedroom.

"Isn't the bathroom that way...?" Tree said with confusion as he faced towards the huge sliding door that was violently slammed just a few

minutes earlier.

"I wouldn't worry that much Tree, she's Liy!" Bottle responded with her normal cheery tone, rolling her eyes playfully.

"I'm just gonna go shut the door," Remote said in her robotic voice before getting up from her purple coloured beanbag.

As she reached for the door handle, she suddenly felt an unnaturally strong force detach the door from it's structure, sucking it up into a dark void.

"Oh. Sorry about that..." Black Hole responded awkwardly as he was met with annoyed glances from the three.

"How are you even in here?" Tree retorted with nothing but pure confusion and anger.

"They said the house was void-proof." Black Hole responded almost immediately.

"Well clearly not the door!" Remote yelled in anger despite her voice coming out in a neutral robotic tone, raising her hands in the air angrily.

———

"Oh yeah, I can't wait to go to Gelatin's Steakhouse! I'm just so hungry for one of those delicious steaks!" Pencil chattered excitedly to Match as they approached the lovely green-coloured restaurant, looking up towards the giant, lit up red sign that blared '**Gelatin's Steakhouse**' that could be seen from about a mile away.

"I can't, like, wait!" Match replied with excitement as she walked into the door, expecting it to slide open. Without paying proper attention, Match slammed her face into the luscious glass door.

"Match! Are you okay?!" Pencil yelled with alert as she watched Match slowly and dramatically fall to her knees as of they were in a movie.

"Juicy.... Steaks..." Match murmured emotionally and hungrily as she

stared into the empty restaurant, clawing theatrically onto the glass as tears welled up in her eyes.

"Match, you can get up you know, the restaurant's only closed." Pencil responded, unamused as she watched her drama queen best friend continue to sob loudly.

"Perfectly Fried Chips... Juicy Tender Steaks... Oh... Where Art Thou?" Match cried as she put her hand on her forehead dramatically, clawing onto the door like her life depended on it.

Pencil sighed as she walked up to the tearful Match, wiping a drop of sweat off of her face in frustration.

"Come on Match, there's other restaurants around!" She yelled forcefully, gritting her teeth as she pulled on Match's leg in an attempt to make her let go of the door.

"NO! I CAN'T! LIKE, NOT YET!" Match cried melodramatically as she clawed onto the glass so hard that scratch marks were starting to be seen on it.

"Match!! Let's just go to some other place!" Pencil screeched, desperately struggling to let get her best friend off the door.

After what felt like 10 minutes of pulling, Pencil's efforts were in vain. Match just wouldn't let go of the door, whatever she tried. Match just cried melodramatically, spreading her arms across the glass as if to hug the door.

"Fine Match!" Pencil blurted out in a sigh as she walked in small steps, hoping Match would follow, which much to her dismay, didn't work out.

"Match! It's not like you're bound to Gelatin's Steakhouse, it's gonna open tommorow morning!" Pencil scoffed with anger as she turned to watch Match clinging onto the door like a sore puppy.

After a while, Pencil finally gave in, this was becoming too stupid for her to handle.

"Y'know what, whatever Match, be like that!" She yelled before

shutting her eyes angrily and stamping off, growing tired of Match's pathetic behaviour.

She started in slow steps once again, expecting Match to apologise and follow along. But much to Pencil's offense, she again got no response, just the distant and progressively annoying cries of Match as she clung onto the door.

"I'm not having this anymore." Pencil said to herself in anger as she tightly kept her eyes shut, walking in long strides proudly before she felt herself bash into someone at full force.

"Woah!" Pencil yelled, her eyes immediately opening as she felt herself fall.

As she was about to hit the floor, she felt a strong hand catch her at the perfect time.

"I've got you!" A familiar voice yelped as he held Pencil tightly in his arms before helping her stand upright.

Pencil blinked awkwardly for a few seconds before realising the person who caught her in the nick of time was...

"Pen?!" She blurted out, extremely embarrassed.

"Are you okay Pencil? That was a pretty rough fall!" He replied with concern as Pencil looked to the side awkwardly.

"Yeah, I'm alright, thanks for helping me there,"Pencil replied, brushing off her embarrassment and giving him a grateful smile.

"But... what brings you here?" She asked, curious about his unexpected appearance.

"Well, I've been meaning to ask you something!" Pen grinned, a spark of enthusiasm lighting up his eyes.

"Yeah, and what would that be?" Pencil replied, curious about what he could possibly ask her.

"So basically, TB and GB are hosting a hotel trip as a break from BFB,

and I was wondering if you and Match would like to be invited!"

"A... Hotel Trip?" Pencil muttered with fascination, completely disregarding the fact that it's ran by that stupid bossy bot Golf Ball.

"OMG, did you say, like, a hotel trip!" Match said excitedly as she immediately let go of the door, running over to Pen and Pencil with a fat grin plastered across her face.

"Wow Match. What happened to you wanting to go to Gelatin's Steakhouse?" Pencil responded as she turned to Match, an unamused look painted on her face.

"Steakhouse? Oh pfft! Who cares about that?! I want to go to that totally, like, awesome cool splendid hotel! Sign me up Pen!" Match grinned as she grabbed the **pencil** from Pen's hand and messily wrote her name on the paper.

"Thanks Match, I'm glad you're joining in!" Pen beamed with excitement as Match eagerly signed up for the hotel trip. He turned back to Pencil, still glistening with enthusiasm.

"How about you Pencil?" He asked her with such a contagious amount of positivity that Pencil couldn't help but smile a bit for herself.

"Yeah!" She responded happily as she grabbed the **pencil** from his hand to write her name.

"Thanks Pencil!" Pen beamed with delight as he took back the paper and the **pencil**.

"No, thank you Pen! I'm sure I'm going to enjoy this **hotel trip**!"

———

Hotel Trip... hm... Liy thought to herself as the words continued to echo in her head.

"What do I do... where do I start off?" She muttered to herself silently as she looked at herself in the small mirror in the back of the shared team bedrooms.

She couldn't help but stare into her starry eyes, a deceitful grin tugging at her lips.

"I remind me a lot of your best friend Foldy. No... I don't mean Stapy, I mean the other one! But I haven't seen her for so many years, I wonder where she went off to!" She giggled to herself maniacally as she observed the six-edged star glow brighter and brighter.

"Ah... it's the copycat effect, isn't it..." she grinned, ever so slightly blushing.

She creepily turned away from the mirror and approached the messy closet next to the bunk beds.

"I know what I have to do now!" She said to herself with deceitful determination as she grabbed a large pink sun hat and a yellow tote bag from the cluttered closet.

Liy chuckled creepily to herself as she put on the large hat and fastened the tote bag tightly onto her shoulder.

"Let's pay your best friend just one more visit, shall we, **Foldy?**"

———

whew, I had too much fun writing this chapter lol! I hope you guys enjoyed reading too! Make sure to prepare for more plot twists and excitement along the way!

As for chapter 4, I plan to release it from late august - early september.

and that's all, enjoy! Dean, out!

my very best friend. - chapter 4

(⚠WARNING: there will be blood and graphic description in this chapter !!⚠)

Rosemead... The decently populated and fairly quiet town right outside of Goiky.

Well, here I am. Back here after 3 years. I don't miss this place one bit, but I have to come here once more. To pay you one more visit...

"Okay... Do you think we have enough people?" Tennis Ball asked nervously as he watched Golf Ball scour through the contents of her notebook.

"Hm.... I don't know, we already have quite a few people, but I think we should invite some more!" She replied, turning to her friend with a sort of... perplexed look on her face.

"Wait hold on, let me see who's on the list already." TB added before reading through the list of people's names scribbled onto GB's notebook.

The list read as follows:
- *Book*
- *Pen*
- *Match*
- *Pencil*
- *Bubble*
- *Ruby*
- *Flower*
- *Gelatin*
- *Foldy*
- *Stapy*

- Puffball
- Fries
- Eraser
- Saw
- Gaty
- Liy
- Lollipop
- Ice Cube
- Cake
- Pie
- Remote
- Teardrop
- Marker
- Naily
- Bomby
- Lightning
- Fanny
- Firey
- Leafy
- Ruby
- Coiny
- Loser
- Pin
- Needle
- Bottle
- Woody
- Basketball
- Grassy
- 8-Ball
- Taco
- Barf Bag
- Donut
- Bracelety
- Balloony
- Nickel
- Rocky

"Wow GB! I'm pretty sure 46 people is quite enough, but how'd you manage to get 8-Ball, Basketball and Grassy on there?" TB laughed before passing the notebook back to GB, who had an extremely

shocked look on her face.

"Wait, THEY ARE?! THIS IS ACTUALLY REALLY BAD!" GB yelled loudly with alert before scrubbing through the pages to remove their names.

"It's not that bad, they're Better Namers just like us!" TB exclaimed before receiving a deathly stare from the Golf Ball.

"Are... you... KIDDING ME?! WHY WOULD YOU WANT THOSE ABOMINATIONS TO COME WITH US!" GB shouted, angrily inching closer to TB's face in an attempt to scare him into changing his mind.

TB tiptoed back, raising a confused eyebrow in response to her unnecessary anger.

"You know that leader thing was resolved ages ago, right?! Also, how come you don't want those 3 but you don't seem to mind Pencil and Match? Huh?!" He teased with a smile as GB a stood idle, unable to forge an answer but instead turning to the side.

"Fine." GB sighed in defeat as she faced the other side, giving TB her back.

"But if they do anything to me, I'm kicking them off!" She yelled as she turned back to face him, her voice quivering and unusually shaky as if she was about to burst into tears.

TB looked at her with a bit of concern before raising his eyebrow and brushing it off with a huge grin.

"Wow GB, that was *sooo* nice of you!" He teased at her before giggling a little bit.

"S-Shut up!" GB snapped with embarrassment before the two burst into laughter.

This is gonna be so great... I hope this hotel trip goes well. I hope...

"Thank you!" Liy waved with an exaggerated smile to the cashier as

she held onto her bouquet of petunias.

As Liy turned to the side, her smile quickly faded away, being replaced with a dark and menacing grimace as she clutched tightly onto the flowers and her tote bag. Her large pink sun hat casted a dark shadow above her face, a shadow so dark that you couldn't even tell what she was feeling anymore through all that darkness.

My teammates are so gullible... She thought to herself slyly as she exited the supermarket and looked towards the high street, quickly thinking back to an hour ago...

[FLASHBACK] ...

Liy slowly walked out of the bedroom, keeping her head down as she held onto the sun hat.

She was met with an unusual expression, specifically from Remote, who couldn't help but feel extremely concerned as she watched Liy walk past them.

Wait a moment... isn't that Pillow's hat? She thought to herself with confusion before turning back to Bottle, who was giggling to herself, something considered abnormal for someone to do so often, but was so normal with Bottle, the silly, carefree girl who didn't seem to take anything seriously.

"She looks so silly in that hat!" Bottle laughed before foolishly covering her face with her hands in a really stupid attempt to cover her chuckles.

Remote couldn't help but think to herself though. This wasn't the Liy she remembered from back at the beginning of BFB. She was never so quiet and reserved. Yeah, maybe she was a bit weird, with her unusual plans to try and get Teardrop to talk by wiggling her vocal chords, or climbing up Bell's string to see what was at the top, or even when she tried to open Roboty's compartment to see what was in there. But it felt as if her eager and kind personality was washed away by her now unusual obscurity, which left a bad feeling in Remote's stomach. She felt herself wanting to find the reason why, even if it wasn't any of her business. She always put her **friends** first

anyways...

friends...

friends...

friends...

[END OF FLASHBACK] ...

After what felt like 20 or more minutes of walking through the streets, Liy found herself in an obscure corner of the city. She looked around to see there wasn't anyone nearby before looking up to find herself next to a rusty gate and a huge, peeling sign to it's right.

It read...

Rosemead Broadway Cemetery.

"It seems I'm in the right place..." Liy muttered to herself quietly before walking into the seemingly abandoned graveyard.

She looked around before quickly finding the gravestone, which was piled with an array of bouquets filled with dried up and decaying flowers, cards which looked pretty old and aged, along with candles which looked as if the flames on them were put out many years ago.

Liy slowly walked to the gravestone, looking at the picture frame of the young girl, a lovely, light mauve coloured highlighter which sat beside the bouquets of flowers that were piled up.

"We meet again... Miss **Pastel Highlighter...**" Liy creepily grinned to herself before setting down her bouquet of petunias in the pile.

"I still remember your final moments. Your scared expression... the tears flowing down your face... didn't it make you regret everything you ever did to me?" She uttered, her pesky grin fading away and quickly being replaced with a disgusted frown as Liy furrowed her eyebrows.

"Well... it's too bad you're not gonna hear a word I'm saying because you're dead now!" Liy laughed, her mood shifting almost

automatically. "I bet Foldy and Stapy miss you a lot, don't they! I still remember when Foldy ran out of class in tears, and when Stapy started to chase after her, it was hilarious!"

Not a stroke of guilt was felt through Liy's voice as she spoke. It was as if she didn't care about the late **Pastel Highlighter** at all...

"Well, I didn't come here to make jokes, if you must know. I want to ask you a question." Liy stated, her tone quickly and unnaturally switching to serious as she knelt down to face the gravestone, inching closer as if she wanted to have a personal conversation.

"**Do you think that I can enact my revenge?**"

The atmosphere went silent for a few moments as Liy stared deeply at the picture frame, as if she was expecting an answer.

"You know what... why am I even asking someone useless like you?!" Liy scoffed, her mood concerningly switching once again.

She observed the frame and it's surroundings one last time to find... a CD...

Liy quickly grabbed the mysterious, scratched-up CD and shoved it in her tote bag before getting up and turning her back before saying one... last... thing...

"**I'm glad that you're dead.**" She uttered with disgust and anger before turning to walk off, exiting through the fence and leaving the graveyard.

As she got back on the bus heading back towards the Grasslands, she couldn't help but wonder what the CD contained. She quietly looked around to see if anyone was looking at her before she pulled it out of her tote bag to inspect it. It was an old, scratched up CD with fragments of dirt on it, and some writing on it which read:

'**Pastel Highlighter and Friends: 2015**'.

Liy felt herself grin as she looked at the CD, as if she already knew the contents it contained. As she shoved the CD back inside her bag, she couldn't help but let out an unsettling and quiet chuckle before

smiling.

"I'm gonna check you out later..."

_____

[3 DAYS LATER] ...

It was now officially 1 day before the invited contestants were going on their trip to the hotel! Some of the invitees were beyond excited to be going on this mysterious trip, such as Pen, Book, or Bracelety, but there there were others who were quite the opposite, one of the most notable of them being the usually grumpy, Fries.

"I just don't understand!" Fries grumbled with anger and disbelief as he shoved a bunch of random things into his dark red suitcase before turning to Puffball who looked quite ticked off by his anger.

"What don't you understand?" She questioned in her vocoded voice, an unamused expression painted on her usually happy and energetic face.

Fries turned to her, a tensed up look on his face as he clutched his fists.

"It's Foldy and Stapy! When I told them about how weird this trip was, they just told me I was overreacting, HOW ON EARTH IS THAT OVERREACTING! I'M JUST A BIT SKEPTICAL! IS IT NOT THAT HARD TO-"

Puffball sighed as she watched her friend continuously ramble about things while trying her best to push items into her small pink suitcase.

"Puffball, are you even listening?!" He asked before turning back to her.

"Yeah, yeah! I am!" She grumbled. "Now if you don't mind, I need a bit of help. I don't exactly have the arms of the legs to sort out my suitcase!"

"Alright, fine." Fries sighed as he walked over to her suitcase,

receiving a cheerful smile from PB in response.

"You do get where I'm coming from though... right?"

"Yes, and no..." Puffball responded, receiving a weirded-out look in response.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"I know you're not gonna like me saying this, but Foldy and Stapy aren't wrong."

"Wha- But... I-" Fries paused and let out a heavy sigh of realisation as he slumped his shoulders and furrowed his eyebrows weakly.

Maybe... Maybe I'm overthinking... He thought to himself before looking to the side as a sad expression painted his face.

W-What if I made myself look anxious... What if I made myself look weak?! What if they all start to think I'm being annoying? What if they try to kick me off the trip? What if they-

"Fries! Are you alright?" Puffball yelled with concern as she flew down towards her friend, who looked like he was in shambles.

"Yeah... I guess so..." He replied quietly, looking to the side glumly.

"You know, I do get where you're coming from. The hotel thing was a bit out of nowhere, but think about it! It's an opportunity to put all of that competition nonsense to the side and relax, doesn't that sound fun!" She smiled, her radiating positivity causing Fries to crack a smile.

"Look's like my positive aura got the best of you!" Puffball winked as Fries stopped smiling and quickly looked back at her, blushing a little bit with embarrassment.

"Yeah, I guess you got me, didn't you?" He chuckled nervously before looking to the side to try and hide his flustered expression.

Puffball, who caught onto his nervousness quite quickly, tried to swiftly change the subject.

"Well then, let's just get to packing shall we? There's no more time to waste!" She exclaimed before they both started to pack their suitcases speedily.

———————

The scene swiftly transitioned to a small and secluded corner of the Grasslands. Remote and Tree sat together on a seemingly aged, rusting and deserted looking bench beside a taller and more orange-coloured tree.

"You know, I'm quite worried about Liy..." Remote stated worriedly in her robotic voice as she turned to Tree, who seemed to be quite intrigued in what Remote was saying in contrast to when he was carelessly reading a magazine.

"Same here..." Tree added with a sort of glum tone as he became increasingly confused the more he thought about Liy's unusual behaviours. "It's just a bit off... I don't really remember that much from early BFB but the way she acted was definitely not like how she acts now."

"No, it's not just that." Remote furrowed an eyebrow. "It's so creepy, one moment she acts so friendly and caring, and then the next, she doesn't even want to speak at all! Not to mention she's being so mysterious for no apparent reason, i-it's like... ugh!"

"Woah there! There's no need to get worked up!" Tree exclaimed nervously as he watched Remote stutter in her robotic voice, something that she never did before.

"I don't get it Tree, it's like she still cares about BFB 5! That stupid elimination was ages ago! Why doesn't she understand, it's not that deep anymore!" Remote yelled loudly in her neutral robotic tone before breathing in to try and calm herself down.

Tree sighed sombrely as he watched his friend get increasingly mad about the whole situation.

"Y'know Remote, maybe we should just leave her alone a bit, give her enough space and time to open up. Just... don't get too angry about

it, alright?" Tree stated as he leaned his arm onto Remote's tensed-up shoulder in an attempt to comfort her from her stress.

"Yeah... alright..." Remote replied sadly as her shoulders slowly relaxed. She was still so concerned about Liy, so intrigued. She wanted to know more, she just did, it was like a mystery waiting to be unraveled. A mystery that... could hopefully... be... solved...

She slowly looked up towards the setting-sky, the softly overlapping colours of orange and peach slowly masking the blue sky as the golden sun shone it's rays above the blades of grass. She couldn't help but stare at the sky in particular, the relaxing shades of peach causing Remote to feel herself calm down before helping her find a newfound determination to try and help Liy... A determination that wasn't fuelled with inner anger but rather a determination that was fuelled with care, and passion.

She just wanted to... help Liy.

Remote slowly let out a robotic sigh before standing up.

"It's getting pretty dark, why don't we just head back to the team houses..." Remote stated with a slight smile.

"Yeah, alright..." Tree replied quietly. Remote's concern seemed to catch onto him too, as he couldn't help but wonder what was really going on within Liy's seemingly troubled mind...

[MIDNIGHT] ...

2:46am.

I'm pretty sure they're all asleep now, except that weirdo Pillow, but I doubt she'd really do anything. I just need to do the first check of today, just to make sure everything's alright and not malfunctioning.

I'm sure I could buy myself enough time just to take a quick look... just get out of this bunkbed quickly without waking up Pen or Remote... and... there we go.

I silently ran for the door before anyone could open an eyelid, kind of a dunce decision but it still worked.

As I walked out of the team house, I took one quick look back at it as I felt a grin slowly from on my lips. Enough stalling, I gotta go into the forest quick before anyone sees me.

I ran into the muddy path, trying not to turn back in case someone already recognised me. There was no turning back now... I've already made it into the depths of the forest.

Where was it again? Ah, I see it now. The Universe Connection Device. A machine of mine that's sure to work this time. Let me just do a test run quickly. Usually how it works is that you just type the code of the universe you wanna go to on the keypad, press enter, and slam the big green button. But if you wanna transport an item... you have to slip it through this little postbox-looking contraption on the side here... I'll just test it with a stick. If it doesn't work, the machine will just regurgitate the item back out after 5 seconds.

I grabbed a medium-sized stick from the ground and bravely shoved it into the postbox as typed the code of Bloodlust.

Oh? I didn't tell you? Bloodlust's a dimension. A beautiful dimension. So beautiful... so bloody... so dark... full of suffering... It was such a beautiful dimension that I couldn't help but blush a little, hehe!

It should work now...

1...

2...

3...

4...

5...

6-

Wait... it worked... It finally worked! Finally, something of mine that doesn't go to waste! Finally! My plan is gonna work! My beautiful... amazing... wonderful... revenge... IS GONNA WORK! Well... I hope that stick has a fun time in Bloodlust with... wait... no... why would I tell you more, that would just be spoiling the story, wouldn't it? *Dean wouldn't be very happy with me if I said anymore anyways...* (Writer's Note: That statement isn't canon).

Well... that's test run 1 completed for today... I'm just gonna check back later. Time to go back!

_____

[EARLY MORNING: 7:13am] ...

Today was the day... that all the invited contestants embark on their hotel trip of course! The grasslands were bustling with excitement as people were preparing their suitcases while chatting amongst themselves. Everything was going great! Well not for everyone of course...
the only one not excited this time around was Remote. Despite her talk with Tree yesterday, she couldn't help but feel a bit grumpy, or at least that's what it seemed to be from the outside.

She leaned back on her beanbag, fiddling with a fork she found on the desk, bending the prongs into different shapes as she stared into the lightbulb above before the shining rays of artificial light were blocked by someone.

"Hey Remote, why aren't you packing up?" The someone asked curiously, a bit of anger intertwined in their tone.

It took a few seconds of blinking for Remote to realise that is was none other than Pie.

"Surprised you're talking to me for once and not your new best friend Cake." Remote grumbled robotically, furrowing her eyebrow.

Pie sighed, a bit pissed off by the random comment but trying to look unbothered.

"So, you're not coming?" She asked in a casual tone, quite curious but

still trying to come off as unbothered.

Remote wasn't even interested in going anyways, she couldn't understand how that didn't make sense to Pie or her extremely pushy friend, Cake.

"No, I changed my mind.."

"Well, suit yourself then. I'm not stopping your from changing your mind." Pie replied, quite disappointed but still trying to look unaffected.

And with that, Pie grabbed her suitcase and walked out, leaving the unbothered Remote by herself in the lounge.

Finally... She thought to herself with a bit of a grimace before hearing the door of the bedroom creak.

She turned to see that the one who came out of the door this time was Liy.

"Good morning Liy!" Remote said calmly in her robotic voice, incorporating Tree's advice and her newfound determination.

But all of her kindness went down the drain as Liy didn't even say a word or bat an eye. She just slid quietly through the door as if there was nothing there to begin with.

Alright, this is going too far, this isn't normal anymore... Remote said internally with concern as she set her fork down, quietly following Liy down the halls on her tip-toes, making sure not to make a noise.

She silently followed Liy as she entered the forest path like a lost puppy, curious and a bit worried but still not turning back.

After what felt like ages of walking through the woods, Remote found herself in a dark, secluded part of the forest with little to no sunlight and an eerie, disturbing aura surrounding it. What would Liy be doing here? Is this where she went everyday? Many questions filled her head as she unknowingly followed the lightswitch.

And finally, she reached a random and mysteriously large grey box in the middle of the woods, a box so large it could almost be compared with the TLC. It had a bunch of eerie and scary looking buttons and very big, capitalised lettering at the top which read 'Universe Connection Device'.

Remote shakily tried to back up behind a tree before accidentally stepping on a sharp, thorny stick which caused her to let out a loud, robotic shirek as she grabbed her foot.

The random and sudden shriek caused a startled shiver to travel down Liy's spine as she scrambled to find a weapon to defend herself against the noise. After seconds of searching, she found a sharp and slightly chipped sickle laying a pile of leaves beside a huge, red battery which read in bold letters, 'EVIL BATTERY'.

As a last resort, she quickly grabbed the sickle from the leaves and slowly walked forward to try and face whatever was lurking beside her.

"L-Liy? Where are you!" Remote trembled in her robotic voice before she felt something violently pounce on her and pull her back with force.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE!" Liy yelled as she tightened her pull on Remote, pointing her sickle towards her stomach.

"W-WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO LIY?!" She screeched, trying to squirm and slip out of hold while also trying to type PANIC on her buttons.

"YOU'VE SEEN TOO MUCH!" Liy screamed before getting bit with full force on the arm by Remote.

Liy shrieked loudly as the girl dug her teeth into her cold and shaky arm as a last resort, but despite the sharp blow, she still managed to keep a tight hold on the remote control. Tightly gripping on the sickle, she felt a voice squeeze itself into her already troubled and clouded conscience.

DO IT... DON'T BE AFRAID... THIS... IS... YOUR... REVENGE...

"FINE!" Liy screamed in response, tightly shutting her eyes before

slamming the blade into Remote's arm, twisting it deep into the bone.

"OUCH!" She screamed in her robotic voice as blood splattered across Liy's face.

Liy innocently let go of Remote, a twisted satisfaction slowly but surely filling her as she watched the girl cough weakly before falling hardly on her back, her body slamming onto the cold, hard forest floor.

"This... Is this what revenge feels like? I haven't felt this in a while!" Liy maniacally giggled as she heard her coughs slowly die down.

Liy laughed, grabbing tightly onto her wrist to try and suppress herself from hitting Remote any more.

"You traitor..." Remote managed to weakly utter out before closing her eyes and slowly losing consciousness, blood still profusely flowing out of her arm.

"Hm..." Liy uttered as she looked at her bloodstained hands as if she was thinking of something.

And then, it suddenly dawned. The red battery, and Remote's unconscious state suddenly left Liy with an idea that she couldn't let go of.

She looked around the forest before finding a tattered and stained pink cloth, tightly wrapping it around Remote's wounded arm to stop the blood flow.

And then she looked at the battery once more before grinning to herself.

"Maybe I could use you for something..."

[FOUR DAYS AGO] ...

Liy inspected the ominous CD, curiously looking at it before pulling out her trusty small laptop from the cramped desk at the back of the

bedroom and placing it onto a pillow on her bed.

She slowly and hesitantly opened the laptop to be greeted with an innocent-looking login screen.

'**Welcome Back, Liy.**'

It read in bold.

Liy rolled her eyes before typing in the password, unlocking the account and giving her access to the computer.

She held up the CD, giving it one more look before taking a deep breath.

"Here we go..." She muttered shakily before carefully inserting the CD inside the slot.

Liy didn't expect anything to come up, but after a few seconds, a tab suddenly popped up before loading and revealing a 2:50 long video.

Liy looked in disbelief, shocked as to how it actually worked, but without another second to waste, she clicked play...

...

{ VIDEO RECORDED ON: 9/30/15 AT 8:32PM.}

"Hi there, to whoever's watching this! This is Pastel, Foldy and Stapy! Say hi you guys!"

"Hey there!" Stapy grinned as he waved towards the camera, his other hand occupied with holding a radio.

"Foldy, say something!" Pastel Highlighter smiled.

"Oh, hi!" Foldy stuttered awkwardly.

"Hmmmh, it's okay, anyways. We're gonna perform a dance!"

"Tell them what the song's called!" Stapy added suddenly.

"Ah... I actually forgot..." Pastel murmured dumbly.

"I remember the dance though!"

Stapy looked at her with an unsurprised expression before bursting into laughter.

"Okay, ready Foldy?"

"Y-Yeah! I am!" She replied more confidently while still stuttering a little.

"Hit it Stapy!" Pastel yelled confidently as Stapy pressed a few buttons onto the radio, the music suddenly bursting out as Pastel and Foldy began to perform a cute, energetic dance:

"Mhm, aha! L-O-V-E, the power of LOVE let's g-"

"Woah!" Foldy wobbled before messing up the dance, tripping on her foot and quickly falling back on the floor before Stapy could catch her.

"Oh Foldy, you messed up the dance! You're meant to lift your body up higher, like this!" Pastel laughed before reaching her arm up towards the ceiling.

"Well sorry that I don't have arms like you!" Foldy chuckled lightheartedly as she struggled to lift herself up from the ground.

"Whelp, let's just do this dance tomorrow or something!" Pastel shrugged before turning off the radio.

And then, she suddenly grabbed the camera from the stand and held it with her as she jumped onto the sofa at the back, smiling into the lens in a silly way before sticking her tongue out.

"I'd do this last part with Foldy and Stapy... but..."

Pastel flipped the camera to reveal the two talking to each other.

"Are you okay Foldy? That fall was pretty rough!" Stapy asked her with worry as he gently picked her up from the ground.

"Yeah... I'm... I'm alright!" Foldy blurted out in response while blushing a little.

"It wasn't that bad, I just-"

And as soon as Foldy could be heard finishing, the camera was flipped back to Pastel who started to giggle.

"See? PDA! Booooring!" She chuckled before facing her eyes towards them with a smug expression and then looking back to the lens.

And suddenly, the room went quiet as Pastel's facial expression started to go a bit more serious.

"You know, 2019 me. Well, I'd be 17 by that point! If you're watching... How's life? You know... how's everybody doing? Foldy... Stapy... the others... Is everything okay? What school am I in now? Am I... pursuing my dreams? Just... y'know... what's going on?"

And then, for a brief moment, Pastel sighed before her expression darkened.

"I want to tell you one more thing... I... I-"

...

And then the video ended. Just like that.

Liy stared into the computer before laughing to herself in an unsettling manner.

"Oh... I know what you're doing now. You're dead!" She giggled unsympathetically, as if that fact was a lighthearted joke.

Liy smiled to herself creepily as she took out the CD and inspected it once more.

"That's ironic, isn't it..."

"I know what's gonna happen to your precious friends Foldy and

Stapy..."

"Stapy's just a building block for my plan. Foldy though..."

"**Well... she'll just have to see her herself...**"
...

_____

(Word Count! : 4675)

Wowie wowie, that chapter was so awesome! I hope you enjoyed reading, because I know I enjoyed writing it, haha!

Don't forget to tell me your thoughts on this chapter in the comments section!

Chapter 5? Sometime around Early-Late September :)

Have a great day!

the hotel. - chapter 5

(⚠WARNING: there will be blood and graphic description in this chapter !!⚠)

_____

"Ah, I'm so excited! This trip is gonna be so fun, isn't it Icy?" Book smiled, raising her arms up into the air before dropping herself softly onto the grass.

"I know right?" Ice Cube beamed in response. "I brought my pillow, my blanket, my sunscreen-"

"Wait, wait, wait.... Ice Cubes use sunscreen?" Book asked as she sat up, a shocked expression filling her two-toned face.

"Well why else do you think I'm not melting next to the sun instantly?" Ice Cube responded with an unsurprised look on her face as Book's jaw dropped to the ground.

"Well, the more you know... huh!" She grinned, opening her book body up as she wrote the new facts next to Ice Cube's name on her dictionary section.

...

"O.M.G. ICY USES SUNSCREEN?! I THINK I SHOULD START USING SUNSCREEN TOO!" Bracelety said with a shocked expression, shakily clutching onto her binoculars as she hid behind a bunch of rocks to observe Ice Cube from a distance.

"You're being SUPER weird Ringy... Why do you even like Ice Cube so much anyways?" Firey Jr sat beside her, a weirded-out expression on his face as he turned to the fangirl who, unsurprisingly, gave him no response.

"Braceletyyy... Earth to Bracelety!" Jr yelled into her ears loudly to try and get something out of her. Still, Bracelety didn't say a word, just an abnormally large smile.

"Hmmmh..." Jr grumbled, giving up as he looked away, trying to zone out.

He stared into the soft, yellow tress as they swayed slowly from side to side. Nothing could distract him, right? But suddenly, he remembered something, important! Something he couldn't forget.

"Hey Ringy, you know uhm..." But as he was about to finish, he felt the words slip from his tongue faster than a melting slick of butter.

"You... I... Uhhh..." He fumbled, trying to remember the words as they flew out of his tiny head.

"OH MY GRIP FJ! THE HOTEL, I ALMOST FORGOT!" Bracelety suddenly yelled with alert, jumping up and running off into her team house to fetch her suitcase as Jr sat there, dumbfounded.

As Bracelety dashed off , Jr watched her with a bemused expression, blinking with confusion as a sudden realization snapped him back to attention.

"Oh yeah, that's what I wanted to say!" He smiled proudly.

"Yeah, Yeah! Can you believe we're finally going to the hotel?" Stapy grinned, excitedly clutching onto his turquoise suitcase as he turned to Foldy, who had a sort of focused look on her face.

"Yeah, uh huh..." Foldy responded quietly, not even looking his direction but instead towards the rapidly approaching bus in the distance.

"Wait. Wait. Wait! Why is a bus coming here? I swear the nearest bus stop is like a 15 minute walk from here?" She suddenly blurted as she broke free from her train of thought, peering at the random green and white double-decker bus as it rapidly approached the two, a large cloud of smoke surrounding it as it suddenly halted just inches

away from them.

"Wha- hey, What gives?!" Stapy yelled angrily as he hopped towards where the driver's seat was.

"Stapy, wait! Don't move!" Foldy shouted, running up to pull him back as a crowd of contestants with suitcases suddenly started to crowd around the mysterious green bus.

"STAND BACK EVERYONE!" Basketball called out from the crowd in attempt to steer everyone away from the unknown vehicle as it started to smoke up even more green-coloured fumes.

"Show yourself, whoever you are!" Stapy growled as he stood infront of Foldy in a protective manner, pulling out a fork from nowhere as he pointed it towards the opened entrance door of the bus.

Tension hung through the thick green smoke as a figure became more intelligible through the fumes, their number-shaped body becoming increasingly more clear as the fumes quickly cleared. Wait... Could it be...?

"TWO?!" Pin shrieked from the crowd as she pushed through to get a more closer look at the mischievous number.

"Why hello guys, long time no see!" Two waved with a smile, receiving a series of loud gasps in response to their sudden and unexpected appearance.

"Wha?!" Pin gasped, her mouth widening in shock before dropping to the floor.

"Woah, wait! How'd you manage to get out of that cage in the Fourest though?!" Coiny questioned as he jumped to the front of the crowd.

"Oh, well... Four demanded... a lot of money...!" Two shuddered as they remembered the events of that day before weirdly smiling again.

"Oh... alright, but-"

"What is this bus here for then?" Another contestant, more specifically Lightning, asked curiously as he flew towards the green

numeral.

"Glad you asked!" Two beamed before floating up into the air.

"I'll be your bus driver for this hotel trip!" They announced to everyone, floating back down to the ground before using their powers to teleport the suitcases away.

"WHA- BU- WHERE'S MY SUITCASE?!" Match yelled as she looked up to the number in fear.

"I teleported it to the hotel with my powers, don't worry!" They smiled innocently.

"B-BUT MY PHONE WAS IN THERE!" Match cried, falling to her knees before sulking like a child.

"That's why you don't put phones in suitcases, stupid," Lollipop shrugged with a sassy tone, blowing a piece of gum before pulling out her own phone to take a snap.

"Ugh! You stupid little-"

"It's okay Match, we can use my phone!" Pencil said hesitantly as she pulled Match back to prevent her from tackling Lollipop.

"Alright, alright everyone, enough talking, get in the bus! You all have 20 minutes before the bus departs!" Two clapped their hands before going into the drivers seat, followed by the quick clamouring of invited contestants running into the bus.

"Let's go let's goo!" Gelatin cheered with a grin as he playfully punched the air.

"This sure is exciting, isn't it?" Flower responded with a smile as they both went up the stairs to the top floor.

Exciting... right. That's definitely not the word you're gonna be using after you see what's in store.

'Exciting!', 'Awesome'! I bet it's gonna be so wondrously cool and epic, isn't it? Another excuse to fill up your oversized egos even more. Yet again, all you people always think about is yourselves and what YOU want without ever thinking about how anyone else feels. Your whole shitty world is so centred around yourself that the existence of another person in your self-absorbed universe is something impossible, something out of the ordinary. It's always just 'ME, ME, ME, ME'. How many people have to be sacr-, have to remind you for it to sink into your thick heads? THIS WORLD, ISN'T. ABOUT. YOU! Yet, YET, it never ever seems to work once.

It never, EVER FUCKING WORKS...

It's not that you don't seem to understand, hah, you don't WANT to understand. That's okay. You'll see. You'll... all... see...

...

"Woah, everyone's so excited, aren't they?" Foldy muttered as she observed the others on the bus excitedly chat away with their friends.

"Well, yeah! Of course they'd be excited, this hotel trip is so cool!" Stapy smiled as the two sat on a pair of chairs near the front.

"I know but... it feels kinda... off... like..."

"Oh relax, it's totally fine! And if anyone does anything to you, I'll be here with my trusty fork!" Stapy replied, wrapping his arm around her as he playfully pulled out the fork again.

Foldy looked to the side, feeling warm in his company but still, just still, there was that feeling that she couldn't let go of. That dying feeling that this trip isn't what it seems. Maybe... just maybe... Fries wasn't wrong. Maybe she shouldn't have silenced him. Maybe, maybe he wasn't over-exaggerating... Maybe... MAYBE...

There's still time to escape, there's still time to spare!

"Stapy, let's-"

"Beep! Beep! We are now departing everyone!" Two called as the bus

moved slowly, calling out on the speaker as everyone except cheered in response.

"Shit!" Foldy screeched under her breath. But maybe, she herself was exaggerating...

"You were saying Foldy?" Stapy uttered, perplexedly looking towards the trembling origami.

"Yeah! It's nothing!" Foldy fake smiled, insanely shaking with anxiety on the inside. But she didn't want to tell him anything. She didn't want Stapy to worry about her. It's for his own good...

As Stapy was about to forge a response, the entrance doors of the bus suddenly started to shake as a strong pair of fists knocked loudly and desperately onto the glass panels.

"Huh? Who could that be?" Two questioned as the bus came to a halt, the shivering doors slowly opening as a blue lightswitch hesitantly made her way through.

"Sorry I'm late!" Liy huffed, her starry eyes beaming as she struggled to pull up an extremely and abnormally massive suitcase into the bus.

"Hey! I can help!" Stapy called out as he jumped off his chair and hopped over to the struggling lightswitch.

"You really can, oh thank you so much!" Liy blurted out in an extremely high-pitched and sweet voice.

As Stapy placed his hands onto the suitcase, he suddenly felt his vision go numb, a dreadful pain that began throbbing in his head as he felt his heart beat go faster... and faster... and faster... A pain so sharp he felt his body instantaneously immobilise, his arms going stiffer than a twig as Liy stared into his eyes with nothing but an unsettling smile.

"Stapy, what's the matter? Are you alright?"

"Are you alright?"

"Are you alright?"

"Agh!" Stapy shrieked, quickly pulling his arm away as soon as his body regained stability.

"Stapy! What happened? You were all dizzy dizzy you know?" Liy gasped, putting her hand on her mouth to hide the **smirk** that was quickly forming...

"Yeah I'm fine I... uhm...." Stapy hesitated as he hopped back to Foldy who couldn't do anything but stare in horror as he tumbled back onto his chair.

"STAPY!" Foldy shrieked loudly in terror as Stapy held a hand to his throbbing head.

"It's nothing Foldy, don't worry! I'm fine!" He weakly smiled as he put his other hand around her, his cold palm slowly going warm again...

...

"You know, Liy, I could've just done this..." Two shrugged before snapping their fingers, the suitcase disappearing as their two fingers clicked together.

"Oh, thank you Two! Always so good-willed!" Liy exaggerated with a smile as she walked off, Two staring at her with a raised eyebrow and nothing but confusion filling their green face before turning back to the steering wheel.

...

Hopefully there's empty seats at the back, I can't afford to be sitting next to any of these morons. Liy thought to herself with a grimace as she looked towards the bus before finding exactly what she hoped for, two perfectly empty seats on the bus waiting for her...

Perfect. She smiled before climbing up onto the chair, shuffling towards the window as she stared towards the greenery from the outside.

She couldn't help but stare into the flowing blades of grass, swishing from side to side as the wind gracefully brushed over them and the trees that were swaying in synchrony.

So peaceful, isn't it? Wouldn't it be a shame if all of this was destroyed...? If it was all gone? People take advantage of beautiful things nowadays. Shame on them. Y'know, it would too be a real shame if they were gone too... How sad, just a bloody mess and-

"HEY LIY!" Someone suddenly yelled into Liy's ear as a shiver slithered down her body.

"Huh? Oh, hi... uhm... Bracelety!" Liy shakily turned to her, plastering on a smile as the bracelet cluelessly stared at her.

Just great... It's the cyan-coloured freak-show who nearly exploded the computers in the EXIT downloading viruses. Just what does this headache possibly want from me this time?

"Can I sit next to you? All the other seats are FULL!" Bracelety asked in her loud voice with an innocent smile on her face as Liy gave her a slight once-over.

"I... I kind of wanted to be by myself.. Uhm... why don't you go sit next to Leafy... or something!" Liy hesitantly replied with a fake smile. She was beyond disgusted deep down. She didn't want this horrendous creature sitting next to her for the whole ride. She wanted time to herself. She felt her body go tense, the strong urge to get rid of her filling into her mind. She couldn't take it, she just wanted her **GONE.** Liy attempted to lift up her fist before suddenly and quickly realising that there were other people on the bus who could see her.

Fuck.

"Leafy's sitting with Firey though, please!" The cyan bracelet pleaded, her loud voice breaking the more she begged.

"Fine, whatever." Liy uttered, shuffling herself back on the window seat as much as she could, holding her face as if she was going to throw up before quickly turning to the window.

Hopefully she'll just shut up, please, I don't wanna hear a sound come out of her. If she does... She's gonna provoke me. THEY'RE ALL... GONNA... SEE... Don't speak, don't speak, don't speak, don't-

"DON'T YOU THINK THIS TRIP IS GONNA BE SO MUCH FUN LIY? I'M SO EXCITED!" Bracelety smiled in her shouty voice, lifting her arms up into the air excitedly.

No response. Just Liy's occasional and uncomfortable shifts as her eyes stayed glued to the window. Little did she know, Liy was holding herself back as much as she possibly could, her lightswitch body tensing up as the disgust in her face began to become visible, to the point where her blue face was going pale white.

"LIY...? ARE YOU ALRIGHT?!" Bracelety pondered with worry.

Of course I'm not alright. When did you think I was possibly going to be alright with you around? I got sick enough hearing Remote's desperate pleas for life, you're just the cherry on top. And I HATE IT.

"Hmm... I know exactly what to do!" She thought to herself, a mischievous smile filling her cyan blue face as she turned to Liy.

Without a second thought, Bracelety placed her hands on Liy's body, shaking it repeatedly while continuously shouting her name.

"LIYY! OH LIYY! LIY! LIY!" She giggled without stopping. She was aware, and she just kept going.

Liy tightened her fists, biting her lip as she tried to keep herself together. But she couldn't possibly keep herself in one piece when someone was actively and **dangerously pushing her to her limit...** Each shake, she felt herself grow furious, her internal struggle intensifying more... and more... and more... until... **she couldn't take it anymore...**

"GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME YOU BITCH!" Liy yelled angrily as she turned to the bracelet who paused as she sat there, slightly dumbfounded as she looked into her bloodshot eyes. There was no star this time. These were her true feelings...

The bus went dead silent, everyone turning to Liy as she trembled with nothing but pure anger...

"Liy, I'm sorry! I-"

But Liy just didn't want to hear a single word. She lifted up her left leg, shaking as nothing but pure anger and hatred pumped into her muscles. Without thinking twice, Liy tightened her eyes as she suddenly struck Bracelety fiercely in the face with her foot, causing her to fall off her seat before violently and loudly slamming her back into the other seat next to her. A slam so, so loud, you could almost be able hear her bones **snap.** As Bracelety slowly slid down to the ground, you could almost see what seemed to be **blood** dripping out of her mouth before she held it tightly.

Liy stared at the girl as the blood slowly dripped onto the ground. Blood... it has such a beautiful colour. Red. Dark Red. A beautiful, yet troubled colour. It was the perfect way to describe Liy. Red.

Ah... what a beautiful colour. Such a wonder to witness with my own two eyes. I wish I could see it more often. Liy grinned to herself, before looking up to realise that everyone was staring deep into her eyes, their faces paralysed with shock as Bracelety tearfully ran off to go upstairs. The thick, red drops of blood that fell to the ground being smudged by her quick footsteps as she sped up the stairs and out of sight.

Oh shit. Liy gulped before weakening her expression, furrowing her eyebrows as the stars slowly flickered and reignited back into her dark eyes like a strong flame, one that stayed strong through it all, one that **refused to back down.**

"Liy, what's wrong with you?!" Someone screeched from the distance as they turned to her. It was her former teammate... Pie...

Liy frowned as she tried to force tears out of her remorseless eyes, trying so hard to pump out a single drop that she felt herself slightly gag from the effort. Ah, lying is such a hard job, isn't it?

"I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to I promise!" Liy exclaimed as she slammed her hands onto her mouth, her eyes widening as she finally felt the tears slip out once and for all.

Pie looked deeply into her eyes, as if to examine the legitimacy of her words.

"Don't do that again Liy. We're still Death P.A.C.T. beyond the game, yeah...?" Pie responded with a trusting tone, the hurt and shock still visible on her face as she turned back around.

I'm Death P.A.C.T.? Didn't know I still existed to you. Liy sneered before turning back to the window, any trace emotion that was ever present in her face quickly disappearing in a trace as she stared back at what was now a motorway*.

...

"Oh my matchstick factory, do that filter Pencil!" Match smiled as Pencil played around with the different filters on her Snapchat camera.

"Ew, I don't want to have cat ears though! I like the one with the hearts and flowers!" Pencil groaned.

"Eh!" Match shrugged before forming a peace sign with her hand while sticking her tounge out.

"Cheese..." Pencil muttered as she snapped the photo before handing Match her phone to play with the different filters.

As Pencil turned to her side, a series of loud thumps and the sound of sniffles suddenly started to fill the bus as someone could be heard coming up the stairs in what seemed to be a hurry.

"Who could... that... be...?" Pencil muttered curiously to herself as a cyan figure quickly became visible.

"Oh... hi Bracelety!" Pencil waved before being weirdly aired* by her.

Bracelety tearfully fast-walked down to the back of the bus, pressing her bloodstained hand hard on her mouth as thick drops of blood dragged down the green floor in small bits.

Pencil stared, utterly horrified at the sight of the fresh blood that was dying the floor red. But she didn't say a word. She just turned back to her best friend as if nothing happened. She didn't want to scare her either.

"So... um... are you excited for the hotel trip?" Pencil blurted, quite shaken up but still trying to keep a smile.

"Yeah... I guess I am..." Match muttered, too distracted by the phone to answer.

"Why the long face? You were so excited to go a few days ago!" Pencil exclaimed, a bit disappointed.

"Hm... you know, it's like when you think something's really, like, good right?" Match began to explain, handing the phone back to Pencil as she went on.

"Uh huh..."

"Y'know, like, so amazingly good that you put all of your focus into that one singular thing that you seem to lose focus of your entire life, and suddenly everyone around you seems to convince you that it's, like, okay and that it's completely healthy to destroy your life for this one singular thing. And then when you actually get to see that thing for yourself, it's not even good, and it's so terrible that you suddenly realise that everyone's lied to you!, and that your life is destroyed, and, and, the only way you can rebuild it is through li-"

"Match, MATCH! Calm down girl, that's enough analysing for you today!" Pencil snapped, genuinely shocked that Match was actually capable of saying such things.

Match turned her vision to the ground, awkwardly twiddling her fingers as Pencil stared at her with nothing but shock and the slightest bit of confusion in her eyes.

"What are you even getting at anyways? Don't you think that's a bit of a stretch for a hotel trip we haven't even been to yet?" Pencil stated, her confusion taking over as Match looked gloomily to the side.

"You wouldn't understand..." She muttered quietly under her breath, tension and awkwardness hanging in the air as the two stayed silent for a bit.

"...Okay..." Pencil replied, feeling a bit guilty.

Match widened her eyes a bit, surprised she even heard a word of what she said.

...

"Beep! Beep! We're now arriving at the hotel everyone!" Two announced happily before playing "Hey Two" full volume on the radio.

"Yay!" Said everyone but Liy, who was seemingly focused on what was going on outside the bus instead of inside.

Finally... my plan... it's coming to fruition. She thought to herself with a sly look on her face as she walked through to the door, keeping her head down.

The bus halted, awkwardly parked in front of what looked like an aged and wooden shelter rather than an actual hotel.

The contestants looked up in shock, confused as to why the so called 'hotel' was in such a state to begin with.

"Tennis Ball... You're sure this is a hotel right? We're all counting on you, y'know?" Donut turned to the green sports ball, who seemed to be quite horrified for himself.

"Yeah... let's just go in..." Tennis Ball gulped nervously, this isn't what it looked like at all in the pictures. Instead of what was shown to him and GB to be a posh hotel in the Yoylese countryside, it was instead what like an abandoned and tattered mansion in the middle of absolutely nowhere.

"Alright, have fun you guys!" Two waved to everyone before them and their green bus disappeared into thin air.

Fun... ironic.

Everyone hesitantly walked in, the two large, wooden doors slamming tightly shut after the last person made their way inside.

TB nervously looked around. Usually in a hotel, the first thing you'd see is a bunch of receptionists right? Not this time. There was

absolutely no one at the desk, the only thing filling the rusty chairs being the cold air of the seemingly abandoned reception of the hotel. The desk seemed to be cluttered with nothing but cobwebs and piles of paper so aged that they were going yellow. Even the slightly rusting bell on top of the sheets had a cobweb wrapping around it gracefully like a ribbon.

Oh shit... where are the suitcases?! TB thought hesitantly to himself before turning to four completely empty luggage carts where the suitcases were seemingly meant to be.

"This doesn't make any sense, I swear it didn't look like this at all in the pictures!" TB gasped hesitantly as he and GB turned to a crowd of distrusting and disappointed faces.

"Let's just get out of here then!" Donut shrugged before walking towards the door, pulling on the door to open it, though it wouldn't budge.

"That's weird, why isn't it moving?!" He exclaimed, turning back to the crowd.

"Let me try!" Firey enthusiastically ran over to the door, rubbing his body onto the moist, wooden door it as if to burn it down. Still nothing.

"Oh... Nonexisty!" Firey grimaced angrily, looking up towards the ceiling as if he was expecting an answer from it.

"That's clearly not Nonexisty, it's just the door being a bit annoying." Gaty added as she walked up to the two.

"Luckily though, I can just use my magnet powers on this metal door handle!"

"Ooh, smart idea! Go for it Gaty!" Donut cheered as she activated her powers, slowly walking backwards as if to use the force to pull the door open. Still, though, it didn't budge. Not even a bit...

TB sighed, looking around one more time before seeing a seemingly locked door on the other side of the room, a rusted plate near the top of it reading '001'.

Hm... maybe there's a key somewhere here... He thought to himself as he turned his back on the crowd of complaining contestants at the entrance, observing every nook and cranny to see if he could find a key.

"What are you doing?" A voice suddenly called behind TB as a shiver crawled down his spine, causing him to jump fearfully before crashing into one of the peeling cupboards from behind him.

"Woah! Who's that?!" He shivered before looking up to see it was his long time friend, Golf Ball.

"Why... Why'd you follow me here?" TB asked, still shaken up as he stood up from the floor to face her properly.

"Oh, I just wanted to show you where the key is!" She smiled before pointing her foot towards the board of keys which contained only a singular key, a tag on it which coincidentally read '001'.

Tennis Ball gasped, grabbing the eerie key as he inspected it.

"This key is kinda weird, but thanks!" He smiled, walking over to the before placing the key inside the lock before twisting it open.

TB turned back to the crowd, who were somehow still all arguing with each other.

"Everyone! Come in here, there may be another way to exit this place!" He called to the crowd, who quickly went pin drop silent as they stared at him.

"How do we know if you're trustworthy?" Cake growled.

"Oh shut up!" Gelatin snapped before walking over the the eerie door.

"Let's just go in everyone, there's no use trying to open the other door anyways, it won't budge!" He shrugged before slowly entering '001'.

As he walked in, he felt his body go tense, his head throbbing as his legs suddenly wouldn't move. He dropped to his knees, fearfully looking around.

The room was seemingly innocent, a normal-looking hotel room with a sage green coloured wallpaper, a bunch of brown cabinets, along with a red rug which filled the floor, and another door near the end of the room which read '002'.

How could something so innocent be so eerie at the same time? Nothing felt right in here. It was as if TB manipulated them all, as if they were all just his puppets to play around with. No... maybe this was his fault...

As TB led everyone in, the door suddenly slammed shut, a slam so loud it echoed through the empty halls of the hotel.

"Ahem. Testing, testing!" A sweet, feminine voice suddenly and loudly called out from above.

Everybody looked up to find... an eerie black speaker lingering in the corner of the room...

"What is this?! I never noticed that!" Gelatin yelled fearfully as he got up from his knees, uncomfortably backing away before hitting the wall.

"Who am I? Well... you can call me... your master!" The voice eerily responded.

"What, no we're not!" Lightning snapped, flying over to the speaker before zapping it multiple times.

"I wouldn't do that, Lightning!" The voice growled as Lightning suddenly felt himself not able to zap anything anymore.

"HUH? WHAT DID YOU DO?!" He yelled fearfully as he backed away.

"Punished you."

"..."

"You're lucky I'm being nice right now guys, I would've had your heads!" The voice smirked before cackling loudly.

"That's it, I came on this trip because **I** wanted to have a good time!

I'm not going to let you ruin my experience!" Balloony suddenly called out as he made his way through the crowd, bravely climbing up the wall before coming face to face with the speaker.

"Oh Balloony, don't do that!" TB shrieked as he was met with distrusting glares.

"No, I'm not letting anyone ruin anything anymore!" He yelled back, lifting up his fist before repeatedly slamming the speaker in an attempt to dent it.

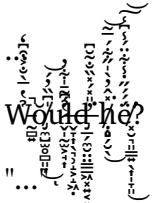
"I wouldn't do that..." The speaker slyly replied in a whisper, the words eerily travelling into Balloony's mind as he suddenly paused.

He clutched onto the wall fearfully as his head suddenly started to fizz up and expand with what seemed to be air.

"Wha- WHAT'S HAPPENING?!" He cried as he tried to climb down, but his hands and feet froze in position, as if they were glued to the peeling walls.

And suddenly, he popped. The noise echoing loudly as his plastic green head exploded into pieces, his decapitated body floating down to the ground as the plastic flew onto the walls. But it wasn't just plastic... no... The walls were gracefully splattered with blood as it slowly dripped to the floor, camouflaging in the dark red rug.

Balloony... He was gone... A life so gruesomely taken away... But there were recovery centres, right? He wouldn't be dead forever, would he...? Would he...?



The air went thick, not a single sound to be heard from anyone. They all were too shaken up to utter a single word...

"See you guys, don't try do unwire the speaaker! It's very mean!" The voice said in an unserious tone, as if no one died in the first place.

"Any of you who do that again will die! And-"

"STOP! STOP!" Match suddenly shrieked in a panic, hyperventilating and sobbing as she quickly backed away before slamming her back into the door.

She fell to the ground, slamming her hands onto her face as she sobbed loudly.

"MATCH!" Pencil yelled, running up to her horrified best friend who just wouldn't stop crying.

None of this made sense. The blood, the screams, the speaker. It was all a nightmare. A horrible nightmare that they all seemed to unfortunately find themselves in.

Except me! Hehe! This is so fun, it almost feels like a dream! I can just feel the adrenaline pumping through my blood. Blood... Blood.. BLOOD!

...

...

"Alright everyone, I've opened Door 002, enter and find your shared rooms! As soon as you enter your rooms, you aren't allowed to come back out until I say so! Make sure to get some sleep, hehe!"

Everyone quickly and fearfully sped away from the scene, the room emptying as only Match and Pencil were left behind, along with the mangled body of Balloony...

"Match please, just get up! I don't want you to die too!" Pencil cried holding onto Match's hand as her sobs slowly died down.

"I just can't... why is this happening?! Why is there BLOOD?!" She sniffled quietly as she held her shaky knees, tears dribbling down her cold face as she tried her best to keep herself together.

Pencil sighed, biting her lip as she turned to the stained walls, the blood drying down so much it slowly started to fade into a dark and eerie orange...

"Let's just go, okay? I don't think being here is gonna make anything better..." Pencil uttered quietly as she turned back to her best friend, who quietly stood up.

Match didn't utter a single word, keeping her head down as she quietly walked through the halls.

I swear... if another person dies, I'm so making Tennis Ball pay! No one dares to ever make Match upset! Pencil thought to herself as her mood quickly swung, her fists stiffening as she angrily walked through the door with Match.

But it wasn't Tennis Ball... no... it was something much worse... it was-

_____

"I like this hotel!" Marker smiled innocently as he climbed up to the top of the metal bunk bed.

Oh Marker. He was a pure soul. He always wants to go find a way to make everybody laugh, even if it isn't the right time...

"Marker... you're kidding right?!" Stapy shuddered in response, he didn't want to remember that scene again... the blood, the body, it left a taste in his mouth that was way beyond levels of disgusting.

"Ya... I dibs top bunk! Wait, I'm already on top bunk, L-O-L!" He laughed, his giggles only making the air more thick with tension.

"Marker... Are you alright? Someone literally just d-"

"You, Lightning and Foldy can take the bottom bunks!" Marker replied dumbly, there was two bunks, not just one...

"Marker, someone literally just died. D-I-E-D. You know how insensitive that is?!" Stapy yelled, trying to make Marker get the hint, even though there was really no use in doing so.

"I have no idea what D-B-I* means, but do you guys wanna know a funny joke?"

Stapy and Lightning both shared a facepalm. He just wouldn't get it... would he?

You really are taking the mick, aren't you? Stapy grumbled to himself.

"Let's just go to bed... there's really no use." Lightning shrugged glumly before flying to the other top bunk and tucking himself in the blanket.

"Foldy, are you okay? You haven't said anything this entire time..." Stapy asked as he watched his best friend silently climb into the bottom right bunk before facing him with a sickly look on her face.

"Yeah, I'm fine... I'm just scared..." She whispered to him quietly, squinting her eyes with fear as she curled her legs tightly. She was absolutely sick to her stomach.

Stapy looked worriedly into her eyes.

That look on her face... that is one of nothing but pure fear...

He didn't know what to say at all... he too was shaken to his core.

"Just get some rest for now, okay? I'll stay up to watch the door for you, alright?" He said warmly as Foldy tried to form a shaky smile in response.

"It'll be okay, I'm here." Stapy smiled as Foldy yawned, keeping her eyes pinned onto his as they slowly, and slowly closed. Soon enough, she found herself fall into a deep sleep, her tired eyes shut as she peacefully slept like a baby.

Stapy stared towards her, a bit shocked that she fell asleep in mere seconds before smiling softly to himself.

"She sleeps like an angel."

_____

Wowies. 6742 words?! I didn't expect that LOL! I hope you enjoyed this chapter, make sure to leave a vote and tell me what

you think in the comments :) and as per usual, chapter 6 will be coming sometime around mid-late October so stay tuned !!

Definitions (words that have '*' next to them) :

(lmk if I missed any words! :D)

- Aired: To be ignored by someone.
- Motorway: Another word for highway.
- DBI: Slang, short for Don't Beg It, which basically means 'don't take the mick', which basically basically means to not laugh at someone or make jokes about them.

But wait, it isn't over! There's one more scene!

[TW: BLOOD, GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION AND VIOLENCE]

"Hm... what does this button do?" Liy pondered as she inspected Remote's unconscious body, her eyes scouring through all the buttons and controls.

Unfairly enough, Liy had managed to get a master bedroom all to herself, leaving her to do her 'experiments' distraction free.

She eyed the red button, which stuck out to her in particular amongst all the others. Ever since Liy rewired her with the 'Evil Batteries' she found in the forest, she'd always wondered what the purpose of the red button would be...

Liy reached for the red button, hesitating as her finger went closer and closer towards it. She squinted her eyes, her other hand holding onto her arm as it fearfully inched closer and closer...

"There's no going back now!" Liy winced before quickly pressing it down, getting up and cautiously walking back as she watch Remote's body slowly come back to life, her arm twitching as she began to make loud glitching noises. Her body eerily began to shake and flap all over the place as she tried to get up on her feet.

"HELP... ME!" She screeched out in a shaky tone as Liy caught a hold

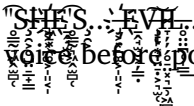
of her words, quickly running back over to the glitching device.

KNOCK, KNOCK.

"SHIT!" Liy screeched as she lifted her foot, violently stamping on Remote's mouth in an attempt to keep her quiet as she reached for the red button.

"Hello?" The voice called from the door patiently.

"C-Coming!" Liy stuttered, slamming the red button off with her fist before running over to the door.



"SHE'S...EVIL..." Remote finally managed to utter in her glitching voice before powering off against her will.

"Hi there!" Liy greeted the person at the door sweetly as she slightly opened it, bobbing her head out to see who was there. It was... Bracelety.

"Liy, I w-want to apologise! I won't annoy you like that again, okay?" She said hesitantly, her voice trembling as she began to plead.

Liy grumbled, clenching her fists as she looked at the bracelet.

I'll just let her in, if I'm gonna make a mess, I might as well make sure no one else sees.

"Come on on Bracelety, we can talk about it!" She smiled innocently as she led Bracelety into the bedroom before quickly locking it shut.

"I-I'm sorry for what I did back there, I promise, I didn't mean to be like that!" Bracelety nervously apologised, shyly keeping her head to the floor as she pleaded to Liy, the guilt becoming clearer and clearer in her voice.

Liy looked at her in disbelief, her face scrunched tightly as she tried her best to hold back a laugh.

"Bracelety, it's okay! I forgive you!" She beamed warmly, a bit of her laugh coming through in her speech.

"Y-You really do? Oh thank you Liy!" Bracelety quickly turned her head up, her world brightening as she quickly ran into Liy for a hug, which unsurprisingly wasn't returned.

As Bracelety wrapped her arms around the lightswitch, her eyes nosily scoured the contents of the room behind her. Bracelety smiled before abruptly backing away in fear, her smile quickly fading as she backed into the door.

"Bracelety, what's the matter!" Liy cried in an exaggerated tone as Bracelety looked up to her in shock.

"W-What's that?!" Bracelety shrieked, pointing at Remote's lifeless body in the corner which Liy had forgotten to hide in a rush to open the door.

Oh for fuck's sake. At least she's here now... she won't go running off telling anyone on my watch.

"Hey Bracelety, turn around!" Liy randomly said as Bracelety nervously stood up from the ground.

"O-Okay!" Bracelety replied, weirdly trusting Liy as she turned around.

Good.

"Okay, now close your eyes!" Liy smiled eerily as Bracelety naively put her hands on her eyes.

Liy quickly reached for the kitchen knife atop her cabinet, her other hand holding onto Bracelety to prevent her from scrambling off.

"Liy, what are you doing?" Bracelety hesitantly asked the lightswitch.

"Oh nothing, nothing!" Liy replied as she held the kitchen knife firmly to Bracelety's side, clutching onto it tightly as adrenaline began to pump through her bones.

Do it... Do it... DO IT...

And without a second thought, Liy fiercely dug the blade deep into

Bracelety's side as blood quickly splattered out of her body and across the walls, not an ounce of guilt travelling through her mind as she pulled the gore filled knife out of her body. Bracelety bled out profusely as her incapacitated body fell back onto the ground, her corpse soaking in a pool of her own blood as her eyes shut slowly.

She... was now gone...

Liy took a step back, her eyes fixated on the bloody corpse that lay before her.

A giggle slipped out of her lips as she felt the adrenaline pump harder and harder through her bones. Giggle, after giggle, Liy soon found herself cackling loudly as she felt the sense of power rush into her mind.

"No one will stand in my way." Liy said coldly as her mood quickly swung, her laughs dying down.

She looked towards the ground, casually walking back to her bed as if nothing had ever happened in the first place. She rolled onto her bed, smiling optimistically as she lifted her arm up into the air.

"I wonder... How will tomorrow be like?"

...

43 / 46 left.

a bad dream. - chapter 6

"Hey."

"What? Who are you?"

"Thank you for making me feel so welcomed around here. Same with Ice Cube. Everyone just thinks I'm weird and annoying... I'm glad you never thought the same though!"

"B-Bracelety...?! What... What are you doing here?"

"..."

Blood. The fresh sight of blood as it started to flow profusely out of her mouth and onto the floor.

"Bracelety? BRACELETY!"

"..."

Still Blood... Blood... Blood pouring out of her mouth as the shine in her once life-filled eyes began to quickly dim and fade out.

"BRACELETY! PLEASE!"

And suddenly, an eerie smile she managed to form with her pale, swollen lips as she looked up. A look in her eyes so chilling that you could feel life just drain out of you the more you stared back.

...

"WHAT'S HAPPENING?!"

"It's your fault." She uttered so robotically that it almost felt as if

she was being controlled by a 3rd party.

"M-My fault what...?!"

"That I'm dead."

"W-WHAT?! NO... WAIT!"

But before Bracelety could utter another word, the light started to fade. And so did the life in her, her frail structure shaking and losing balance before hitting the ground.

"..."

"NO. NO! STOP! STOP!"

"Stop... stop... stop..." Foldy uttered as she fearfully shuffled around in her bed, her closed eyes twitching before suddenly opening wide.

"Foldy! Are you-"

"Stop... STOP!" She suddenly screamed loudly as if someone had possessed her.

"FOLDY! WHAT THE HELL?!" Stapy yelled before pulling her out of the bed.

"LET GO OF ME!" She wailed, kicking and screaming as tears dripped down her face.

"I'M NOT LETTING GO OF YOU UNTIL YOU TELL ME WHAT THE FUCK'S WRONG WITH YOU!" Stapy shouted back as Foldy suddenly went dead silent.

She lowered her gaze to the ground, her eyes glistening and quickly filling with tears as she was set down to the floor.

"So, are you gonna tell me what's going on now?"

Foldy quietly looked to the side, trying to process the nightmare that she just witnessed while trying to swallow down the quickly

emerging lump that was lodged in her throat.

She just wanted to tell him about what she saw, about Bracelety. But... She just couldn't. She couldn't hurt his feelings like that. He'll find out eventually though... right? Why not just... tell him sooner? Numb the pain...? Maybe it won't hurt as much...

"It's Brac..."

"Who?"

"Bracele..."

"...ty...?"

Foldy subtly nodded her head.

"What about her?"

"She... she..."

"Liy injured her? I know."

"No, she..."

"What? I know what happened on the bus, we were literally there!"

Foldy hesitantly shut her eyes, dread filling her as Stapy furrowed his eyebrows. She didn't want it to happen again, not again. Not same thing that happened to Pastel... not the same thing that also happened to-

"Just tell me... come on. I can't believe you're trying to hide things from me..."

...

Foldy wiped her tears, her breath noticeably shaking as she took a breath in.

"It's not about that, okay?" She uttered, her voice quivering the more nervous she got.

"I saw it while I was sleeping. I saw her..., Bracelety! She was just looking at me with this lifeless smile on her face...!"

Foldy shivered, a drop of sweat rolling down her fragile face as the air thickened.

"And then... blood... it started dripping down her face! A-And then she started s-saying something... bu...but I don't remember what she said, and I-"

"No."

"What?"

"Why do you believe so much in nightmares? It's not real, okay? Bracelety's fine!" Stapy grumbled, his voice growing more annoyed.

"But I-"

"It's just a nightmare. If you want, I'll go check on her!"

"Go on, do that then!" Foldy grimaced, "Since you don't ever seem to believe a word I say!"

"Yeah, and I'll prove that your nightmare isn't true!" He yelled back before opening the door and slamming it behind him.

"Idiot." She murmured quietly, her voice breaking as she stared into the wooden door that was still shaking from the impact.

...

And then the room went quiet. So quiet. A deafening silence.

...

"You need to stop believing in your nightmares!"

"W-What?!" Foldy yelled as she fearfully shuffled back, her eyes still fixated on the door as hue started going cyan.

"You heard me."

Foldy gulped, watching as the door suddenly broke free from the frame.

The cyan hue spilling into the walls as the door began to flatten into a smaller shape, and then... limbs?

"What are you?!" Foldy huffed as she looked up towards the door. It didn't feel like a door though, it felt like an entity, a soul that was being held hostage within the wood as it clattered, banged, scraped through the wood of the door to be freed.

She froze, staring in horror as a face began to become intelligible through the cyan wood. It... it looked like...

"B-BRACELETY?!" She shrieked as the face began to warp into unnatural expressions.

"Boo."

Then she blinked. And it was all gone. The door perfectly back in place, not a single scratch or crack to be seen. Everything, as it was before, tidy, perfectly spotless.

"W-What?! I- I swear she was just there!" Foldy gasped as she suddenly heard a soft shuffle.

"Foldy... I heard you shouting!" Marker yawned as he carefully climbed down the stairs.

I was just hallucinating... I think.

"Oh... I just saw something!" Foldy nervously chuckled as Marker stared at her cluelessly.

"Well, I'm gonna go wake up Lightning!" He smiled.

...

"Wait... where *is* Lightning?" He asked as the room began to fill with an odd and questionable silence.

"He um... went out. I think?" Foldy replied, quite puzzled for herself.

This hotel has a new mystery every second, doesn't it?

"Oh... okay! Do you wanna go out with me then?" Marker turned to her with a grin on his face.

"Fine."

...

Please can nothing happen. Please can nothing happen. Please can nothing happen. Please...

The door opens... quite reluctantly.

Please can nothing happen. I can't handle anymore.

And then...

"Fucking hell Naily, it WASN'T ME! When will that stick in your head?!"

What's... happening?

"Yes it was you Fries! You always made Bracelety feel bad about herself! You ALWAYS DOUBTED HER! KILLER!"

K-Killer...?

Foldy's eyes darted around, trying to find the source for all the sudden chaos... until... it became clear.

Bracelety's lifeless body. On the cold, hard floor. It. It was real.

Foldy froze, a loud gasp slipping from the clutches of her mouth as her frail eyes locked eyes onto the scene.

"Foldy!"

_____

Day 132.

So far my revenge is commencing, kind of. It's too slow. It's painful seeing

those morons go all iffy and frightened every time something happens. I need it to stop, NOW. I just do. Otherwise they'll find me out, and they'll foil my revenge, and I'll never be able to save this horrible, horrible world. I need to be quick, eliminate every single pest that dares to utter a word against me. Then they'll all be gone.

But how do I go about that? I mean, they're already trapped in my regime. I just need a strategy to get rid of them all quicker...

Hm...

I know... I've already identified their weaknesses. They're just as fractured as they are frightened. The clear answer here is deception. The more words that are spread, the more distrusting they'll be of one another, much more than they are already. And then, they'll reach their breaking point. Oh, the words are too much to handle, they've been filled to the brim! And then, they'll just do the dirty work themselves. They'll be the ones who kill. And I can just sit back, and watch. Ah, what a perfect plan...

I'll just keep it innocent for now, make sure that not too many people are killed for this first run. Then, as the flames ignite, so will their will to slaughter each other into bits.

"Stop, stop, stop! All of you!" Leafy reasoned with a worried smile, "We need to stop arguing! We need to stick together, we're all fr-"

"I think YOU need to shut up!" Pencil snapped. "You know what, all of you should! I'm sick of it you all accusing the wrong people when it's IT'S OBVIOUSLY TENNIS BALL!"

"Wh-Wha!" He yelled worriedly as Pencil walked closer towards him.

"See, look at him! Acting so innocent with that clueless stare... No amount of lies will cover up the fact that you're smeared in my friend's blood!"

"Leave him alone..." GB growled as she quickly came to his defense.

"Of course, of course!" Pencil laughed loudly as she looked into the Golf Ball's angry eyes. "It's always his girlfriend coming to defend

him! You know what... I bet you're the one helping him with all this crap! No wonder you two wanted to invite us, you just want to kill! You just want us to d-"

"ALL OF YOU BE QUIET! HUSH! We aren't in that game with the black and white bear!" The speaker suddenly called out of nowhere as the hallway came to a deafening silence.

"We need to get through the hotel, y'know!"

...

"...What if we don't want to-"

"You'll die!"

.

.

.

"Okay, now here's the rule so you're all clear with me. We're gonna go through 5 doors of this hotel a day, no backing out! I don't give a shit if you're tired, sick, broken an arm,leg,whatever! You're either doing this or you can just be vegetable-ified like Bracelety. Everyone understand?"

.

"Great!"

And so the door opened... everyone anticipating as slowly but surely... the contents of the room began to reveal itself. Closets, closets, and more closets... those were the only visible features amidst the thick cloak of darkness.

With no other choice, they all entered...

"Hah, don't think you two can get away with this!" Pencil called to the two sports balls across the crowd mockingly as they turned their backs on her.

"Oh my gosh Pencil, just shut up... I don't wanna like, die..." Match hissed to her under her breath as she fearfully held onto her arm.

"Ehhh..." Pencil groaned, tiredly lifting her other arm into the air as she examined the room that everyone was forced into. Closets, big and small were just scattered everywhere.

Yeesh... wonder what secrets are hiding behind those doors... She shivered as she huddled closely with her best friend.

...

The room was never ending... closet after closet, everyone felt themselves go faint from all the walking. The exit... must be near right?

"Screw this... I HATE THIS!" Gelatin suddenly shouted from across the crowd.

"You might wanna keep it down Gelly... this place is already weird as it is." Donut whispered cautiously.

"No, I just can't anymore!" He groused loudly as he fell to his knees, the crowd coming to an awkward pause as he groaned loudly.

"Who... Who do you think you ARE?!" He yelled as he pointed towards the speaker which was enveloped in darkness.

"I'm sorry?" The speaker replied with a bit of a laugh.

"Why do you think you can take advantage of us! Kill people just to intimidate us! I just came for a relaxing trip, and I'm sure everyone else did too! No one wants to deal with this shit, you Announcer rip-off!"

"Why... WHY DO YOU MAKE IT THIS PREDICTABLE?!" The speaker screamed on the top of their lungs as the crowd let out a loud gasp.

"BECAUSE I FUCKING HATE THIS!"

...

"You people never learn... I THOUGHT BALLOONY WAS AN EXAMPLE ENOUGH TO YOU IDIOTS! ITS LIKE YOU ALL WANT TO DIE!"

"No... no, NO! YOU WANT US TO DIE!"

"Hmghh... fine, you want to die? I'LL CRUSH YOU UP INTO GREEN FUCKING PIECES!"

"DO IT THEN!" He loudly retaliated as a large metal slate suddenly came plummeting down from thin air.

"No... Gelatin.. NO, NO!" Donut screamed as he jumped to save his green friend, but alas... **he was much too late.**

His good friend was reduced to nothing but bloodied hunks of jelly.

"W-Why... Gelatin you idiot, WHY!" He tearfully screamed as he looked at his hands, the green goo wrapped around his palms as he let out a painful and ear-piercing cry.

"Chop-Chop, get moving! No time to mourn that no-good Gelatin! Good grief, why do they all have to be so predictable..." The speaker huffed to themselves before shutting off.

"I told them so... I told them this was a death trap. I told them... **this place is dangerous.**"

...

After what felt like hours of walking and scavenging through tattered drawers for tools, they finally made it.

The final door of the day, or...

Door 007.

The inside was... barren. The corridor extended for about half a mile, with nothing in there to be seen but **their own reflections.**

"Welcome to your final room of the day! Oooo, it's the mirror room! Make sure not to look into your own reflection for too long..."

"W-Why is there so many, like, mirrors in here?!" Match uttered to her best friend in a fearful whisper as she kept her eyes glued to the ground.

"I don't know Match, but I just wanna get through this quickly and without distractions so I can go to sleep!" Pencil replied, sighing.

But as she said those words...

"Pencil! Pencil!" Someone coincidentally called loudly through the crowd.

"And... speak of the devil."

...

"What is he doing?!" Fries questioned, confused as he turned to Eraser who was just the same.

"Dunno man. I told Pen not to intervene with anyone... especially her." He shrugged as Fries thought to himself.

"Maybe it's implying something," Fries replied, skeptical yet keeping a low and cautious tone.

"Have you even talked to him?"

"No."

...

"Who even is that?" Match whispered, her voice trembling as they walked through the cold hallway.

"I... uhm..." Pencil uttered as she turned to look behind her, her eyes awkwardly darting around the room before finding the person who was eagerly calling her name.

"Oh Pencil! You worried me... are you okay?" Pen huffed as he looked up towards Pencil, who returned an awkward stare and a side glance.

"Um... hi...?"

The atmosphere went quiet, the awkward tension filling the air thick as Pencil backed away.

"Wait! I just want to know if you're alright! That argument with TB and GB was rough, wasn't it?" He went on before suddenly grabbing her hand.

Pencil's face flushed with nothing but anger and slight embarrassment as his two palms pressed against hers, her angrily squinted eyes filling with emotion just ready to burst out at any second.

"Ugh, don't just touch me!" She grumbled furiously before pushing Pen off her.

Pencil turned her back on him, letting out an irritated sigh as she expect nothing more to come out of him. But as soon as she thought that...

"Pencil please, I'm just worried about you! Can't you see that?!" Pen pleaded out guiltily before receiving a dark stare from her.

Pencil rolled her eyes, turning away to go back to Match before once again...

"Just listen! Can't you tell that I'm just worried! Of course you can't, you're such a-"

"DON'T FUCKING SAY A WORD, I DON'T WANNA HEAR YOU SPEAK!" Pencil snapped in an angry shout, fiercely walking up to Pen before cornering him into the mirror wall behind him.

"Pencil, w-why... why can't you understand! I'm just concerned about you!" He trembled fearfully.

"Why are you even so worried about me anyway huh? I get it, you helped me after that fight a week ago, whatever! It's not like we're even that close of friends anyways! I don't need your fucking sympathy!"

Pen's eyes widened, her cruel stare piercing into his heart as he felt himself shake.

"Pencil, just, like, leave him!" Match suddenly intervened, "Please, I don't another fight to-"

"You selfish asshole, I should have never came to you!" Pen snapped back angrily, tears filling his eyes. Without a second thought, he grabbed onto her arm tightly.

"What the fuck are you doing?! LET GO OF ME!" Pencil shouted, violently smacking his arm down with her other fist before shoving him into the mirror.

"I see why everyone says all that crap about you now!" Pen responded as he stood back up from the harsh push, tightening his fist before striking her hard on the cheek, causing her to fall onto Match.

"Oh my gosh, are they fighting?!" Fries uttered as he turned to Eraser with a shocked look on his face.

Without responding, Eraser dashed to his best friend's safety, shoving through everyone without warning.

"AGH!" Pencil grunted as she got up, rubbing her cheek before turning back to him.

"GOSH DAMNIT IT, DON'T FUCKING TOUCH ME!" She screeched with fury as her veins began to pump with anger. She couldn't take it anymore, the tension.

And without a second thought...

"Pencil! DON'T!" Match and Eraser both yelled in unison as they ran towards the two.

But then, Pencil violently pushed him into the mirror, his weak body slamming onto the reflective surface as it shattered right on impact, blood splattering over the mirror as his body slowly dragged down to the ground.

Already working... Liy smiled to herself as she observed the scene play out from the back of the crowd.

...

Pencil froze, stepping back fearfully as the effect of her actions came to play.

"No... no... no... NO! Please... I DIDN'T MEAN TO!" She screamed loudly, tears pouring down her face as she ran away from the scene as fast as she could without looking back for a second.

...

"~~Bro, can you speak to me~~?! ~~Please~~!"

"~~Pen! Oh my gosh are you alright~~?"

What are they saying...?

I can't... understand...

...

I should say sorry to her...

"~~PEN! PLEASE JUST SAY SOMETHING~~!"

It feels warm...

...

"Pencil is the first one to complete the 5 doors of the day!! Woohoo! Something tells me she's running away from her problems though!"

...

Pencil stormed into her room, slamming the door before slamming herself onto the bed and crying into her pillow.

"It's... it's all my fault!" She cried loudly as she dug her head deep into the fibres of the pillow.

The silence filled the room. Just silence, with the slight shuffles and cries from Pencil as she shuffled around on her bed.

And then suddenly... a knock.

"Come in..." Pencil muttered as the door violently slammed open.

"PENCIL! You're lucky he's still alive you fucking idiot!" Match scolded loudly as she walked in, Bubble and Ruby following suit.

"What... do you mean..." Pencil replied, her swollen eyes tearing up again as she pressed her head against the pillow.

"He only has a head injury, the boys took him to safety... they found bandages in one of the drawers and he's slowly recovering in his room now."

"...Oh..."

_____

"Foldy!" Stapy called loudly across the corridor as he hopped over to where she was, her face distraught as she glanced at him.

"What's... wrong?"

Foldy groaned, rolling her eyes as she looked towards the side.

"You know what... I don't wanna start a scene in front of everyone, just get inside." She said glumly as she turned away and walked back into the bedroom.

"...Okay..."

Stapy followed her in, awkwardly looking around as she locked the door shut.

"You forgot Mar-"

"He's sleeping." Foldy snapped before pointing towards Marker who was already too deep in his dreams.

"Now, what do you want?" Foldy said in a harsh tone as she leaned onto her pillow.

"I... um... you know what, why are you being so weird to me!?"

"I don't know, why don't you go ask yourself? You were the one being

so weird to me this morning..."

"I- What?!"

"Do you think it was just **a bad dream** now?"

...

"No..."

"Exactly." Foldy snapped, rolling her eyes as she turned away from him.

She sighed, drowning her papery body into her pillow as Stapy hopped towards the door.

"I'm going, okay.?" Stapy said as he unlocked the door.

No answer.

"Bye..." He weakly smiled before locking the door.

...

Stapy turned away, hopping across the corridor before landing on something that rustled loudly beneath him.

"What's this?" He said to himself as he looked at what he now realised was paper screaming for it's life.

Stapy shuffled a little bit, skeptical as he picked up the sheet from the ground.

"Meet me... at the library ASAP... signed by... Liy... Since when was there a library here?!" He scratched his head, looking around before suddenly finding a huge door to his right.

"Ah."

———————

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU DON'T WANNA TALK TO HIM?!"

"Match! Just calm doiwn okaiy?" Bubble urged.

"I don't feel like it." Pencil defied, her head in her pillow as she awkwardly crossed her legs together.

Match stood idle, getting progressively angrier the more she looked at Pencil.

"Why are you acting like this, WHY? Why are you being such a b-"

"BECAUSE I'M A KILLER, OKAY? I PUSHED HIM INTO THE MIRROR AND THE GLASS STABBED HIM. DO YOU REALLY THINK I CAN SHOW MY FACE AFTER THAT, DO YOU? DO YOU EVEN UNDERSTAND WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF ERASER, FRIES OR HIM SEES MY FACE?!"

"..."

Pencil gasped for air, tears rolling down her face as she sat up.

"You still need to make things right. You can't just expect people to come to you, you're the one who has to be the one coming to them!"

"...Okay."

"Now get up and go talk to Pen or I'll take you there for myself!" Match replied, Pencil worriedly looking into her eyes as she stood up.

...

Pencil looked up towards the wooden brown door, it's menacing height causing a slight shiver. But she couldn't back down, she had to do it. Say sorry, make everything right.

It was that simple, but yet so scary... But then something clicked in her.

And then she knocked...

"Please say something..." Pencil muttered, visibly shaking as she clawed onto the wall behind her so hard that she could feel the wallpaper peeling into her fingernails...

And then, the slight rattle of the handle. That was all it took to lighten Pencil's extreme nerves.

But as the door opened, it all came crumbling. ***What if it isn't him?*** She hesitated as she backed away.

"Hello?" A voice came from the door as Pencil's watering eyes glowed with hope.

It sounded just like him... could it be...

"Pen?" She wiped her tears, walking towards the door as he backed away.

"C... Can I help you?" Pen replied in a defensive tone as his hand held onto the bandages wrapped on his body.

"I... Look..." Pencil stuttered as her words scrambled all over the place. "I... I'm sorry! I didn't mean to do that to you, please... I know you don't have to forgive me, but can you just hear me out...?"

Pen stared at her, a slight smile cracking on his face as he heard those words.

"You... You are?" He smiled, awkwardly rubbing his face before making eye contact with her again.

Pencil held up a heartfelt smile, tears flowing out of her eyes as she struggled to keep it up.

"Y-Yeah... I mean, I almost killed you, d-didn't I?" She sniffled, her smile twitching before being drowned by her endless flurry of tears.

"Stop crying... please?" Pen urged.

"You're gonna make me cry too!" He laughed as he wiped a tear off his eye.

But then, his laughs suddenly came to a pause as he let out a little sigh.

"I'm sorry too... I shouldn't have even laid a finger on you! That was

so childish of me, wasn't it?!"

Pen scratched his head awkwardly before being pulled into a hug.

"I'm so sorry... this is all my fault!" Pencil cried, digging her face into his shoulder as he wrapped his arms around her.

"It's ok..."

...

...

_____

"Library, huh? What an interesting place to meet up..." Stapy shrugged as he pulled on the handles.

Then, he opened the mysterious doors. His eyes twitching with a sudden rush of anxiety as he hopped into the library, the doors slamming loudly behind him.

"Agh...!" He covered his ears before looking around. "Um... hey Liy! You here?" Stapy nervously called out before being met with a deafening silence.

...

"Liy...?"

The door suddenly creaked. A quiet, unnoticeable squeal. Yet... Stapy could hear it get louder, and louder.

Could it be... Liy? No... she would never enter a room like that, not without the smiles and the shower of overly-positive energy...

"Who are you?!" He called out, quickly turning his body to the other side before being met with a figure.

And then suddenly...

CRASH.

The door was suddenly slammed shut with such force, such anger that he could feel the wave travel up his body.

"Who am I...?"

That voice. It was too familiar. It just had to be...

"Liy?!"

"DON'T FUCKING TALK TO ME LIKE THAT!"

And then, a sudden sound of something sharp pierce through the air at rapid speeds before...

"AGH, SHIT! MY EYE!" Stapy cried loudly, blood quickly rolling down his distraught face before dripping down onto his tounge.

That radiating pain. That horrible, horrible taste. That was Liy... wasn't it...

"Why Liy... Why?!" Stapy weakly looked her in the eye as she walked closer. "I don't know you anymore..."

"Because." She smiled.

Because what...? What could possibly be the reason for this?

"School."

...

"What...?! What school?" He hollered, pain in his voice as he held onto his injured eye.

"You don't have to lie, you know what you did to me." Liy uttered.

And then... the memories. All of those moments began to flow back into his frail mind at the speed of light.

Shit... she never forgot about it... did she?

"Then why did you keep silent about it...? You could've just talked to me!" Stapy replied.

"It's the act you have to put on for people you know... I had to act! Put on a show! Be the centre stage for you all! My audience! I couldn't stand seeing you all-"

"Stop it, okay? Just tell me the truth. It's not like I'm gonna last any longer to tell anyone anyways..."

Liy furrowed her eyebrows, her gaze going dark as she looked into his bloodied face.

"Because I hate you." She grinned, her face brightening again.

Silence.

"Do you remember that one Wednesday...? You know, when we were 13..."

Still silence.

"Bitch. You told all your older friends to go jump me after school, and then you and that girl stood there at the back watching me, phones out as you both recorded me to all your friends. You know... I never forgot about it. Never. That's not even the only thing you guys did to me either... just... the most significant."

...

"Oh..."

"I was really immature back then, wasn't I?" Stapy laughed guiltily. "I'm sorry... I didn't think you'd still remember that..."

Liy smiled quietly, her eye twitching as she locked eyes with his.

"I don't need your lies."

...

"What?"

...

"Shut up..." She voiced quietly as she walked closer to his face.

And then Liy reached her hand towards the arrow that was lodged in his eye. A cruel, cruel reminder of what she just caused. But she didn't care...

With a smile, she grabbed onto the arrow before pushing it in deeper... and deeper...

"W-What... are you... doing!" Stapy managed to cough out as he looked the menace in her eye for the last time...

"Doing you and Foldy a favour." She said heartlessly as she watched him choke out and gasp for it to end, his frail and shaky hands trying to catch onto the remains of life as they drifted away. But then... it stopped. The gasps died down. The breaths that were no longer audible. He was...

"Gone!" Liy grinned proudly as if she'd achieved something.

And suddenly, she pushed at her face, the switch flipping around to the mysterious brown one.

Click.

The blood was off her hands just like that. She was free of the blame... free from her consequences. Oh... what a twisted escapism.

She smiled to herself, her hands quivering with adrenaline.

"Escapism..."

...

42/46 left.

escapism. - chapter 7

I can't feel myself.

.

.

.

Maybe I've slept for too long. Maybe I should just get of this bed. Go wake Donut and the others up.

.

.

.

"Donut! Oh Donut!"

.

.

.

That's if.

.

.

.

"Donut? H-Hello?"

.

.

.

He would even wake up...

...

ESCAPISM - CHAPTER 7.

Hi. I'm Barf Bag. I'm pretty irrelevant so far in this story, but now, I'd like to introduce myself. I, along with my 5 other friends: Bomby, Donut, Gelatin, Bracelety and Naily, have been trapped in this hotel! We thought it was a normal hotel like everyone else, but before we realised it, we lost Bracelety, then Gelatin, and now I'm pretty sure we've lost Donut too. Not like I'm surprised or anything. It just stings a bit more than the others did. Like, hand sanitiser on a cut if you will. He was my best friend. He was quite funny, and he always gave good advice. But ever since Gelatin, he never said a word. I think it was the shock. I don't blame him at all, they were like brothers anyways. I would probably react worse if one of my brothers or sisters died. Oh, did I tell you? You probably don't care, but I actually came from a pretty big family. A family of 11! 3 sisters, 5 brothers, 2 parents, and 1 me. I'm the oldest, so all the pressure would obviously go on me, wouldn't it! I still feel guilty for leaving them all behind to compete for some BFDI. All my friends tell me that I should feel good about it, they tell me it's like an escapism from the chores, the duties, a huge burden being swept off my shoulders! But I don't think they would understand why I left, nor would they understand the gaping hole I feel in my soul. It's kind of how I feel right now. There's a stinging sensation in my heart when I look at Donut, but I don't know how to address it. I just feel like pouring more hand sanitiser on it, and just let it sting more. It feels a bit calming. It feels like an escapism.

...

"Barf Bag! Wh- I... Is Donut ok? Why do you keep calling his name?!"

That's Bomby. You can easily recognise him by that high pitched and fast voice of his.

"I... I don't know!" **I replied, worriedly.** "I tried waking him up but... he's not budging!"

"No! I'm not letting him die toooo!" **He screamed.**

"Who said he was de-"

"WAKE UPPP! WAKE UP PLEASEEEE!" **Bomby yelled into the unconscious pastry's ears, shaking his unresponsive body at rapid speeds before pausing.**

And then his eyes started to water... a lot...

"Bomby, is everything ok... I... um... have some water!" **I nervously asked, wobbling a bit.**

"Why would anything be okay?! He's DEAD!" **He cried, his sobs becoming louder as he fell down to his knees.**

I laughed nervously, trying my best to sound guilty. But... I don't really know what I'm meant to feel, honestly. If I smile, they'll all feel that I'm being insensitive. If I cry, they'll all think I'm being overly emotional. And if I do nothing, they won't think I care. I wonder why I'm like this. All of this insecurity feels purple. Like a certain someone... but I'm not on about her right now. Wait... would I describe this as insecurity? Most people would. I think I'd just simply describe it as... uncertainty. That's how I feel. Uncertain. Purple. That's the only colour I can relate to this. I think my brain just functions differently. It's definitely the barf molecules. That's what she said anyways. That's purple.

I tried to form an emotion, my eyes going damp as I forced my sickly face into a distraught... frown... thing.

"BARF BAG! ARE YOU THERE!? OH... DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE

GONNA GO TOO!" **Bomby yelled in a teary panic as he shook my arm. I think he shook the soul inside me to wake up, from all of these scattered thoughts that my barf-infected brain keeps popping out. Purple.**

"Yeah... I... um... fine! Yeah!" **I uttered, forcing my voice to go shaky as I continued to act emotionally distraught.**

I'm anything but fine. I don't know what I feel right now to be quite frank. I feel empty. Quite ironic since I'm just a bag of fucking vomit. There's no emotion to express, just the inner urge to lie repeatedly until an actual feeling comes out.
I just feel like saying whatever fits the situation, really. That's what I did with my family. It's a good method to make them happy. Act all smiles so they don't worry about you.

"Okay! I'm just happy you're here. I don't want anyone to die anymore!"

Ironic. Ish. Haven't, like, 3 people died already? Sorry. 4. I keep forgetting about Pen.

"W-Why don't we wake Naily up!" **I smiled, trying my very best to just shift the conversation away from the rotting pastry that was once Donut.**

"Okay..." Bomby replied quietly as he walked towards his best friend.

"Naily!" He called in a worry.

"Uh... huh... why are so many people standing in front of me?" **Naily groaned, rubbing her eyes before looking towards Bomby and the absolute train wreck that is me.**

"Naily! You're awake!" **Bomby smiled in relief before pulling her into a heartfelt hug.**

"I am but... we can hug later okay?" **Naily replied before she was gently set to the ground.**

I watched as Naily walked up to Donut, her content expression quickly flipping upside-down as soon as she saw him.

"Is h-he... Is he de-"

"Yeah." **I cut off, a little bit annoyed but trying to minimise reactions because oh my gosh, it's so annoying when they start crying for 25 minutes straight about 'how it's their fault' and 'oh! he shouldn't have died!'.**

"Oh... okay..." Naily sniffled.

I think having familial responsibilities drain any emotion out of you. They teach you to not care as much as you should. And even though you do, or in my case, *if* you do, you don't have a single idea on how to show it or express it.

I wonder how the others feel grappling emotions like that... Sounds quite difficult.

"We should probably go outside, shouldn't we?" Naily recommended, her voice glum with sadness and grief as she walked towards the door.

Bomby and I silently agreed, walking towards the door as it opened. But gosh, I would've never foresaw the absolute hell that was to come...

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN HE'S DEAD?! NO, HE CAN'T BE FUCKING DEAD! YOU BITCHES ARE ALL LIARS!" A certain turquoise origami screamed on the top of her lungs like she was going to die at any given second.

"FOLDY! JUST CALM THE FUCK DOWN!" Fries retorted, manhandling her as he forcefully picked her up by her head.

"Yeah, I agree! Even I wouldn't cause such a scene if Fries died!" Puffball nodded before receiving a sharp kick to the jaw by Foldy.

"WHAT DO YOU KNOW YOU STUPID RAINBOW SHIT! YOU KILLED YOUR WHOLE TEAM FOR A PRIZE DIDN'T YOU?! HOW WOULD YOU KNOW ANYTHING, HUH?!"

Why do they all scream like that. Why do they take it so seriously? What's going through their heads...?

"YOU STUPID ASSHOLE! YOU KNOW WHAT, I'M GLAD STAPY IS DEAD!" Puffball responded without thinking, an eerie silence following her before Foldy broke into an extreme fit of rage.

"Ugh... LET GO OF ME YOU!" Foldy screeched as she struck Fries right in the middle of his face before lunging onto Puffball and grabbing on by her hair.

So much violence... I wonder if they enjoy this.

"GET OFF ME!" Puffball yelled in her vocoded voice before ramming Foldy onto the wall at full force.

Foldy slipped onto the ground slowly, her pumping desire of revenge running high in her blood as she stared daggers into Puffball.

"Puffball, what are you doing! Stop. Being. Violent! Didn't we talk about this?!" Fries angrily scolded.

"SHE'S THE ONE WHO GRABBED ONTO ME!" Puffball retaliated, grunting.

"WELL IT'S YOUR FAULT THEN, ISN'T IT?!" Fries yelled before being bashed to the ground.

"HOW DOES THAT FEEL THEN, HUH?!" Puffball screeched back, staring at Fries as his expression quickly went guilty.

"I-"

"Stowp fightiinhg! We're Free Foodies, rememberr?" Marker retaliated in his thick voice before being death-stared by everyone involved.

"That team doesn't even exist anymore!" Puffball rolled her eyes.

"It should exist in our hearrts, just like Staypy! We down't have to fight, we can be friends!"

"Move Marker." Foldy screeched in a whisper as he shyly walked away.

And in what felt like a matter of seconds, Foldy lunged onto Fries,

stamping on his right arm with as much force as humanly possible.

"Stop, please!" Fries cried weakly as his other hand clawed at the ground, wincing and gasping from the pain as Foldy would stop at absolutely nothing.

"If none of you tell me what happened to Stapy, I'LL BREAK BOTH OF HIS ARMS!" Foldy called out to everyone who meekly stayed silent out of fear.

After 2 minutes of absolute hell, the girl did actually manage to break his arm. I could just hear a loud CRUNCH, and then a scream. Feelings are... rough.

"Hah, the more you guys stay silent, THE MORE OF HIS LIMBS I'LL BREAK!" Foldy cackled, pure pain and revenge radiating from those eyes of hers as she moved to the other arm.

But then, Puffball intervened, biting hard onto her head before loud tear of paper was able to be heard. Was Foldy... was she dead too?! I looked closer towards Foldy as she was launched all the way to the end of the corridor.

"Eugh!" Puffball gagged as she coughed out a tiny strip of turquoise paper from her mouth.

I felt a little part of me strip away as I watched that. The traumatised and suddenly guilty look on Foldy's face as blood poured out of her rip. The loud and constant groans and shrieks of pain as Fries lay on the ground, holding onto his fractured arm as Puffball quickly came to his safety.

I sighed, walking towards the door and the speaker. I just want this to be over with. I just want to be reunited with my family. Tell them sorry for abandoning them. Even though they probably won't forgive my sorry ass anyways.

I leaned on the wall, my eyes going grey with emotionlessness as I stared into space. I just want to feel noticed, to feel understood. So I can actually feel emotion... A bond... a connection... I moved my arm a bit, before the wall suddenly

moved?! I gasped, but before I could do anything, I fell to the ground. I blinked, puke spilling everywhere as I tried to discover what was the thing that suddenly started moving, and oh. It's a door. Two huge doors to be exact. That's a bit awkward... I stood up, shaking the gross liquid off before walking through those huge doors and into what looked like a library.

I was curious. So curious. I think curiousity took the very best of me as I couldn't help but walk further into the lair of books until. I stopped, and something in me just paused as I looked down. My heart dropped as I saw what looked like to be a thick trail of blood that was only getting bigger and bigger the more I walked forward. And then... it was a pool. I gasped, walking back before a paper in the middle caught my eye.

I walked back to the pool, gagging a little bit as I peered closer to see what it read.

'CHECK YOUR BEDROOM, FOLDY.'

It read in all caps and thick lettering.

I shivered, running back to the door as fast as I could before...

"Hey! What are you doing in here?!"

"IT WASN'T ME, I SWEAR!" **I shrieked loudly as the person at the door gave a slight chuckle.**

As he began to walk closer, he looked a bit more familiar. His pink, slanted body made more sense, it was definitely Eraser.

"I know it wasn't you Barf-Brain, I just want to know what the hell you're doing in here." **He asked me, his tone a bit annoyed as I walked back towards the door.**

"I... um... it's Foldy. Just um... ask her to go check her bedroom..." **I looked to the side as I walked out of the library and back into the corridor of bedrooms.**

He looked at me, raising an eyebrow. He still did it anyways. I can only tell because of the loud shrieks, cries and quick

footsteps that I heard after his voice.

I wonder what's going through Foldy's head honestly, almost feels like insanity if you ask me. She overreacts, like, a lot.

Suddenly, the speaker powered on, and before I knew it, she called out my name in the loudest way possible.

"BARF BAG! WHY DID YOU TOUCH THAT DOOR, HUH?!" **They screamed so loudly that I held myself from falling to the ground.**

I looked up towards the speaker box. That grey little box has no mercy on anyone. By the looks of it they probably want to kill me.

"You know what, YOU AND ERASER!! You two can just, go to the treetops..."

Is that a codeword?

Wait... I don't wanna die! "PLEASE, WAIT!" **I called out as loudly as I could, reaching out my arm for someone to catch me, but that was in vain. Because as I blinked, it was all gone.**

Everything, gone.

I... um... I feel a bit dizzy. Maybe it's because of all the barf that spilled out of me. I looked up, my vision went blurry but I still looked anyway. It feels quite greyscale. The more I observed, the more trees appeared, the vines wrapping around the chipped bricks, and the sudden glow of light as a screen all the way at the end powered on. And then blue. Light blue. The colour you think would be the most innocent, seems to stab you in the back mercilessly.

"Well, well, what a shame! Eraser and Barf Bag have broken one of the rules. I'm sorry I forgot to tell you... but it's kind of cute that you two broke the rules together!" **The menace smiled. I peered closer. It couldn't be her... could it...? It couldn't have been L-**

"Shut up... SHUT-"

"Shh... you don't wanna die, do you?!" **I tugged Eraser by the arm to shut him up. Something really hit close to home for him, didn't it?**

Liy sighed, looking to the side a bit glumly before looking back and smiling towards us. I still can't believe it's her. Once I get back, I'll save them, I'll reveal her true identity, I'LL-

"I shouldn't really be stalling around though, shouldn't I...?" **She grinned. Something in the way she acts makes me feel like she wants us to explode into bloody pieces.**

"Why don't I let Barf Bag and Eraser's Amazing Battle for Life commence!" **Liy cackled, and before I knew it, we were both running through the halls as fast as we could, our loud gasps and her laughs filling the atmosphere.**

But then. he suddenly tripped, and let out a shriek so loud that I felt my soul shake.

"FUCK, MY FOOT!" **He groaned loudly as I looked down to see his foot lodged in a spike, flesh spilling out everywhere as he slowly pulled it out.**

"Make sure to look next time..." **I hesitantly replied as his blood-covered hand grabbed onto mine. Ew... I felt like gagging, but I felt too guilty to even make a noise.**

We both ran, ran, ran, so so much. I could barely feel my legs. Spikes, daggers, drills, and a giant boulder that was still chasing behind us as we speak.

"That way!" **I called loudly, pointing to the right before we both jumped to the other side.**

And there goes the boulder.

I panted, gasping for air as I slipped down to the ground. My heart... it was racing more than it ever had in my life. More than I could ever imagine.

Eraser sighed a long sigh of relief as he grasped onto the wall.

Something deep inside tells me this is far from over though.

"We're not done yet!" **Liy smiled, her grin piercing through our souls as we both got up from the ground.**

I stared into the screen. She smiled, a beautiful smile, yet an evil smile. She rested her face onto her hand, yawning as she watched the two of us make our way to the large brown door that was at the end.

I looked towards Eraser, watching as he breathed heavily, watching as the blood on his foot dragged a red carpet across the cold ground. I want to feel guilty, I really do. I just don't know how. How do people feel guilty? Is it a gut feeling? Do they force it? I don't know...

I reached out my hand, pushing on the rusted handle as I squinted my eyes from the brightness that spilled out.

"Welcome you two, to the Battle of the Death!" **Liy called to us both, who were quite oblivious to what was going on.**

"You've seen Battle for Life, Now it's Battle of the Death folks! Get in your places! There are two chairs that are right opposite each other, a lovely, sharp saw right in the middle!"

Shit. I think I know where this is going.

"There are buttons right in front of your chairs, so if you wanna stay alive, keep fuckin' clicking! Otherwise, you might get sliced into two~!!"

That little bitch. I wonder if she actually likes this or if she's just empty inside.

"I'm sorry Barf Bag." **Eraser said quietly, not even looking me in the eye for a second as he sat on the chair, I followed suit.**

"What do you mean..."

Why am I lying, I know what he means. He wants to kill me. If the obvious wasn't already obvious enough.

I sat on my chair, a bit jumpy as I rested my hand on the button. I don't want to do this, I don't think anyone ever wants to.

"3, 2, 1, GO!"

Eraser immediately spammed onto the button, grunting as his fists went sore.

"I'm sorry! I just want to be alive man, I don't want to leave my bro Pen by himself!"

"What makes you think I don't want to be alive either!" **I grunted, betrayed - whatever that means.**

I fought back, slamming the button with both of my fists as the confused saw moved back and forth. I don't want to die yet, why can't he see that? I have my family, my friends... what does he have?!

"Barf Bag, please! I don't want to die!" **He pleaded, his voice going sore as he continued to slam onto the button.**

We both tried our best, we both fought this battle together. We went through obstacles together, our very lives flashing before our eyes. But... nonetheless. One must go.

My face went cold as I continuously pressed down the button, looking him in the eye.

"None of us do."

Those were my final words to him.

He lost his grip, his fingers going numb as I pressed the button for the last time, shutting my eyes as I heard the loud sounds of slicing fill the room.

"Looks like we have a lucky winner!" **Liy smiled sincerely, a giggle slipping out as I opened my eyes.**

I... Am I free...?

The atmosphere changed, the room disappearing before turning pitch black. Then there was a door. A big, brown, slightly rusted door.

Salvation...

The door opened, the scent of freedom spilling out as I watched in awe.

"Barf Bag... Oh, I've missed you so much!"

M-Mom...? IS THAT MOM?!

I gasped, reaching out my weary hand as she walked closer.

"Come here my dear... we've all missed you..."

I need to say sorry to all of you, I need to apologise for how horrible I've been, I just... need to... look at you all... again...

Closer... closer...

But then, she disappeared, fell to the ground as the hue suddenly changed to a deep red.

Someone... a small, black figure who had her eyes dead set on me as she held what looked to be a-

BANG.

"You really thought you could escape, didn't you? Don't you know that you can never, ever evade punishment?"

...

The bullet pierced through the air, swiftly spinning at high speeds before landing right in her gut...

"The promise of freedom seems to have contaminated her brain, hasn't it? Freedom is unattainable, merely an illusion in this world."

The blood... thick, red drops as they leaked out of her body and onto the cold ground.

"You did a good job Remote."

The life spilling out of her body and onto the ground.

...

the end - as of now...

38/46 left.

———————

omg I finished this so quickly 🧿🧿

Word Count: 3518

As always, tell me what you think of this chapter :)

make sure to drink water and stay safe ❤️❤️

Dean, out!

maison de la mort. - chapter 8

"Okay guys, have fun out there!"

This is fun. Watching all of them scramble around for dear life. I feel dopamine run through me when they get scared, my body shaking with such excitement. I think this is the most fun I've ever had in my life. Especially since...

...

"Liy! Hey Liy!"

The tap runs loudly, the cold water splashing as I shakily held onto the sink. I looked myself in the mirror, tears running down my cold and trembling face as I let out a loud, sudden gasp.

And then footsteps. Louder. Louder.

"Answer me next time you stupid bitch!" She yelled as I felt a violent kick to my back, my face plunging into the sink. The cold, cold water trickling down my face as I heard their laughs. The laughs, so loud they filled the empty school bathroom to the brim. Laughs so loud that I could hear the cubicle doors shake and tremble.

"When will this end..." I muttered to myself quietly. The same words, every single day.

"Pastel, lock the doors!"

That voice. That fucking voice. I'd kill just to not hear her horrible voice anymore. Every single time I hear her voice, I feel as if a thousand sharp spears pierce through my back and right into my heart. I hate her voice. I hate her face. I hate the sight of her. Her horrible turquoise colour makes my eyes bleed profusely. I hate her. I hate ***Foldy.***

"Who the hell do you think you are, huh?! Slobbering all over my boyfriend like the freak you are! I get second hand embarrassment for Stapy when I look at your face, I can only imagine how he feels knowing that some ugly freak like you had a crush on him!"

Silence. I didn't feel like speaking. I think the tears in my eyes speak enough.

"Pastel, can you believe this bitch?!" Foldy laughed as the other one returned a bunch of giggles.

"Remember, okay? Don't go for someone else's boyfriend! It's so fucking simple!"

I grumbled, picking myself up from the sorry state I was in as I looked towards those two.

"Why don't you just leave me alone, it was a month ago!" I yelled defensively, my face sopping wet with sink water as I glared at that turquoise shit right in her eyes.

She stayed silent, her face filled to the brim with anger as she grimaced.

But then...

"Don't you fucking talk to my friend like that you freak!" Pastel Highlighter shouted, her fists balling up as she lunged onto me.

Punch, after punch. I felt her just knocking all the life out of me.

I fell to the ground, my body shaking as I felt her nails dig into my arm and pull.

"Let... go of me...!!" I gasped, crying as she dragged me across the floor and into a cubicle.

Gosh. I know what's about to happen.

"Don't you open your mouth at me or Foldy again!" She shouted, kicking me onto the rim of the toilet in front of me before...

Water. And a cold pair of hands shoving me in.

I closed my eyes tightly, letting out a choked scream as I held tightly onto the ceramic.

The life poured out of me the more she pushed. Make it end... Make it end...

Though, no matter how much I begged, it wouldn't stop. She just kept pushing me in.

I couldn't hear anything anymore. Just the muffled laughs. And my loud cry for help gurgling in the water. The end... is it near? I felt myself chip away for every second of it.

But then... it stopped.

I lifted my head up from the toilet, coughing weakly as I turned to find that she was gone...

I looked down, water trickling down my face as I shakily held my knees, coughing water out of my mouth as I let out a shrill cry.

...

So you really think what you're going through now is hell? Oh, you haven't seen hell. That isn't even the only thing she did to me either.

You think that what you're going through is so traumatising? Really?

...

Thought so.

_____

MAISON DE LA MORT - CHAPTER 8.

_____

1 HOUR BEFORE...

"Stapy..."

"Foldy, it's okaay! You'll see him again, there are recovery centerrs!" Marker smiled affirmatively as Foldy turned to the side.

"You don't know that." She replied coldly, her voice shaking as she looked to the ground. She couldn't even bring herself to look at her best friend in such a state.

"You just have to believe it from your heart! Just because he's gone now, doesn't mean he isn't gonna come back soon!"

Foldy stayed silent, tears trickling down her face as she turned to Marker who was sitting on the ground next to her.

"I... I don't know what to do." She tearfully admitted as she leaned onto her friend.

She was never alone like this. Not since then.

Stapy was always by her side for everything. But now...

"It's okay Foldy! Don't worry. He isn't gonna be gone foreverr!" Marker smiled affirmingly, his inner sadness slowly pouring out and into his voice the more he spoke. But he had to keep smiling. For Foldy. Or else... who would...?

"I'm sorry! I ruined it for everyone... didn't I? I was out of control... I even... I even broke his arm!" Foldy burst out in tears as Marker comfortingly wrapped her in a hug.

"Look Foldy. Stapy wouldn't want you to blame yourself, would he? He would want us to just be happy!"

"How can I be happy when I know that I never managed to protect Stapy! How... how can I be happy when his last moments with me was me shouting at him, telling him off!"

Marker stayed silent, looking guiltily to the side before the door suddenly slammed open, causing him to jump right up and into action.

"ARE YOU HAPPY WITH YOURSELF, HUH?!" An angry vocoded voice suddenly filled the room.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, PUFFBALL!!?" Marker yelled back to the floating ball of fluff.

"YOUR STUPID FRIEND BROKE FRIES' ARM! NOW ANSWER ME, ARE YOU HAPPY WITH YOURS-"

"Just shut up." Foldy uttered quietly, her voice shaking as she kept her vision to the floor.

Puffball stayed silent, slightly embarrassed but still angry.

"Shut up?!" She scoffed, rolling her eyes as her expression went dark. "You're a horrible person Foldy, can't you just say sorry, it's not that difficult! You clearly don't understand what you caused either..."

Puffball stayed idle, expecting an immediate and apologetic response from Foldy. Her eyebrows furrowed, her teeth angrily gritting until-

"AT LEAST YOUR STUPID FRIEND IS STILL HERE WITH YOU!" Foldy loudly burst out in angry tears as Puffball backed away a little.

"THE ONLY REASON YOU CAN SAY ALL OF THAT CRAP IS BECAUSE HE DIDN'T DIE ON YOU! IF FRIES WAS ACTUALLY DEAD, I SWEAR YOU'D BE SILENT..."

...

"What the hell... you don't even feel bad?! What are you, some psychopath?"

Foldy sighed, the urge to say something back running so high yet, she quickly shut her mouth. She glared towards Puffball, her eyes sparkling with fear and the slightest bit of guilt. I think that speaks enough for itself.

"Yeah, no wonder no one likes you. You're so self-centred." Puffball spat as she floated towards the door, looking Foldy in the eye one last time.

"Wouldn't be surprised if you were the one killing everyone."

The door then slammed loudly, Marker tripping and falling to the

ground from the impact.

...

Talk about self-centred... Well... she's not exactly wrong.

...

No matter how much anyone tries to convince me, I know it's my fault. I'm the reason this keeps happening.

Maybe... I'm... the reason all my friends die. Not maybe, I am. It's my fault Stapy died... if I was kind enough... for ONCE in my life...

...

I want to cry, but I don't know how to anymore.

I just can't...

_____

Foldy sniffled, getting back up on her feet before walking towards the door.

"Do you... wanna go...?" Marker quietly asked.

Foldy nodded her head, too shaken up to respond as she reached for the door handle.

The door opened, slowly but surely. And what was about to reveal itself? Well...

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN BARF BAG IS 'PUNISHED'?!! WHAT DID SHE DO!!!" A loud and extremely fast voice yelled out to the speaker box above.

"She... broke one of my rules... lol"

Bomby grunted angrily, his fists balling up as he walked closer to the speaker.

"YOU DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT THAT... YOU-"

"Bomby, just stop... remember what happened to Gelatin?!" Naily frantically whispered to the bomb as he pulled away.

"Oh... you're right..." Bomby sighed in realisation, letting down his guard a little.

He looked towards the ground, his eyes filling with sorrow as he tried his best not to think of could've possibly happened to Barf Bag. If he would ever see her again...

"I- um... sorry. I'm just gonna go." Bomby quietly sighed to Naily as he walked back towards the bedroom.

"WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING? WE HAVE DOORS TO GET THROUGH!!" The speaker screamed loudly. Although nobody could see, it was clear how big their smile was, you could just feel it through their voice...

Bomby shivered, turning to the speaker as it glared right at him.

"Are you challenging me...?

"N-No..."

The silence was loud, the white noise piercing the ears of everyone as they fearfully went silent. The thought of death, with the chance that there was no recovery centre? Oh... that truly left everyone fearing, fearing that their time would come, fearing... that they would never see the light of day. Fearing that-

"There's a recovery centre." The speaker revealed, everyone gasping in shock.

"Yes, yes, I've answered your prayers. There's a fucking recovery centre. Though... all you need is a special silver key!" The speaker winked, everyone awing at the promise. The chance of life dangling above them.

"See that, Foldyyy?" Marker nudged Foldy with a hopeful smile,

"There's a recovery cen-"

"Shut up. I don't believe in that shit." Foldy silenced him coldly, her face furrowed with anger and grief as she stepped towards the big brown door that stood before them, Marker meekly following suit.

"Alright everyone, the door is gonna open now!"

...

Day 133

The air is getting more tense. I feel them getting more and more mad at each other, but not enough. How though... how else can I trick them. With the promise of life I've just dangled above their heads, they'd all be leaping at the chance for it to happen. They wouldn't lay a finger on each other. It's just a lie though, of course. Not that they know that yet anyways. These guys are so susceptible to anything. If I told them that pigs could fly, they'd believe me.

But it's the uncertainty that truly drives them insane. They cling onto idea that somewhere in this deathtrap, there might be a key to salvation. Their hope of escape still runs high. It's an illusion I've crafted, a mirage that keeps them grasping for hope in this place, that one day, they can escape!

But... they don't know. That in my ***house of death****, there's no hope to be found. All the hope is just a figment of their imagination, something manmade of which they have crafted themselves. It's foolproof. When they realise the truth, their tiny brains will warp and discombobulate into thin shreds. Despair? That's truly something unheard of for them, but, soon it'll come. And all that would be left for them after that? Bloodthirst. Just a moment of time before I drop that bomb on them...*

...

The door opened, quite quickly this time. Everyone peered into the contents of the room, eager to see what was to behold. But truly, it was...

"Oh, this looks just like a normal hotel!" Nickel smiled, walking in with a wide grin as he observed the slightly scratched pot of flowers, spider webs elegantly wrapping around the plants as they sat innocently atop the drawer.

Rocky nodded in agreement, a little giggle slipping out of his mouth as he innocently walked beside Nickel.

...

"Okay... any ideas where the key would be?" Basketball turned to her good friends 8-Ball and Grassy who were somehow distracted.

"Umm... the drawers?" 8-Ball replied, dazed with fear as he looked to the side.

"I don't know... maybe? But then again, with such a huge promise, you wouldn't think the key would be right in front of you right?"

8-Ball nodded quietly. (idk how he would do that huuuh)

"We should look through every nook and cranny! The drawers, the cabinets, under the cabinets, even in the plants! I'm sure the key would be strategically hidden."

"Okay then!" 8-Ball smiled, more engaged. "Let's do this Grassy!"

"Yeaaah!"

...

"I'm overthrowing her plan."

"Golf Ball, I don't think you should focus on that. We have a hotel to escape, don't forget that!" Tennis Ball replied worriedly.

Golf Ball turned back to him, an angry and slightly insecure look on her face as she huffed.

"Someone needs to let her know that I'm the one in charge! She's already tried to overthrow me once with 8-Ball, I'm not letting her do it again,"

TB sighed, but it's Golf Ball. There's nothing you can really do to stop her, can you...

"Okay... where do you wanna look first?"

"On the top of this very tall cupboard!" GB smiled as they both entered a tiny and abnormally quiet room which looked quite like an office, the desk conveniently placed in the middle as the plants unnaturally swayed beside it.

"Golf Ball... you're not tall enough to-"

"You're right!" She snapped before jumping on top of him, now being able to see.

Golf Ball hummed to herself, scavenging the oddly placed boxes on the top.

And for a moment she stopped, her foot suddenly rubbing against what felt like a... tool?

She quietly grabbed it, hiding it to herself as she jumped off of her friend and back to the ground.

"Nothing." She lied, TB staying silent as they both continued to rummage through the other cabinets in the office.

...

"Yikes, nothing here," Basketball murmured before turning to the other drawer in the cabinet.

"Basketball," 8-Ball sighed, "I kind of get the feeling that-"

"Keep looking, okay? It'll be here somewhere!" She cutted, turning back to the drawer

...

"Golf Ball, I'm telling you, there's nothing there!" Tennis Ball hollered.

"Yes there is, it's most likely here!"

Golf Ball.

"Hm... maybe here!"

Basketball.

"Here, under this plant, it must be!!"

Golf Ball.

"I'm telling you it has to be here!"

Basketball.

"There's a 98.99% chance it's here!"

Golf Ball.

"Here!"

Golf Ball.

"Here!"

Basketball.

"Here!"

"Here!"

"Here!"

"Here!"

...

"I FOUND IT!" Basketball shrieked, finally, her eyes glowing as the silver key gleamed brightly from the distance.

It sat nicely in the corner of an opened drawer, patiently awaiting a user. But something they don't realise, is that...

"WHAT! I HAVE TO GET THAT BEFORE SHE DOES!" Golf Ball screamed, running quickly behind her rival.

"Not if I get it first!" Basketball grinned, sticking her tongue out at her childishly before turning back.

And finally, her foot victoriously landed on the key, a winning smile

growing on her face as she grabbed it. Well, tried to.

The key wouldn't budge.

"Huh? What the hell?" She grunted angrily, pulling on the key violently. Defeat is too hard to accept for some.

"Why isn't this budging!" Basketball raged before slowing down, her eyes focusing on the innocent key. She looked up towards the keyhole, squinting her eyes and zooming her face into it before realising there was a bright, red string neatly and tightly fastened around it.

"What's... this...?"

"Basketball..." Golf Ball shivered. "MOVE, RIGHT NOW, RUN!"

But before Basketball could do anything, a sharp dagger glistened in the air, swinging down at rapid speeds from the high ceiling. And in a split second, it mercilessly struck right into her back, twisting slightly as it went deeper, and deeper.

Basketball let out a loud and pained gasp, her body frozen and motionless as her shocked eyes turned toward the crowd of people who just watched, unable to do a thing but stay still.

She tightened her eyes, her wound throbbing and radiating throughout her body as blood began to squirt everywhere.

And then she was gone. As if she was never there to start with. Yet another person...

"Left for the dead." Foldy muttered subconsciously, her face blank with shock as everyone including Marker turned to her.

The crowd trembled, silence filling the room once again. Fear spread like wildfire, everyone huddling toward their friends for comfort before-

"BUBBLE YOU BITCH, I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT WAS YOU!" Ruby suddenly screamed, everyone gasping as the attention turned to her.

"Ruby," Pencil laughed a bit exaggeratedly, "Calm do-"

"JUST ADMIT IT! I CAN'T BE THE ONLY ONE WHO SAW HER!"

"Wh- WOIT ARE YOY TALKING ABOUT?!" Bubble shrieked fearfully as she backed up, Ruby walking towards her with nothing but pure anger filling her usually pure and clueless face as she suddenly pulled out a blade, pointing it towards Bubble's sweaty and nervous face.

"Just admit. IT WAS YOU!"

....

FLASHBACK

"I'll be, like, right back okay girls! Tell me if you find anything useful." Match told Ruby and Bubble before walking out of the room, closing the door as the automatically turning on lights suddenly filled the dark room.

A chair, a single cabinet and a plant was all that could be seen. As well as Bubble and Ruby of course.

Ruby smiled, digging her hands into the top drawer as her hands quickly searched through the different bits and bobs that were lying in there.

"Hey Bubble, where are you looking?"

She kept her smile high as she turned towards her friend, expecting her to be looking just like her... but...

"Oh, hoi Ruby!" Bubble waved with a friendly expression, holding onto the camera on the wall before turning back, digging the screwdriver in her other hand into it.

Ruby gasped, her hand grabbing something sharp out of the drawer and quickly hiding it away before screaming loudly and running out.

How could she... how could she... HOW COULD SHE!, Ruby thought to herself in tears as she stomped out.

I'll expose you to everyone. For all of this.

END OF FLASHBACK

...

"Ruby... please! It's not what you think it is, I WAS JUST TRYING TO-"

"Go tell that to the people you see in HELL!" She growled, her eyes suddenly glowing red as she dug the blade into her friend.

And after that, nothing could be seen but red, blood spraying everywhere as Bubble popped out of existence.

"Y-You see..." Ruby trembled, her voice shaking as she turned to face the others.

"None of you deserve to see this... none of you deserve to bear such a burden like I am... so I'll just take you all with her!" She cracked a smile, shaking as she held onto the blade.

Her face went cold, holding tightly onto her blade as she walked towards one of the members of the crowd.

"What the hell are you doing Ruby?! ARE YOU INSANE!!" Pencil screamed, stomping towards Ruby who didn't seem to bat an eye at her.

"Say goodbye to the world." Ruby uttered, grabbing onto one of the crowd members, Woody.

"No, GET OFF HIM!" Nickel quickly came to his defense, pulling Woody by the leg in an attempt to keep him away from her.

"Guess you wanna die too then, don't you?" She replied, her voice going emotionless as she lifted up the blade.

"RUBY, RUBY!! SNAP OUT OF IT!!" Pencil yelled, running up towards.

Ruby swinged the blade back, unintentionally knocking Pencil

unconscious before violently slashing Woody and Nickel down 6 feet under.

Match's eyes shot wide open with shock, her hands trembling as she watched her best friend fall down to the ground. She just felt the need to do something... to intervene... to stop her. And so...

"STOP IT, LIKE, NOW!" Match screamed, lunging at Ruby before pinning her down to the ground.

Ruby grunted, slamming on the ground as she tried to squirm out of her reach.

"No... I'M NOT LETTING GO OF YOU! SO DON'T EVEN TRY!" Match growled, grabbing at the blade in Ruby's hand in an attempt to take it from her.

"DO YOU WANNA DIE TOO?!" Ruby cried out, angry tears flooding down her face as she held onto the blade, refusing to let it go.

"DO YOU?!" Match snapped, clenching her right fist before bashing Ruby's hand open with it.

She swiftly unarmed Ruby, holding onto the weapon tightly as she got back up from the ground.

"No... STOP!" Ruby wheezed out weakly, falling down to the ground as her eyes filled with tears.

"I need to take you all away... please... NO ONE CAN LIVE LIKE THIS!!"

"And you?"

"I... I can..."

"Yeah, what a selfish excuse to break us all apart." Match retorted, twisting the blade around in her hand before lifting it up slowly.

"D-Don't... please...! I promise, please... YOU'RE MEANT TO BE MY BEST FRIEND MATCH!" Ruby pleaded out, holding her sweaty palms together as she looked Match in the eye.

"What would you think is more fair?"

...

"All of our lives for yours... or your life for all of ours...?"

Ruby shivered, unable to utter a word as Match walked closer to her.

"...Exactly." Match pointed the blade towards her face, the sharp tip of the weapon brushing against her cold skin before digging right inside.

Match's hand trembled as she pulled the blade back out, tears filling her eyes as she backed away.

That's one of the hardest decisions I've made in my life. The first time... I told the truth.

Match turned back to her unconscious best friend, the blade falling out of her shaky hand as she ran to her aid.

"PENCIL! PLEASE, I-"

"She's okay, she's still breathing..."

"Pen... I, um..." Match stuttered, shocked. "Thanks for taking care of her while I was um..."

"No problem, I'm actually quite-"

"4 kills and it's only the first door?? You people surprise me!" The speaker cut, laughing loudly.

"SHUT UP!" Golf Ball cried out, tears pouring down her usually stern face.

The speaker tutted to themselves, staying silent for a few seconds before speaking up again.

"I'm just gonna make this clear so you lot don't go insane, there's not a recovery centre!" The speaker straightforwardly admitted, causing everyone to gawp.

"What? Why are you guys all shocked... this is like the least surprising thing ever." Pen rolled his eyes.

Everyone except Match and Fries shot a dark glare at him.

"This thing's like, a killer robot! I don't know why you all thought it would let you revive people..." He shrugged.

"I'm just gonna ignore the derogatory and offensive language you just used to describe me!" The speaker smiled. "Anyways, since I'm so nice, you all are only gonna have one more door to get through today!"

Silence.

"But, there comes a catch! Some of you are gonna be meeting an old foe! Evil Leafy!"

A loud series of gasps could be heard from the OGs, while the newbies stayed in complete silence.

"But, she eats people!!" Pin yelped fearfully, "That's so disgust-"

"I've made sure she doesn't eat people because that's cringe, but she KILLS! Dun, Dun, Dunnn!!!!"
(this guy is so unserious)

"Once again, like I said before! I don't care if you die, psshhh! What is this, a killing game?"

The silence became ironic.

"Make it past her and you're declared safe, GO!"

The second door opened, the sounds of teeth chattering and worried whispers loudly spreading across the room as everyone began to slowly walk forward.

...

"What's an... Evil Leafy?" Saw shivered, the name leaving a bad taste in her tongue as she leaned onto her best friend Gaty.

"Well, while I was friends with Book, she told me about her. She said that once she sees you, she won't stop for a second until she's caught you! And then... well... I guess you're just spaghetti!"

"Hehe!" Saw giggled, "That's a funny analogy!"

"Hah... Yeah..." She laughed it off, quite frightened in reality.

Gaty worriedly furrowed her eyebrows as they entered what seemed to be a long runway. No cupboards, no light, well except the slightly dim glow at the end.

Hm... She thought to herself. ***This looks just like-***

"The mirror room!" Saw gasped.

"It just looks like it Saw, doesn't mean it is?..." Gaty sighed, keeping her eyes glued towards the exit.

The air wore thin, her vision becoming more blurry the more she walked. Everything was grey, grey, grey... until...

"AHHHH! ICE CUBE, RUN!!" Book screamed loudly, grabbing onto her frozen friend as the demonic red leaf appeared right behind her.

"Whaa? What's happening?!" Ice Cube squealed, fearfully closing her eyes.

Book panted loudly, her small feet quickly and speedily trodding across the floor until she felt a muscle in her upper leg violently pull.

"GAH!" She screeched, quickly pausing as she looked at the door that seemed so close yet so far.

Book thought to herself, turning back and looking towards Saw and Puffball before turning back to Ice Cube.

"Icy I have a plan, but you're gonna have to trust me on this, okay?" Book grunted, a confident grin lifting up her face as she aimed her friend towards the door.

"Since you're made of water, I can just slide you across the floor and

to the end!"

"Right!" Ice Cube smiled affirmatively.

"Alright, we don't have enough time..." Book grimaced as she looked behind her, Evil Leafy coming closer and closer each second, "So let's do this quick, ready?"

Ice Cube braced herself, taking deep breaths before being launched, her icy body gliding and sliding across the ground like a figure skater as the world span around and around.

A smile crept up her usually meek face, she was enjoying every second of it. She was living the moment.

No one would ever let her enjoy herself like this in BFB, or any season. Every season for Ice Cube was the same, either she doesn't get involved in challenges, she's used as a pawn to win them, or she's just used for killing. Not that this was any better. You could say that this is worse. But for Ice Cube, her world was only glistening.

In the nick of time, she pressed her foot against the wood floor, launching herself up from the ground before opening the door.

"Ice Cube is the first one to make it! Radiators are on extra hot tonight."

She looked towards Book with a smile, both exchanging affirming nods before she went through the door.

"She's behind me, time to bring the plan into motion!" Book said to herself, watching as the bright red creature was just coming just inches away from her.

Before Evil Leafy could reach her, Book propelled in the air, swiftly back flipping right past her before perfectly landing right on top of Saw's handle.

"B-Book, what are you doing?" Saw trembled, struggling to balance on her two feet as Book weighed her down.

"Just watch." Book snapped, her eyes locking onto Puffball as she

slowly flew above her, Fries safely nestled onto her like a baby chick in a nest.

Book suddenly jumped in the air, grabbing Saw with her as she launched herself right onto Puffball.

"Agh! Who is this?!" Puffball screeched, trying to shake off whoever was holding onto her.

"J-Just go, quick!" Book yelled back, tightly holding onto her hair for safety as her legs shakily dangling in the air as she clawed on for dear life.

"What am I doing here though!" Saw cried worriedly.

"Weapon."

"What?!"

...

Gaty looked from the distance, her eyes widening with fear and anger as she watched Book dangle her best friend in the air like a toy.

Of course it's Book doing that... She scoffed.

She grumbled to herself, her mind going blank before an idea made its way into her mind.

"Magnet Powers, Activate!!"

...

"Book, seriously! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!" Saw yelled, fear throbbing in her voice.

"Shut up, will you?!" Book rolled her eyes, locking her sight onto Evil Leafy before throwing Saw down towards her, a fearful scream echoing through the halls.

"SAW!" Gaty shouted, the magnetic force causing her to float through the air before bashing into Saw, the loud sound of metal clattering

being heard as both of them came crashing down on the ground right in-front of Evil Leafy.

Gaty looked up, her eyes widening in shock as her magnet powers deactivated.

"Oh no."

Evil Leafy screeched loudly, her dark aura consuming the both of them as all could be heard was the sounds of coughing and the clanking of metal.

"Gaty... run while you still can..." Saw coughed out, blood dribbling down her face as she looked at Gaty.

"But, I-"

"Please! I want you to survive Gaty... I'd rather see you live... than myself."

Gaty held back tears, looking Saw in the eye for what seemed to be the last time before moving away from her slowly.

She got back on her feet, wobbling a bit before running as fast as she could to the door.

"Saw... I'll do this for you! I'll reach... the end. For you!" She panted, her eyes confidently locked onto the door.

And before she knew it...

"Gaty is the next one safe!"

She had made it.

"Saw..." She uttered her name out, tears welling up in her eyes.

Gaty let out a loud cry, her body trembling as she quickly ran into her room.

"A-Are you okay?" A feminine voice called out, unnoticed by Gaty.

...

1 HOUR LATER.

Everyone was back in their rooms, and Evil Leafy had been annihilated - presumably.

"Are you sure about this?" Tennis Ball whispered into his friend's ear.

"Of course I am!" Golf Ball affirmed, even though her nervous and sweaty face could say otherwise.

"Okay then..."

Golf Ball lifted up her foot, knocking at the door before moving back.

Her heart thumped loudly, drops of sweat trickling down her face as she patiently anticipated a response.

Then, the door suddenly opened.

"Oh hey guys! You're part of our plan too?" A certain someone with bright fuchsia-coloured petals smiled, her fingers nervously tapping at the door as she looked at the two sports balls.

"Yep!" Golf Ball forced a smile as she and Tennis Ball walked in.

She looked around, the room filled to the brim with paper and other contestants - more specifically Teardrop and Lollipop - patiently waiting for the next thing that Flower was gonna say.

"Well, I just found out that there was a vent on our bedroom ceiling and I want to know if you have anything to open i-"

"I have a screwdriver!" Golf Ball exclaimed, pulling out the same screwdriver she found in the boxes earlier.

"Thanks!"

"You never told me you had that!" Tennis Ball whispered, a large grin forming on Golf Ball's face.

"It's because I anticipated something like this would happen anyways, if I just give it to her now, when she gets caught then I won't be the

one who's getting killed."

Flower wasted no time in getting the vent open, the loud clinks and clanks filling the room as she got to work. Soon enough, she finally got it open.

"Alright! Who wants to come? 3 people maximum!" The plant exclaimed.

Golf Ball and Teardrop walked forward.

Flower dragged over a tall stool, placing it right above the vent.

"Let's go guys!" Flower smiled confidently as she climbed in.

"Uhh, you first!" Golf Ball fake smiled, Teardrop shooting her a skeptical look before climbing in.

Golf Ball looked towards Tennis Ball, shooting him a wink before following behind Teardrop.

...

"Okay... I heard there was a control room or something here..." Flower whispered, her breaths going heavy as she went forward.

"Who told you that?" Golf Ball asked, her tone a bit sassy.

"Pencil."

Golf Ball's face went pale, letting out a very exaggerated and loud cough as the two turned to her.

"What?" She rolled her eyes.

"Whatever, anyways, I think it might be h..."

Flower paused, light shining onto her face as she looked through the vent below her arms.

Her eyes darted around, looking for clues before her curious eyes met with two brightly and familiar coloured blobs.

"N-No way..." Flower shivered as her eyes began to focus more clearly on what she was seeing.

"F-Four... and-"

"FLOWER!" A sudden and very familiar voice called.

Golf Ball let out a chuckle to herself, scattering off from the two before quickly exiting the vent.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN HERE?!"

"I- uh..."

"You know what... YOU DESERVE PUNISHMENT FOR THAT!" The speaker shouted angrily.

Flower gasped, turning to TD who had a petrified look on her face.

"J-Just go TD... okay?" Flower muttered weakly, a smile forming on her face before a grey claw grabbed tightly on her petal.

Teardrop hesitated, lifting out her hand to Flower who had already accepted her demise.

"I don't want you to die." She uttered her, the pain bleeding into her voice as her eyes watered.

"Just, stay safe for ME-"

The claw dragged her into oblivion, her screams and yelps echoing in the vents before they stopped, a menacing silence filling in as the atmosphere went blank.

Teardrop looked away, her eyes going blurry with tears as she made her way back down.

...

"Let's go TB, I already have all the information I need to know!" Golf Ball grinned, Tennis Ball looking nervously to the side as they both exited the room.

TB looked back at her, her smile shaking as she raised an eyebrow at him.

"What?"

Where has your morality gone? I can feel your soul painfully aching and quivering behind that smile.

"I- uh... nothing."

...

...

"It's not fair..." Gaty uttered, teary-eyed. She sat on her bed staring at the ceiling, sobbing uncontrollably at the thought of her best friend. The blood, the sight of her dead body. She was... gone. The whole situation drowned her in a thick pool of guilt. It was all... her... fault...

Suddenly, she heard the doorknob creaking, making her freeze in fear.

"Gaty? Is everything alright?" Liy said innocently as she opened the door.

Gaty sighed.

"Oh... it's just you!" She said, sniffling.

As Liy curiously walked towards Gaty, putting a poker face while acting concerned about her wellbeing.

"What's wrong Gaty? I heard you crying from outside in the corridor!" She cried exaggeratedly, almost pouting.

Gaty stared into Liy's eyes before tearing up.

"It's Saw... she's gone... I-... I can't even process it! It's too much for me!" She said before bursting into tears.

Liy painted a sad expression on her face before clearing her throat.

"I... I know this is a lot for you Gaty! It wasn't easy for me to lose Bracelety either, since we were friends in the EXIT. But really think about this. Do you really think that your best friend would want to see you crying?" She patted her back, holding in her grin at the thought of Bracelety.

Gaty sniffled.

"I know, but what else am I supposed to do! You can't expect me to just smile after seeing Saw get ambushed by that monster! I didn't even help her! I just ran off like a wimp..."

"Don't say that Gaty... you're strong to even witness this. Just pull it together, okay? You'll get through this!"

Gaty's eyes widened at Liy's speech, and she felt herself crack a slight smile.

"T-Thanks Liy... I don't know what to say..." Gaty said, relieved and a bit flattered.

Liy held up her poker face proudly, a chuckle slipping out as she stared into Gaty's innocent and oblivious eyes.

"It's no biggie! But stand up, I need to tell you one more thing!"

Gaty raised an eyebrow.

"Oh, okay!" She said, getting up from the bed.

Liy grinned as she suddenly pulled out a knife and struck Gaty deep into her leg.

"OW!" Gaty yelled as she immediately fell to the ground, blood quickly pouring out of her leg.

"DO YOU REALLY THINK I GIVE A FUCK ABOUT HOW YOU FEEL?" Liy laughed sinfully, switching personalities almost immediately.

She watched Gaty with a smile as she was slowly losing consciousness, the shine in her eyes slowly fading out.

"Oh... you all are so easy to fool..." Liy said while looking at her pocket knife, which was now covered in blood.

Liy laughed loudly and sadistically until she suddenly heard the doorknob rattle which made her pause.

Shit... I forgot to lock the door. She thought to herself as the door rattled and opened slowly.

"You...! Murderer...!" Saw said slowly, blood dripping down her face as she shakily walked in, struggling to stand on her two feet.

"Oh you've got to be kidding me." Liy rolled her eyes.

"I knew... it was you...!" She tried to yell.

"Oh Saw, you're just dreaming! Go back to sleep!" Liy laughed quietly.

Saw slammed the door dramatically then limped over to Liy, in an attempt to intimidate her.

"How... could you!"

Liy looked her up and down, screwing up her face as Saw trembled closer.

"She's literally still breathing."

Saw shakily turned her head to see her unconscious best friend, eyes wide open and blood streaming out of her leg.

"Lies!" She yelled, her voice breaking.

"I'm not even lying, you can see for yourself if you want..."

Saw rubbed her sickly head as she looked towards Liy, pity in her swollen eyes.

"Oh... I'm sorry for accusing you!" She apologised, despite Liy being the obvious perpetrator.

Liy rolled her eyes, smirking as she watched Saw innocently walk

through to check her best friend.

"I'm... gonna go to sleep okay!" Saw oddly added, dazed and drenched with vital fluid as she climbed onto the cold bed in front of her.

Liy grinned, spinning the pocket knife in her hand as she looked at Saw.

"What makes you think I'll let you die slowly..." She muttered coldly to herself as she walked towards the bed.

"Oh... hi Liy!" Saw said weakly with a smile, her voice cracking as she pressed on her throbbing wound.

Liy rolled her eyes, suddenly striking her in the jaw with her fist before slamming the knife into her gut, the metal clanging loudly before the weapon went through.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING! STOP!" Saw shrieked in pain, blood bubbling out of her mouth as she lifted her arm up towards the ceiling as if... for one more chance.

Her loud shrills for help filled the room. Help that would never come.

Liy stayed quiet, repeatedly hitting her wound with the knife as the blood began to soak the sheets.

"Please... please..." Saw gasped, tears streaming out of her eyes as she clawed onto the blanket. Then... the room went silent. Her tear-stained eyes closed slowly, her arm slamming back onto the bed as her body went cold and lifeless.

No more Saw. No more Gaty.

Liy laughed loudly, placing the knife onto Saw's cold hand as she wrapped the handle delicately with her fingers as if she was the one holding it.

"Perfect... two best friends who broke out in a fight! They'll all be clamouring to believe that story."

She smiled, her face guiltlessly brightening as she walked towards the

door to leave.

Liy pressed at her switch forcefully, but for some reason. It wasn't budging.

"Ugh, stupid thing just work alre-"

"Liy."

She paused.

"W-What? Who are you!" Liy retorted, her voice a bit shaky as she let go of her switch.

"You stupid little bitch, do you think I was ever done with you?!"

That voice.

Liy grunted, her eyes watering as she shakily held up her fists towards... **him.**

Her head suddenly pounded, her vision going blurry as she stumbled backwards.

"The clock is ticking."

"Not again... GO AWAY! I DON'T WANNA SEE YOU AGAIN!"

"I'm coming back."

"STOP, STOP!" Liy shrieked on the top of her lungs, falling to the ground as her vision went fuzzy with fear.

And then...

Darkness.

31/46 left.

—

Guess who just wrote **6739** words! meee 😎

what did you think of chapter 8 guys lol, i worked pretty hard on this

Aaaaaanyways I'm gonna leave you lots to figure out who that voice at the end was hah liy the lightswitch really thought she was unscareable

Have a good day everyone! Enjoy your December guys, i know I'll enjoy mine because this is my birthday month yaaay

adios amigos until next time

intertwined. - chapter 9

"I thought... that you were my best friend Liy."

Bracelety. Her bubbly personality just sticks with you, doesn't it...? No, who am I kidding, that girl was and always will be a walking freak show.

"Couldn't you just let me say bye to Foldy? Why did you have to do this to me, huh?!"

Shut up. Get out of my head Stapy.

"I know your secret."

You don't know shit.

"You know what happened to Pastel Highlighter, don't you...?"

...

"Finally, I've finally seen the real you for a change. I can't wait to see her again, tell her everything that happened while she was-"

You can't.

"Why?"

She...

_____

"Is she awake?"

Huh... what?

"I don't know, she might be the only surviving one out of those three. Saw's cold to the touch and Gaty's unresponsive."

Did they... find out? No... no, no, no...

"This seems a bit farfetched. How did she even end up there?"

No, NO, NO, NO, I HAVE TO GET UP! THEY'RE GONNA RUIN MY PLAN! MY PLAN...

"We take her?"

UGH! WHY CAN'T I MOVE?! Why... do I feel so faint...?

Why does this feeling... give me... deja... vu...

I need to stay awake... I... need... t...o...

"She has a lot of explaining to do."

...

FLASHBACK - 2015.

"Liy! Come here right now!"

Teacher. School. My worst nightmares.

"You're coming with me Liy."

"Let go of me!" I yelled, tugging on his lanyard in an attempt to backtrack him.

But he wouldn't...

I suddenly felt faint, as if something switched off in my body. Something made me feel like a lifeless shell. And I felt my eyes forcefully shut. I blacked out...

...

"LIY!"

The loud shout of the teacher shot open my eyes and gave a shiver down my spine. I lifted my head up from the table, the fresh light of the room stinging my eyes before I looked towards that teacher again.

"I'm not playing around Liy. You do realise the police are involved with this?!" He said with a strict and angry tone in his voice.

I stayed silent and just blinked at him for a second before he slammed the table hard with his fist.

"WHY DID YOU DO THIS LIY?! WHY WOULD YOU EVEN DARE HARM ANOTHER STUDENT LIKE THAT, AND DONT EVEN TRY TO MAKE EXCUSES, YOU HAD EVERY RIGHT TO CONTROL YOUR OWN ACTIONS."

This is because of her, isn't it. That damn monster. They're all monsters. Foldy, Pastel, Her, and her follower.

"EXPLAIN YOURSELF!"

I didn't say anything. I looked down to the palm of my hand to see there was still some blood trickling down. I couldn't help but crack a smile, knowing what I did. She deserved it. I don't care how much pain she's in. I don't even care if she's dead.

"Oh so you think this is funny, DO YOU?!"

I looked back up.

"What do you mean?"

The teacher groaned angrily, his teeth gritting together as he tapped his fingers on the table.

"You know what, just stay in isolation. The police are gonna deal with you, I'm done with your shenanigans."

I looked back at him, my smile fading away, insulted as he stood up.

"What the fuck do you mean my shenanigans? Aren't you idiots meant to be professionals? When these girls make my life a living hell, when every single damn day I get sent out of class and here for something they did to

me, you want to turn a blind eye and act like nothing happened?! And when I finally stand up for myself something you get the feds involved?!"

The teacher looked back sinisterly, shocked at my vulgar language. You deserved to hear that anyways. Someone needed to wake you idiots up.

"I'm sorry? What do you mean by 'standing up for yourself'? Is breaking someone else's nose your definition of standing up for yourself?! Pathetic." He laughed as he tucked in the chair.

I looked to the side.

"The only thing that's pathetic is your school."

Usually teachers would call me out for saying that but... he didn't even reply. He just looked me deep in the eye. I couldn't tell how he felt at all. I stared curiously into his mysterious grey eyes, the confident sparkle he once had in them had faded out, like a weak flame on a candle. Holding on.

"Look, okay Liy." He sighed, a bit guilty as he sat back on the chair to face me.

"The only reason we're not permanently suspending you is because you're one of the smartest students in the year group, and I'm not kidding with you on this, alright?"

I know, you don't need to tell me.

"Liy, you're truly an intelligent girl. You just have to use that mind of yours for the right things and not to hospitalise other students like you did with Makeup Brush..."

Makeup Brush. That girl deserves her own spot in hell, not a hospital.

"And you?" I uttered. "What do you do? Let them get away with everything they do to me every day?!"

"Liy, there's no evidence of tha-"

"DAMN RIGHT THERE'S EVIDENCE! DON'T COME TO ME WITH YOUR SUGARCOATING SHIT TELLING ME I'M 'SMART AND

INTELLIGENT' WHEN YOU CAN'T EVEN FUNCTION YOUR DAMN BRAINS! YOU'VE ALL FUCKING SEEN THEM WITH YOUR OWN TWO EYES, AND MANY TIMES TOO! YOU NEVER EVER DO ANYTHING, IT'S ALWAYS THE FAVOURITISM! ALWAYS, ALWAYS, ALWAYS!"

"Liy, you know we don't have favourites, stop making up-"

"I'M NOT FUCKING DONE! WHAT ABOUT THE TIME THEY STOLE MY BAG, EMPTIED IT OUT AND THREW ALL MY THINGS EVERYWHERE?! THAT WAS JUST YESTERDAY. THERE WAS 3 TEACHERS IN THAT CLASSROOM BUT ALL OF YOU NEVER SAID A THING!"

"Y-You know what..." The teacher stuttered, standing up from his chair again. "Maybe when the police come they can refer you to a psychiatrist... o-or something and give you some pills for your hallucinations."

And then he left.

Injustice, once again. This is my life..., lies, injustice, distrust, torture.

He forgot one thing though. The card in his lanyard.

Ah... what good fun. Fun, fun, fun.

———————

INTERTWINED - CHAPTER 9.

"Huh... wha...?"

"Do you think she's awake now?" Lollipop turned to Taco, who gave a subtle nod.

Liy blinked, her eyes heavy and tired as she observed her surroundings.

Oh... that was just a dream, wasn't it...

...But,

A... bedroom? What the hell am I doing here?!

Liy tried to move around her arms and legs, which were tightly fastened onto the chair with ropes.

"W-Why am I here?! Let go of me!" Liy immediately questioned, her face going pale with fear as tears began to fill her eyes.

"Well, I mean... both my friends are dead, and you're the only one out of them both who made it alive. So I wanna know what happened." Lollipop responded, crossing her arms as she immediately became suspicious of her.

"Are you sure about this Lolli? She looks scared..." Book whispered into her ear before being rudely silence by a hand in her face.

So they're interrogating me. I've done this before, so this is gonna be simple to crawl out of.

"I didn't kill anyone... please just let me go!" Liy cried out, her starry eyes filling with tears as she looked down to the ground.

"I never said you did, even though you could've. I'm just asking you questions." Lollipop shrugged, leaning back on the wall before turning back to the blue blood-covered switch.

"Okay... how the hell did you even get in there?"

"I..." Liy stayed silent for a second, thinking for a moment before a lie struck in her mind. "I was just gonna go to sleep until I heard screaming and banging! I got scared, so I went in to see Saw and Gaty fighting. Saw was... c-covered in blood..."

Liy shivered, her voice going shaky as she remembered the oh so horrible argument that definitely happened!

"And I saw Gaty... dead... on the floor..." She sobbed, her fake tears dripping down her face and onto her legs as she continued to cry.

"Mhm..." Lollipop rolled her eyes, giving Liy a once over.

"I'm not lying!" Liy barked, her inner self poking out as she gritted her teeth.

"Whatever, did you get involved?"

"Yes... I couldn't just leave Gaty to die! Even though we never really talked, I appreciate every second I spent with her!"

"Oh my gosh... she's like another Leafy!" Taco whispered to Lollipop, who couldn't help but laugh a little.

"WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU LAUGHING AT?!" Liy screamed, stamping as she tried her best to shake herself free from the tight ropes holding her back.

"Shut up, will you? At least I'm not tied to a chair." Lollipop laughed, walking closer to her with a sly grin on her face.

"I'LL FUCKING SMASH YOU INTO PIECES YOU PURPLE PIECE OF SHIT!" Liy continued to shout, squirming so hard that the chair began to shake and crack.

"Ah, ah, ah. I wouldn't do that if I were you Liy... Besides, I could easily kill you if I wanted to~" Lollipop whispered in her ear, coming closer before pointing a knife towards her sweaty face.

Liy grumbled, calming down a little before looking back up to Lollipop who let out a loud chuckle as she walked back.

What makes you think you have authority over me? I'm the one who controls this damn place, not you!

"Now, tell me more Lightswitch. How did Saw die then?"

She looked to the side, her face nervously sweating as she once again thought of a lie. The only weapon she could use to defend herself in this.

"I tried to stop her, really! But she kept punching me hard, my arm still hurts now! I almost grabbed the knife off her but she used the handle to bash my head really hard. I saw dark after that. I think she... felt guilty. Maybe her senses finally kicked in... but I think the guilt was so bad... that... she took herself down as well..." Liy stopped for a few seconds after that, allowing her false tears to stream down her face as she 'anxiously' tapped against the chair with her hands.

This... it almost feels like something... I've experienced...

"Likely story..." Lollipop grumbled, walking up towards Liy before pulling out the knife again, the edge of the blade just millimetres from her face.

"If you don't tell me the truth Liy, we're gonna have a problem. A bloody one." Lollipop hissed, her face dark with anger as Liy backed away.

"What makes you think I'm not telling the truth?" Liy shot Lollipop a look so stern she felt herself gasp from the impact. She backed away, unarming herself of the knife before rethinking it.

She looked towards Liy, who still held a dark and confidence-crushing grin as she peered right at her.

Lollipop sighed, turning to Taco.

"Maybe we should let her go..." Lollipop grumbled, a bit annoyed. She wasn't one who accepted defeat so easily.

"You still didn't answer my question." Liy grinned.

"Whatever... just shut your mouth." Lollipop rolled her eyes, cutting the ropes off of Liy's wrists and legs with the knife.

"There goes my authority..." She muttered to herself as Liy walked towards the door, shooting her a dark stare before leaving.

"What... was that?" Taco muttered, shocked at the whole interrogation.

"She's good with her words, that's for sure."

...

My plan... finally I'm able to control it again.

Something I'm able to control...

Unlike my past...

Something I'm more intertwined with than I'd like to admit.

...

"Yeah I know! She's so dumb. She really thought she could take Stapy away from everyone."

Liy gasped, her eyes widening with fear as the memories began to fill her head.

"Oh yeah and remember that Wednesday? I don't think any of you know..."

"What is it?"

"Liy got jumped..."

"By who?"

"——— and ———"

"Aren't they like 3 years older?"

"SHUT UP!" Liy screeched, holding her ears as she fell to her knees.

"Oh yeah..."

"She totally deserved it. She's such a psycho, like, she's been stalking Stapy for ages!"

"Fucking weirdo! Haha!"

"I DIDN'T DO THAT! YOU'RE LIARS, LIARS!" She continued to cry out, tears slipping down her face as her shrills filled the halls.

"Awww... Why are you all alone!"

"You don't have to come to her, you know no-one likes her!"

"Well why you don't you go be her friend?"

"Ew, no. You know she tried to steal my boyfriend."

"NO I DIDN'T... NO I DIDN'T!"

"Oh yeah.. why did you do that?"

Her smirk. So vivid... so... triggering...

MAKEUP BRUSH...

"Metal bottle... metal bottle..." Liy muttered out subconsciously, her head clouding up as nothing felt intelligible anymore.

"W-What did you do..."

Blood. Fresh. Dripping.

"IT HURTS! OW! OW!"

Liy wiped her tears, a demonic grin forming on her face as she looked up.

"Why did you do this? WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, HUH?!"

"I... Don't regret th-"

BANG.

Liy fell, her head sore and throbbing as her knocked out body stayed idle on the ground.

"I don't think she's okay right now... I'm worried!"

"Right, let's just take her to our room for now..."

...

Perhaps you haven't heard a thing about my past. Something that I'm still intertwined with to this very day.

Maybe that's why you hate me.

To you... I'm probably just some heartless killer.

I'm not heartless, I'm more thoughtful than most people. I take

my time, I'm nice, I'm a good person, I just wish that everyone could support me.

You're all the heartless ones. I'm the only one on this fucking Earth that has a heart! I've been crying that out for years.

That's why I'm on a mission to save the world. To rid the world of everyone and everything that doesn't have a heart. No one else has a heart of gold like mine. So, no one else deserves a space on this Earth!

Afterwards, the world will be at peace. I won't hear voices anymore. I won't hear anyone anymore. The only person in the whole world will be me. That's my plan.

But if you don't agree with me? That's okay, your opinion doesn't matter. My Earth is in the works.
And each person makes a difference.

You may be wondering if I even care about anyone. If I have parents that care about me... if I have a family who want me home...? That's simple. I don't. I lost my parents a long, long time ago.

For starters, my mom. She forgot that I existed from the day I was born. She was never in the house. She was always out doing something. And she was always intoxicated to the brim, no one could ever talk to her.

And, my dad...? He died to me a long time ago. What's left of him is a rotting and broken soul that has unresolved anger to take out on me. I was his punching bag. A fist to my face for every time I spoke. He never cared about me. I was always his little 'mistake'.

But... who cares about them? They're gone. All that's left? Me. And my plan to rid all the pests of the world.

...

"Liy? Are you awake?"

Where am I now...

Liy opened her eyes slowly, groaning as the light above her shone right into her eyes.

"Liy, you're alright!" A very familiar pastry smiled.

An old friend, or let's say... foe.

Pie.

"I-I'm fine! Why... am I here?" Liy kept up a smile, her sweet voice going curious as she looked towards her.

"Because it looked like you were having some sort of breakdown... you know both me and Cake could hear you screaming from inside our bedroom, right?"

Why is she pretending to care again. I swear, all of these Death Pacters are psychopaths.

"I... oh..." Liy uttered, digging her head into the pillow as she tried to silence the overlapping voices of her past.

"What happened...? You can always talk to me y'know." Pie smiled comfortingly as Liy stayed silent.

"I don't know. I heard something... in my head! And then I felt myself break down, I guess."

Pie raised an eyebrow at her, unsure of what she meant.

"So you... heard voices?"

Liy nodded, looking down to the ground as tears began to fill her eyes.

"Anyways... you're covered in blood! I have some wipes," Pie said a bit worriedly as she handed the pack to the lightswitch, who stayed silent as she opened them.

Why am I being vulnerable with her... this is exactly what I

shouldn't be doing!

...

You could just... blackmail her. Lead her and Cake to your room. Use the pack of teabags that you brought along with you, and... spike them. Double kill!

I... I don't know. Maybe they should live for a bit longer.

You fucking chicken, why did you do this in the first place huh?! Either you kill them, or I do it for you.

N-No... but- maybe I could just get them later... please-

NOW.

...

"Thanks for all of this Pie. Y'know... I have tea in my room! Do you two want to come and have some with me?" Liy held up a smile, her voice going warm.

"Sure! Wanna come Cake?" Pie asked.

He nodded, a bit shaken up by Liy but still wanting to come along.

"Alright then, lead the way!"

Liy got up, opening the door as she navigated her way through the halls.

After a bit, she finally found her door...

"Come in guys!" Liy stayed behind the two as they innocently walked in, double locking the door before rushing over to the two.

"Woah... how did you get a room all to yourself Liy?" Pie stared in awe as Liy forced out an awkward laugh.

"I don't know! Maybe it was luck... anyways, sit yourselves down you two, tea will be ready in 5 minutes!"

Liy rolled her eyes behind them, her mouth curling into a grin as she brought out the cups, the teabags, water, and a special ingredient...

She poured the water in, as usual. A teabag, and finally, she dumped two pieces of the secret ingredient in, her grin growing bigger as it bubbled and dissolved into the water.

After a few minutes...

"Your teas are ready guys! Remember to drink quickly!" Liy smiled as she placed the tray down.

"Hm... what flavour is this?" Cake looked into his cup curiously, the tea bubbling and steaming as he looked back at Liy who could do nothing but smile.

"I'm pretty sure it's mint!"

"Oh... alright!" Cake nodded, taking a sip before placing the cup down.

"Woah..." he muttered, his eyes glowing as he picked up the cup again.

"This stuff is so good, what did you use Liy?" Cake looked at Liy in awe.

"Oh, well..." Liy acted flustered by the compliment.

"Sugar? I make my tea like everyone else!" She awkwardly chuckled as she patiently waited for the effects to seep in.

Just a matter of time... before he starts choking. Liy smiled, sipping her non-spiked tea as she cunningly stared at Cake.

He paused, his body shaking as he looked towards Liy.

"You okay there Cake?"

Cake breathed in, ready to say something, but what came out...

"CAKE?! ARE YOU OKAY?" Pie yelled out, her face going pale with

shock as Cake coughed out thick drops of blood.

Yes... but wait... did I forget to spike Pie's-

"LIY, WHAT DID YOU DO TO HIM?!" She screamed as she walked towards Liy, who couldn't help but smile.

"Let me fix that..." Liy smiled as she walked up to the sickly Cake, her fist balling up tightly before slamming it on his head.

"HOW COULD YOU?!" Pie burst into tears as Liy turned to her, her face smeared in both icing and blood as she continued to crush the life out of him.

"I'm sorry... I just wanted some desert!"

Pie gasped, running towards the door as tears flew down her face.

"I'LL EXPOSE YOU, I SWEAR I'LL-"

But before she could say anything, a figure suddenly jumped in front of her.

A familiar figure...

"R-Remote...?!" Pie gasped, her hand held to her face as she looked towards her friend.

Remote stood still, her body shaking and glitching as she held her face.

"What happened to you..."

"I rewired her!" Liy snapped, walking up to Pie before tightly grabbing her by the arm.

"What are you doing, WHAT ARE YOU DOING!" She screamed, trying to wriggle her arms loose as Liy dragged her back into her bedroom.

"Relax, will you? I just want to show you how I programmed her!" Liy's eye twitched, a few disturbing giggles coming out of her mouth afterwards.

Liy's grip tightened on Pie's arm as she forced her back into the dimly lit room. The atmosphere hung heavy with tension, the flickering light casting eerie shadows on the walls.

"Now, let's play a little show and tell, shall we?" Liy said with a twisted smile.

Pie hesitantly sat down, her eyes nervously darting as Liy began to mess with the buttons on Remote's face.

"W-What are you doing to her?!" Pie uttered in fear as Liy turned back to her, a shiver travelling down her spine as Liy's smile turned into a large grin.

"Since she has no control over herself, I gave her more personality! Now... she obeys everything I say. Just watch." Liy said before grabbing onto Remote by the wrist.

"Remote, go make me a cup of tea!" She ordered, Remote glitching before rushing straight over to the kettle to pour her a cup.

Pie watched in horror, Liy's smile piercing right into her soul as tears streamed down her face.

Remote rushed back to Liy, the cup shaking in her hand as she continued to glitch out.

"PIE, H-HELP.... M...ME... PLE-"

"ZIP IT!" Liy screamed out angrily, her mood swinging as she punched Remote in the face, her and the cup in her hand landing on the ground with a smash.

"Why... why are you showing me this?!" Pie uttered to Liy as she smiled again.

"Because, this is what happens when you cross me. Like you did in BFB 5..."

Pie looked at Liy, a sudden rush of guilt washing over her as she looked down to the ground.

"You see, I could just kill you. But I'm being nice, okay! I'm giving you the opportunity to work with me!"

"But, BUT WHAT ABOUT DEATH P.A.C.T.?!" Pie yelled.

"That's all in the past!" Liy brushed it off ironically before looking Pie in the eye, her expression going dark.

"Now... either you work with me, or you can end up like Cake!"

Pie held her chest, her heart loudly thumping as she thought over the offer in her head.

"Liy..." Pie uttered shakily, her body trembling as she looked towards her.

"I... I can't! I just can't kill people, y-you know what I mean, RIGHT?!" She shivered.

Liy stayed silent, her fists clenching as the internal anger she bottled in for so long finally opened up.

"You... what?" She trembled, angry tears dribbling down her face as she let out a bunch of weak giggles.

"I've tried my very best here... I really have! So why do you always crush it all into pieces, huh?!"

Pie trembled, digging her head into her knees fearfully as Liy pulled out a knife on her.

"I hate people like you... YOU KNOW THAT, RIGHT?!" Liy yelled into her face, wiping her tears as her sadness suddenly transformed into empty and soulless laughs.

The room went silent, the air thickening with horror as Liy trembled.

She held herself together, approaching Pie as she eyed the blade in her hand, the smooth metal shining and glimmering in the light.

And without a second thought, Liy struck Pie in the head, the blueberry filling exploding in her face as she did so.

"You explosive, horrible, hateful, disgusting MORON! I HATE PEOPLE LIKE YOU!" Liy screamed loudly, her shouts filling the empty room as she repeatedly hit Pie with the knife.

And then for a second, she backed away, the knife bouncing out of her grip as she fell to the ground.

Liy looked up to the ceiling, tears stinging at her empty and soulless eyes as she sulked.

"Why do people hate me... I'm such a kind person." She sighed to herself, tears streaming down her face as she pressed at her switch.

"I just..." Liy pondered to herself before her switch flipped to the other side. She pressed on the switch, all the evidence on her clearing up in an instant before she flipped back to herself.

She looked back down to the floor, the memories of her past eating into her soul. Those people, those horrible, horrible people.

They're all horrible.

Liy tapped her feet onto the ground, a sudden burst of energy flowing within her as she got up and out of her sickly state.

"I still have control of all of them, don't I?" She grinned cunningly, her expression going dark as she pulled out a microphone from her hand.

She cleared her throat, tapping at her chest as she began to speak.

"Good morning everyone, we have 5 doors to get through today, so wake up quickly okay?!"

I still... have control.

29/46 left.

---

wow I finished this quick

this chapter was definitely a Liy angst one so I hope you all enjoyed learning more about our antagonist

anyways, as always, what are your thoughts on this chapter? :)

have a great day y'all, and see you in chapter 10 !!

plus one. - chapter 10

5 HOURS EARLIER.

"I don't know... this place... is strange."

The clock in the corner of the room ticks, each one getting louder, and louder.

"Just think about it Tennis Ball, I don't wanna die here! If we have an opportunity to escape then I'm leaving straight away!"

Golf Ball, the typical angry one. Though most of the time, she has a point.

"Why don't we just get in contact with the rest of the others who are still in the grasslands?"

Tennis Ball thought to himself for a second. The idea sounded initially good, but how...

"How are we gonna do that?"

Golf Ball looked around, before something caught her eye. Something... useful. A... typewriter?

"Y'know... how about we use this!" She smirked, dragging it to the tall cabinet that stood before the both of them.

"Good idea! We could use the satellite connection from outside to communicate, but hmm... which one of the electronic contestants still out should we send the signals to?"

"Hm..."

...

"Good morning everyone, we have 5 doors to get through today, so wake up quickly okay?!"

"SHIT!" Golf Ball screeched, quickly grabbing the typewriter before shoving it deep under the bunkbed.

"You reckon anyone will find that?"

Golf Ball shook her head, worry filling her mind as she walked to the door.

"Time for another amazing day of this horrible place..." She groaned to herself, tears filling her eyes as she thought about what could've been if she and him never, NEVER came up with that stupid hotel idea...

But... it's too late now, isn't it?

They're already trapped deep in the House of Death. There's no going back, is there?

...

5 HOURS LATER.

"Pillow! Give back the remote!" Tree yelled, rolling his eyes as he reached for the control.

"Nope! This channel is boring, I know something better to watch!" Pillow smirked, scrolling through the channels as she leaned back on her bean bag.

Life on the grasslands Post-BFB was quite calm, despite the eerie and chilling emptiness that the contestants invited to the hotel left behind, other than that, the remaining 18 enjoyed themselves.

Just like how the invitees were enjoying themselves! **Weren't... they?**

"Y'know, I wonder how Pie and Remote are doing there! They haven't sent me anything since they left..." Tree pondered to himself, picking up his phone from the grass as he looked towards TV, who's screen

was changing channels.

"Dunno, don't really care!" Pillow shrugged, smiling as she stopped on a certain channel.

"Now... time to watch some horror movies!" She uttered with a dark grin as she leaned back and got comfortable on her beanbag.

Tree ignored her, inspecting the lockscreen on his phone. He could feel such an ominous sensation in his gut as he looked at the wallpaper: a group photo of Death P.A.C.T. Him, Remote, Pen, Black Hole, Pillow, Bottle, Pie...

A feeling of nostalgia filled him as he stared. Just the competition. Just challenges. The ability to just... leave your life behind you for once and... compete.

"Maybe I should ring Pie up..." He said to himself, his feet anxiously tapping on the floor as he clicked on her contact.

His hands went shaky as he clicked on the call button, as if he was about to open an email for exam results or something.

Tree waited, drops of sweat trickling down his leafy face as it went into voicemail.

"Oh... maybe she's busy..."

But suddenly...

"Sorry, but either the number you have dialled is no longer in service, or no longer exists. Goodbye!"

And then it hung up, just like that.

"W-What?!" Tree hesitated, tears stinging at his eyes as he dropped his phone to the ground.

"Is the movie scaring you?" Pillow smiled as she turned to him.

Tree stayed speechless, shivers travelling down his spine as he turned back towards TV.

"This is the best part!" Pillow grinned, eagerly looking towards TV before suddenly, his screen went pitch black.

"Drat!" Pillow grumbled, huffing as she crossed her arms

"W-What's happening..." Tree uttered, his voice shaky as the dark screen began to display a huge letter.

And then another. And another. And then... it read...

WE NEED IMMEDIATE AND URGENT H-

_____

"GOSH DAMNIT, JUST WORK ALREADY!" Golf Ball yelled, the typewriter letting out a loud static noise as she fought to type the letters.

A drop of sweat trickled down her face, the typewriter suddenly zapping her by the leg. She let out a loud and fearful shriek, jumping away immediately as the typewriter suddenly burst into flames.

"Shit... SHIT, SHIT, SHIT!"

_____

And then in an instant, the TV went bright red, a loud and ear-piercing scream coming out of the speakers before it suddenly went back to Pillow's channel.

"..."

Tree froze, quivering as he turned to Pillow, whose expression was surprisingly shocked as well.

"What... was that?" Pillow pondered nervously, her hand over her mouth to cover the broad smirk that was quickly forming on her face.

...

...

"I know."

...

...

PLUS ONE - CHAPTER 10.

"FESS UP, OKAY?!" The speaker screamed on the top of their lungs, deep anger and rage pouring into their voice as they spoke.

The other stayed silent, scared to even utter a word.

"WHO.... WHICH ONE OF YOU MADE CONTACT WITH THE OTHERS BACK IN THE GRASSLANDS, HUH? How dare... HOW DARE YOU DISOBEY MY RULES!"

They took a deep breath, their voice trembling as they huffed.

"Y-You know what..." They uttered out, their voice going cold.

"Either one of you fess up, OR I'LL JUST KILL YOU ALL, RIGHT HERE, RIGHT NOW! I WON'T HAVE MERCY ON ANY OF YOU!"

The contestants let out a loud shriek, worried commotion filling the halls of the hotel.

Golf Ball looked towards her best friend, tears pouring down her face as she couldn't possibly fathom an outcome like this one.

"W-What do we do TB? This is our fault anyways!" She communicated to him in a tearful whisper, her body trembling with fear as she wiped her damp eyes.

"I-I... I don't know!" Tennis Ball stuttered nervously, his heart shakily thumping as he leaned against the wall.

Golf Ball stayed silent, facing towards the ground as her mind went blank. She looked back up at her friend, her eyes widening as she felt the sudden and nerve-wracking to say...

"I'M GONNA COUNT DOWN FROM TEN, AND IF NONE OF YOU SAY ANYTHING AFTER TEN, I'M GONNA KILL YOU ALL!"

Golf Ball fearfully bit her lip, locking eyes with Tennis Ball as she felt her cheeks go warm and cold at the same time.

"TB, you know..." She smiled, nervously looking down to the ground before back at him.

"TEN!"

"Yeah?"

"I... um... I haven't told you this before... but I... I..."

"NINE!"

"I... um... this is a bit hard to say, isn't it!" Golf Ball awkwardly laughed, her mouth going dry with fear as she stared at TB, his eyes widening as he eagerly anticipated on what she was gonna say.

"EIGHT!"

"I'd say take your time, but you don't really have any time!" Tennis Ball yelled.

"SEVEN!"

"O-Okay... fine!"

"SIX"

"Tennis Ball, I really, really..."

"FIVE!"

Golf Ball pulled away for a moment, her heartbeats thumping loudly in her ears as she built up more courage to just finally say that she...

"FOUR!"

"Fine, fine!" Golf Ball whispered to herself before turning back to him.

"THREE!"

"FOR A LONG TIME, I'VE REALLY, REALLY LI-"

"I DID IT!" A sudden voice called out from the crowd.

"COINY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!" Pin yelled at him, tightly and fearfully holding onto his hand as he looked towards her with a smug grin on his face.

"So you did it, huh? You really miss the others that badly, that you'd defy my own rules...?" The speaker said to him menacingly, their voice going low and quiet.

"I'm so sorry!" He replied, his face going exaggeratedly scared as he played dumb.

"WHAT MADE YOU THINK THAT I'D LET YOU SLIDE WITH THAT, YOU FUCKING IDIOT!" They screamed loudly with anger before a large spear came flying out of nowhere, gliding through the air before piercing right into Coiny's gut.

"COINY!" Pin cried out, her eyes filling with tears as she watched him fall onto the ground.

He looked at her, his grin only widening as he began to move his hand.

"W-Wha... are you..."

He clenched his fist, tapping at the ground before forming a... thumbs-up?

Pin's eyes widened, an expression of fear... or perhaps... realisation?

"O...Okay..." She whispered to him as he signalled with his hand for her to go.

...

"That was selfless." Tennis Ball said quietly before turning back to his friend, who had an awkward look on her face.

"What were you going to say to me Golf Ball?"

"Nothing." She snapped before quietly walking towards the door.

"Huh..."

...

"Wow guys, wow! I thought that you all supported me- I mean, respected my rules!"

Majority of the crowd raised their eyebrows at that comment.

"Whatever! You know what... Just go back to your bedrooms." They uttered, irritated.

Liy then flipped the switch on her microphone, clutching it tightly in her hand as she slipped into her bedroom.

She grumbled, her mind fuzzy with rage as she locked the door behind her.

"Stupid, Stupid, STUPID!" She suddenly screamed on the top of her lungs, angrily kicking on the walls.

She put her hands over her ears, her loud shrills filling the room as the wall began to slightly crumble.

"Keep it down, will ya?"

Liy's heart jumped, her body trembling as she turned to face where the voice was coming from.

"You're pretty bad at hiding things."

Pillow.

"WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING HERE?!" Liy yelled, her shaky hand grabbing onto a knife before pointing it towards her.

Pillow let out a laugh, a quiet yet subtle one.

"That's your only trick? Please!" She chuckled menacingly before pulling out a...

"C-CHAINSAW?!" Liy gasped, immediately dropping her knife as she walked back.

Pillow nodded, a creepy smile forming on her face as she dropped the weapon.

"How did you get here..." Liy questioned the pillow, her voice trembling as she turned to face her.

"It was pretty easy, really!" Pillow shrugged.

Liy raised an eyebrow.

"I tied Two onto a chair and forced them to take me."

"What?"

"I don't know why they were so scared, I was only pointing a gun at them! But they started trembling and begging for their life, and oh it was so funny!"

"Cut the chase, why are you here." Liy snapped, her fists clenched as her feet tapped at the floor distrustingly.

Pillow scratched at her chin curiously, humming to herself before suddenly turning back to Liy, a smile on her face so unsettling that even Liy herself felt fear.

"I wanna kill people."

"What?"

"You know what I'm talking about, I mean, why are you doing this, huh?"

Liy scoffed, rolling her eyes before looking at her coldly.

"I suggest you back off, you don't know anything about me or what I'm-"

"You killed a girl in your school about 3 years ago."

Her face dropped.

"What are you-"

"24th April 2016. Her name was Pastel Highlighter, and from what I gathered, you pushed her down a flight of stairs and gave her severe head trauma by beating her with a baseball bat until she was unresponsive. You got away with no charges as police had a lack of evidence to use against you, therefore the only other culprit they could put the hefty blame on for your consequences was another boy in your class. Does that answer your question?"

Liy trembled and gasped in utter shock.

"How... do you know-"

"CD." Pillow smiled before pulling out 2 CDs and a laptop.

"There was only one though!" Liy shrieked.

Pillow stuck her tongue at her, laughing before opening the laptop.

"Here, take a look! She even recorded a monologue, hah! So corny!"

Liy stayed silent, walking towards the laptop as the face of her former enemy popped up on the computer.

{ VIDEO RECORDED ON: 4/23/16 AT 10:01 PM.}

"My life. I never really thought it had any meaning."

"I never thought I was significant at all. Most of my life I was just there... I served no purpose. So I tried to give myself a purpose so others could notice me! Hah... y'know, put on some lipgloss and fake your life story. It worked pretty well... I... I wasn't so unnoticed anymore. I became what you would call... the 'cool kids'! We... tormented people, how... fun!"

TEXT ON SCREEN: (I'm really trying my best not to sound like an asshole here!!!!)

"Like... what's her name... Liy. I think I overdid it with her. You

know how it is though, right... You have to fit in! Bully people so they don't find a reason to bully you back! I think I may have broken her though. She isn't as bubbly and nice as she was when we used to be friends. Her now personality seems to be clouded by something thick, unnavigable. It seems that maybe... her real one is gone. I wonder why... It's like a toy that you've played with so much that one day it shatters into pieces and you can never be able to put them back together because they're lost, or missing."

"I'm only joking, I didn't lie about anything at all... haha! I'm not a liar... am I? Foldy doesn't think that at all... right?"

"What am I thinking. I probably don't even mean that much to Foldy at all... I'm probably just irrelevant to her, and Stapy. They're probably just pretending to be my friends to make my sorry ass feel better... I mean, who would want to be friends with someone like me? I'm horrible. I ruined myself. Foldy and Stapy are just wasting their time being around someone like me... Trash like me doesn't deserve people like them at all. I don't make anyone happy."

"You know, ever since I was a little girl, I always wanted to be an idol. I just want to make everyone happy. I don't want anyone to be as self-conscious like I am. I just want to spread positivity so everyone doesn't feel what I felt. So they don't feel worthless, useless, meaningless, rubbish, horrible, trash. Gosh, I could go on forever. Sometimes I just close my eyes and imagine a world of positivity and hope. I picture myself wearing a cute little bow and vocalising into the microphone as people passionately hold their glowsticks in awe."

"I..."

"I just want to be noticed."

"Gosh... I sound so narcissistic when I do that."

"But."

"I'm not a narcissist... am I? I don't want anyone to think that...

I'm not affecting anyone though... am I?!"

"I hope I'm not affecting Foldy. I hope my negativity isn't spreading to her. I hope my narcissism isn't affecting her. I hope I'm not... lying... to her..."

"Am I?"

"No..."

"I'm a liar!"

"Every single word that has ever come out of my mouth is pure and utter bullshit. I lie about my feelings, thoughts, experiences. I've done it so much, I think that I've lost myself in the process!"

"I don't want to say this... I really don't. But... if something happens to me. It's for good reason. I deserve it. The world doesn't need some lying scum like me."

"I like to reach my hands up to the sky, and hope that the sky falls down on me until I'm crushed into bits."

"But sometimes, I don't think that way! 20% of the time, I like to learn dance routines, and sing cool songs! Me and Foldy do that a lot when I come over to her house. Stapy always has a radio with him,"

TEXT ON SCREEN: (I honestly have no idea how)

" -and I have the CDs! Afterwards, it's just me and Foldy singing our lungs out until we get tired. Then after that, we just watch movies, and record some videos on Music.y!"

"I haven't done that for ages."

"Seems most of my time now is spent on coming up with lies to use while constantly wishing I wasn't such a horrible person."

"Foldy and Stapy don't know this side of me. I mean, for all they know, I'm just some bubbly, cute girl who just adores dancing and singing!"

"I wish I could tell them. Be clear with them, no matter the consequence! But I can't, and I'll never. For if I ever tried, I'd probably just puke out my innards in the process."

"So I'm not gonna tell them anything..."

"And, for today, and tomorrow... I choose to lie."

"Even if one day it bites me in the back."

{END OF VIDEO}

Pillow immediately burst out into laughter, holding her stomach as a tear dropped down her face.

Liy stayed silent, her heart thumping as the video replayed multiple times in her head.

"THE WAY SHE WAS ALL LIKE 'I'm so horrible, I wanna be loved', HAAH!" Pillow giggled obnoxiously, not a drop of guilt in her voice.

"Give me that." Liy hissed at her as she reached for the laptop.

"Ah, ah, ah, Liy. If you want to have your laptop back, you have to let me work with you!" Pillow smiled cunningly, tilting her head as she stared right into Liy's eyes.

It's not a bad decision... Liy thought to herself. ***I can't kill 29 people by myself, and I can't turn it down because she knows too much about me. More than I expected. I never thought that anyone would find out about Pastel, not except Foldy anyways. Maybe I could just use her to wipe the lot of them out, then kill her... Yes... The question is how...***

Enough with the questions, just take her! She's a heartless killer, she'll destroy them in an instant!

Ugh... Okay...

"Fine Pillow, but I'm gonna make this super clear for you." Liy peered

at Pillow, her voice going serious as she picked up the knife from the floor.

"One slip up... and I'll rip you into fucking pieces."

"Sir, yes Sir!" Pillow quickly replied, grabbing the chainsaw before opening the door and running off.

"Ugh."

...

"So... what were you going to tell me Golf Ball?" Tennis Ball asked teasingly with a large smile on his face.

"I told you, I'm not telling you! Why do you care anyways?!" Golf Ball blushed, looking to the side as she angrily furrowed her eyebrows.

"Because... it sounded quite s-"

"OPEN UP, BITCH!" Someone screamed from outside, banging the door forcefully as it started to rattle loose.

"NO, NO, SHIT!" Golf Ball screeched fearfully before climbing up to the top bunk.

"Wait for me Golf Ball!"

"I am, don't worry!" She replied worriedly as the door suddenly broke open.

And in came a sadistic Pillow, her face glowing with nothing but pure joy as she held tightly onto her chainsaw.

"Tennis Ball, TENNIS BALL!" Golf Ball screamed, tears filling her eyes as Pillow pounced onto him.

Pillow giggled, pinning the worried sports ball down to the ground before powering on the weapon.

"Don't worry, you won't feel a thing!" She smiled.

"NO, NO, PLEASE!" Tennis Ball screamed on the top of his lungs, his

voice cracking as Pillow began to slice.

Her sick laughs filled the rooms, the screams and pleas dying down as all could be heard was the chainsaw.

Golf Ball froze, her body trembling as she felt herself break into pieces. Her long time friend. Her... only friend. The only one who would ever appreciate her, was being mercilessly taken away right before her eyes. Never to be seen again... ever... again...

"Oooh, I could recycle these!" Pillow smiled, picking up the ripped pieces of Tennis Ball before looking at his best friend with nothing but a heartless smile and a wink, the blood of her victim dripping down her face and onto the ground.

And then she left.

Golf Ball stayed silent, not a word coming out of her. A room that was once filled with chatter, plans, jokes, friendliness... was quickly transformed into nothing but a crime scene, her best friend's fresh remains scattered across the room. The blood dripping down the furniture and onto the floor as it formed a pool on the ground.

And then, Golf Ball closed her eyes, letting out a shrill and blood-curdling scream, her lungs aching and throbbing as she did so.

"TENNIS BALL!" She continued to scream, digging her head into the blanket as she began to contemplate everything.

"Why did someone horrible like me survive over you..." She muttered to herself, her screams quickly dying down as they began to be replaced with cries.

...

...

"W-Where... am I?" Pencil looked up, the fresh light stinging into her eyes as she rubbed them.

"You're back!" Match smiled, grabbing her hand and helping her up from her sickly state.

Pencil looked around in confusion, blinking her eyes before turning back to Match.

"Where's Ruby?" She questioned, immediately noticing her disappearance.

Match hesitated, taking a deep breath as she held her arm.

"I.. um..."

"Match. WHAT HAPPENED TO RUBY?"

Match's breath went shaky, her hands trembling as she tried to keep herself in one piece.

"She... you remember what she did... right?"

...

"How she killed Bubble... Nickel, and Woody?"

Pencil looked at her, staying silent as her eyebrows furrowed.

"She..."

Lie, Match. Just tell a lie, they don't hurt anyone... Lie, lie, lie, lie. You don't want anyone to find out about before... DO YOU?

Match held herself together, closing her ears as she tried her best to resist the urge.

But, it got the best of her... **again.**

"She got so scared... so she... took... herself... away..."

Pencil shook her head in doubt, her eyes watering as she looked down to the ground and back up at Match.

"No... she wouldn't do that... SHE WOULDN'T DO THAT, DON'T LIE TO ME MATCH!" She yelled as she got up on her feet, yanking Match's wrist tightly before pinning her against the wall.

"YOU SAW HER! SHE WAS FUCKING CRAZY PENCIL, SHE KNOCKED

YOU OUT, AND IF IT WASN'T FOR ME OR PEN YOU'D BE DEAD!" Match screeched back at her, kicking her ankle in self-defense.

"STOP LYING TO ME!" Pencil snapped before harshly slapping Match in the face.

Match stayed silent, tears streaming down her face as she rubbed her cheek.

"Match..." Pencil fearfully walked back, her heart throbbing with guilt as she turned to face her.

"I-I'm sorry... I-"

"WHY DO YOU ALWAYS DO THIS PENCIL, HUH?! EVERY SINGLE TIME YOU GET MAD, YOU ALWAYS GET VIOLENT! FIRST IT WAS ERASER, THEN PEN, AND NOW ME?! WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU!" Match snapped angrily, pushing Pencil to the ground.

Pencil, still on the ground, looked up at her friend, her sorrowful eyes tearing up as she got back on her feet.

"Match... I-"

"OPEN THE FUCKNG DOOR!"

The two gasped, cowering down on the ground as the door began to rattle.

"PENCIL, GET UNDER THE BED!" Match whispered as the both hid.

"UGH, OPEN UP!" Pillow yelled manically before the door broke open.

She looked around, breathing heavily as she clutched the chainsaw and an unresponsive Naily in her hand.

"No one in here...?"

She giggled to herself, her thirst for blood only growing as she looked around the room.

"You don't have to hide from me..." Pillow laughed, dangling Naily's corpse in her hand before launching it onto the wall, the room shaking and crumbling as she did so.

Pillow blinked for a second, dumbfounded, before shrugging.

"Welp, time to move onto the next room!" She smiled before leaving, slamming the door behind her shut.

Pencil peeked her head back out, looking around nervously before huffing and coming out.

"Look Match..." She sighed, crossing her arms as Match came out of under the bed.

"I... I'm sorry, okay! I don't know why I'm so violent... I guess I can't h-"

KNOCK, KNOCK.

"Ugh! Who's at the door now?!" Pencil rolled her eyes as she approached it.

...

"Are you sure about this Foldy?" Marker asked nervously, scratching his head as Foldy continued to knock.

"I'm not gonna see my best friend in that state, and also Pillow is on a murderous rampage, so yes I am!" Foldy snapped, bashing violently on the door with her foot as a blood-curdling scream could be heard from the distance as well as the revving of a chainsaw.

"See what I mean?"

Marker shivered, leaning on the wall fearfully as the door finally opened.

"Y-You?!" Pencil uttered in shock as she looked at Foldy.

"Cut the chase, drama queen. Come on Marker." Foldy rolled her eyes as Marker followed behind her, locking the door shut before coming

into their room.

"Ew! What is she, like, doing here?!" Match gagged, acting bratty once again.

"I dunno, they just waltzed in!" Pencil replied back as Foldy shot them both a dark stare.

"Look okay, I'm gonna make this very simple since you two assholes have a hard time understanding things. Pillow is on a murderous chase and we can't stay in our room anymore since she knows that we're there." She explained, lying a little.

Pencil cracked a laugh, covering it with her hand as she looked to the side.

"What about Stapy, where's he!" Match giggled obnoxiously before high-fiving Pencil.

"Awww... but what about Ruby or Bubble, where are they?!" Foldy pouted at them mockingly as they returned an eerie silence.

"Ugh... just look, I don't like you two alright?! I doubt anyone does anyways but that's besides the point... Me and Marker have nowhere to go so you're gonna have to put up with us for now whether you like it or not."

Pencil and Match both shared disgusted looks before turning back to the two who already seemed to be making themselves comfortable in their new room.

"Also what the hell is Naily's dead body doing on the wall?!" Foldy gagged, turning to Match and Pencil with a disgusted glare.

Match and Pencil both turned to her, shocked looks on their faces as they both began to rapidly shake their heads.

"IT'S NOT WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE!"

...

...

Liy grumbled, scrolling through the hundreds of articles that Pillow had opened up on her laptop.

"How did she even unlock this thing anyways..." She grumbled.

She quietly thought to herself, the silence piercing through her ears as the words of Pastel Highlighter began to replay in her head.

"I just want to be noticed."

Stop it... stop it...

"I like to reach my hands up to the sky, and hope that the sky falls down on me until I'm crushed into bits."

Serves you right.

"And, for today, and tomorrow... I choose to lie."

...

"I may think I've broken her."

"Her now personality seems to be clouded by something thick, unnavigable. It seems that maybe... her real one is gone."

...

"No wonder you killed me anyways, you had many reasons to do so. I'm a horrible person, and I've ruined your life too. I mean, look at you now!"

Pastel?! GET OUT OF MY HEAD!

"Wow... it kinda still hurts though! Y'know... the baseball bat? My arm's still swollen, hah!"

You're not real, you're not real, you're not real, you're not real, you're not real, you're not real, you're not real.

"As much as I'd like to agree with you, maybe that's not true! You never know, I could just be lurking in your head... hehe!"

Liy's eyes widened, a blade of nostalgia slicing through her as the girl's voice echoed in her head.

"Shut up... stupid voices in my head..." She teared up, holding her face as she kicked her legs onto the mattress.

"Did I scare you?"

"Huh?"

"Oops, sorry if I did, hehe! Today, me and Liy are gonna do this cool dance I learned, right Liy?"

"Mhm..."

Liy looked up to her computer, only to be met with an old version of herself shyly looking right back at her.

"Okay... okay! Here goes Liy! You remember the dance, right?"

The lightswitch shyly nodded, twiddling her fingers as Pastel grabbed onto her hand.

As she watched the video, Liy felt herself drown. Drown back into a sea of her own mistakes...

"Maybe if I didn't kill you... my life wouldn't be so horrible... would it?" Tears stung at Liy's eyes, her heart thumping she began to contemplate everything.

"Maybe if you just pulled through, everything would be different."

A glimmer of guilt glistened in Liy's heart, her stomach churning as the young voices in the video began to tear her apart.

"The sky shouldn't fall on you... it should've fell on me ages ago..."

...

"Why should I be alive while you lay on your deathbed..."

Liy trembled, tears trickling down her face as she slammed the laptop shut.

She got up on her feet, her hands shaking as she walked towards the cabinet.

"Maybe that's why mom and dad always despised me. I was never meant to be."

And then she grabbed onto the blade, her eyes slowly shutting as she pulled it closer to herself.

Her body loosened, the years and years anger and frustration pent up inside of her soul floating away the closer the weapon came.

"I'm sorry Pastel. You shouldn't have been the one who died... I should have."

As her final words came clear, she held the blade tight, a smile creeping up on her face before she-

"I'M BACK LIY!" The blood-stained Pillow barged in, her loud voice echoing through the room as Liy gasped, the blade quickly slipping out before the both fell to the ground.

Pillow blinked, placing her chainsaw down to the ground before walking closer.

"What were you doing Liy?" She smiled as Liy got back up on her feet.

"Nothing..." Liy sighed, getting back up on the mattress before placing the laptop on her lap as all the anger and frustration came toppling back onto her.

Pffft... you're such a moron! How could you forget your actual goal... what a rookie mistake.

You know what... you're right... why the fuck should I feel bad for some pathetic waste of life like her anyways?! She never spared me, so I returned the favour!

She really got to your head though... what's it with that girl, huh?! How can someone deceased have such an effect on you?!

....Dunno. She was always like that anyways. A psychopathic freak.

You resemble her a lot then, don't you Liy?

No. Don't compare me to some bitch like her, she's way below me, literally!

"This is so fun Liy! I don't know how you're not smiling, I killed Tennis Ball, Naily, Rocky, Loser, and I almost killed Foldy but she ran o-"

"Don't kill Foldy." Liy snapped, her expression darkening.

"Why not? She's like, the easiest kill!"

"Just don't, okay?! I'll deal with her on my own."

I have plans for her.

25/46 left.

_____

...

...

5/17/16

Ever since she left us, I've been pondering my existence. Ever since she left us, I haven't felt the same. Ever since she left us, there's been a gaping void in my soul. A void so dark and clouded that not even the others could ever fill.

Pastel Highlighter. My best friend.

Why did she have to leave us? Why would someone dare take her away from us? What sort of wretched filth would dare? Oh, I know who it is now. I know what kind of disgusting murderer you are now, Liy. You scummy piece of shit. I'll get you. I don't want to see you on this Earth anymore. If Pastel's gone I'll take you with her. I won't go down without a fight. I'll get you, I'll

make you pay...

_____

Word count: 5330

OMG GUYS!!! ITS MY BIRTHDAY TODAY (as of publishing) 🎉🎉🎉 🫣🫣🫣

and in 3 days it's crimus 🫣🫣

MERRY CHRISTMAS Y'ALL, AND HAVE A HAPPY NEW YEAR 💕!!!

Anyways, what do you all think of Liy's new accomplice? I think she's pretty cool 😎

HAVE A GOOD DAY GUYS, AND ILL SEE YALL IN BLOODLUST 11!!

- dean <3.

a second chance. - chapter 11

5/1/16

"So tell me, where were you on the day Miss Pastel Highlighter died."

They were in a small, dark room, with a brown table in the middle and a weakly lit lightbulb shining from above. Liy was sat on a wooden chair, directly facing towards a police officer as he clutched onto the notebook.

The police officer stared deeply into her eyes, his expression clouded with uncertainty as he held firmly onto the pen in his hand.

Liy tapped her feet cunningly on the ground. She didn't enjoy interrogations, but she knew exactly what to say. So she took a deep breath, gathering her words as she leaned back on the creaky wooden chair.

"I was in class, like everyone else..." She said in an innocent yet clueless tone, leaning forward as she cracked a slight grin.

The officer nodded his head, a little bit suspicious as he began to write stuff into his notebook.

"Okay... and do you have any idea where she went after class...?"

Liy took a moment to think about a lie...

After a few seconds... the idea popped right into her head.

"No... well, I saw her walking down the stairs but that's pretty much it..."

"Hm..." The police officer gave her a once over and started to write in his notebook again.

Liy tapped her feet on the floor while patiently waiting for the next question, the small smirk on her face being neatly covered by the palm of her hand.

"And are you certain that's the last you saw of Pastel Highlighter?" The police officer said, peering at Liy suspiciously while locking eyes with her in a quick attempt to intimidate.

"Yes."

Liy stopped making eye contact with the officer and looked down to the table, zoning out to hopefully pass time.

...

In this world, no justice is ever served. Not for me, for Pastel, not for anyone. The world is like a cruel cycle. Wake up, eat, suffer, repeat. I for myself am so used to this cycle that it has permanently ingrained deep in my soul, something that can never change. Or can it... I mean, you never know, do you? The world is full of surprises!

That's why I, Liy, declare myself as the master of justice! I will be the one who brings peace upon this horrible world! I will raise my sceptre upon the universe and cast a blessing upon them all, a promise... of tranquility, peace, calamity. Something that the poor Earth hasn't felt in centuries, eons! One person at a time, my Earth of hope is being crafted. One person at a time, a weight is lifted off of this planet's poor shoulders. One person at a time, the silence will grow bigger. One person at a time, the Earth is calmer. And soon enough, I will be the only one to remain. The only one who remains on the planet. The only one who kisses the sweet Earth goodnight, the only one who wakes up soaking in the daylight. I am the bearer of peace, the bearer of hope that sparkles and glistens brightly within the dark and clouded whirlpool of despair. And it starts from now.

A SECOND CHANCE - CHAPTER 11.

"This place sucks... death... death... and more death... it's horrible!" Puffball groaned, resting on her bed as she sighed.

"Sucks for me too..." Fries murmured with a bit of a frown, fidgeting with the cast on his arm that had been glued tightly on ever since the events with Foldy occurred, a grim memory he didn't really like to think about.

"I mean... why wait?" Puffball pondered sombrely as she looked down to the floor.

"We're all gonna die here, aren't we?"

...

"It's only a matter of time..."

"Don't say that." Fries snapped.

"We're all gonna get out of here... and back to our normal lives! Okay?"

Puffball nodded silently, her eyebrows sadly slanted.

Poor thing doesn't actually understand how she'd feel when my time comes... not that I really ever want her to see that. I want us just go back... but... she wasn't exactly wrong. That damned speaker box is gonna find a way to kill us all regardless.

I feel absolutely sick to my stomach. Who the fuck would do something like this? Hurt so many people just for entertainment. I just wanted to come here for a hotel trip. But then again... it felt suspicious from the start. I remember myself warning everyone. Seems I myself was blinded by the sheer awesomeness of the idea. Everything is too good to be true. No one is trustworthy. No one is worth following along. And what I've learned especially from this... is that Tennis Ball and Golf Ball are lying scum. They led us here, and we blindly followed. They knew exactly what they were doing to us all along. They led us to a death trap, and they knew all along. Their intentions were dark and muddled. Kill us. Use us as

experiments.

"It's only a matter of time..." Fries muttered subconsciously to himself, an eerie and chilling feeling surrounding him as he snapped back into reality.

"Fries, why the hell are you talking to yourself?" Pen called from the top bunk, an eyebrow raised as he looked down at the confused container of chips.

"I... was?" Fries uttered, blinking.

"Mhm! It was kinda funny though..." Puffball smiled for the first time since they came into the hotel.

Feels nice seeing that adorable smile once again, it's been a while since I have anyways... He grinned as he looked towards his best friend, the memories on the grasslands flooding back to him in an instant.

The happiness, the challenges, that weird host 4 that they somehow all tolerated... and now... they have to tolerate a new one, a deadly one... against their wills. And anyone who defies... well... let's just say your fate will be sealed then.

"I wonder where that speaker thing put all of our suitcases..." Pen pondered curiously.

"Our... suitcases?" Fries' eyes widened at the mention of them.

"I incinerated them!" The speaker in the corner of the room suddenly called out to them.

"Huh? Wha!? How c-can you hear us??" Fries trembled as he fearfully backed up, the speaker letting out a giggle before continuing.

"New security features... now, I can hear everyone! You might as well blame Flower!"

"Flower...?"

"She's the one who prompted me to do these changes in the first

place, in fact, we're gonna see her now!" The speaker announced menacingly before shutting off.

"What does it mean by, 'We're gonna see her now'?!" Puffball said quietly, shivering at the thought of what could've possibly happened to Flower in the first place.

Fries shrugged, yawning tiredly as he began to cover himself in blankets.

"Well whatever it is, I'm gonna go to sleep!" He murmured quietly as he leaned his head on the soft pillow, his eyes slowly closing.

I know what I'm gonna do now. Something irreversible.

...

I'm gonna kill Golf Ball.

...

His eye twitched with anger, the sheer thought of her making him want to rip up all the pillows.

Revenge is something harmful. Well, most of the time anyways!

"What do you want me to do now Liy?" Pillow patiently smiled as she looked towards Liy, who seemed to be in her own world.

"I want you to get out..." Liy yawned tiredly, digging her head into the pillow as she wrapped her body with the thick blanket.

Pillow furrowed her eyebrows, pouting before turning around.

"Fine then, unless you want me to tell everyone about who you actually are~"

"FINE, FINE!" Liy yelped, her eyes immediately widening as she jumped out of her bed.

"Now... about Flower... I know the perfect way to end her! It'll be

breathtaking, awe-inspiring, stunningly sp-"

"Just tell me what the fuck you're thinking."

"Launch her into the sky with the fireworks."

Liy looked at her, a puzzled expression on her face as she looked down to the ground and back up at her.

"What...?"

"You heard me."

"Why...?" Liy shuddered, confused at Pillow's odd way of thinking,

"I like fireworks, y'know... it launches up into the sky at immense speeds, stops for a second, and when you least expect it, BAM! It bursts into the atmosphere in spectacular forms, and then it comes crashing down!"

"Really? I didn't ask for a fucking monologue." Liy hissed in annoyance as she menacingly looked towards Pillow who just seemed to keep smiling.

"Your diary would say otherwise!" She said before pulling out a tattered, navy-coloured book.

Liy gasped, her eyes widening as she quickly pounced at Pillow.

Pillow laughed, clutching onto the diary tightly as she began to open it up on the first page.

"NO, STOP!" Liy yelled, her eyes watering as Pillow smirked, her eyes scouring the pages as she held it up to her face.

"Day 1... My life, I never really thought it had any meaning!" She read mockingly as giggles slipped out of her lips.

Liy clenched her fist, her arms trembling with anger and insecurity as she bashed the diary out of Pillow's arm, the pictures and papers stuffed in the diary flying out everywhere before falling down to the ground.

"WHAT THE HELL'S YOUR PROBLEM, HUH?!" Liy screamed as she grabbed Pillow before bashing her into the wall.

"I'm sorry Liy, master of secrets! But can you blame me? I'm just curious!" Pillow laughed as she jokingly raised her arms into the air.

Liy looked Pillow right in the face, tears filling her eyes as she backed away.

"HAH, I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T DO ANYTHING! SENSITIVE ASS!" Pillow laughed loudly as she fell to her knees, slamming her fist onto the floor as her wheezes of laughter echoing across the room.

Liy stayed silent, picking all the papers from the ground.

She grunted, holding back her emotions as the papers began to crumple and tear in her hands, worried sweats trickling down her face as her arms began to tremble.

"I have a question for you though Liy..." Pillow suddenly asked, her laughs dying down as Liy paused to turn to her.

"What could you possibly want to ask me...?" Liy snapped, her voice shaky and trembling as Pillow got back on her feet.

"What was it actually like at your school? Rosemead High School... what prompted you to run away?"

Liy bit her lip, turning her back as she continued to pick up the papers on the ground.

"Hey! I'm asking you a question, so answer me b-"

"I don't want to."

"Okay then... why did you break that girl's nose? Why did you beat your classmate with a chair in your music class that Friday? Oh, oh, even better! Why did you get into a fight with Foldy and Stapy that day in the-"

"WILL YOU SHUT THE FUCK UP!" Liy screeched on the top of her lungs, tears tricking down her face as turned to face Pillow.

Pillow looked at her, shaking as tears began to sting at her eyes.

"Okay then..." She muttered, crying exaggeratedly as she walked towards the cabinet.

Pillow then grinned to herself, letting out a quiet laugh as she grabbed onto the microphone on the table.

Liy's mouth fell to the floor, wiping her tears as her eyes widened in shock.

Pillow turned to Liy, her grin turning into manic laughs as she flipped the switch on the microphone.

"WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?!" Liy screeched in a whisper, scowling as she attempted to grab the mic back.

"Guys... someone has made me really upset!" Pillow sniffles into the microphone, perfectly imitating the speaker's usual voice.

Liy stood still, her face paralysed with nothing but shock and confusion as Pillow continued to speak.

"YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS WHEN SOMEONE MAKES ME UPSET, DON'T YOU?"

Liy let out a gasp, backing away as Pillow menacingly walked towards her.

"You know... right?! RIGHT?!"

She grunted, kicking Pillow right in the shin before running out of her bedroom.

She closed the door behind her, pulling tightly on the doorknob as she let out a shaky gasp.

"No... please..." Her eyes watered as she fell to the ground, holding her knees tightly as she dug her head into them, the thick and dark shadow in her mind only growing more... and more...

Liy. Liy...

LIY YOU LITTLE BITCH ANSWER ME!

"Huh?!" She gasped, wiping her eyes as she opened them. Only to find herself in a dark field, the stars of the night sky glistening above her.

"Wh...Where am I?!" Liy trembled, fearfully walking back as she looked around, only to find a crowd of people infront of her.

"This is the consequence of upsetting me guys..." A familiar voice called from above as Liy slowly walked back.

She blinked, walking until she unknowingly bashed into a metal fence.

She let out a grunt, rubbing her her before looking up to see Flower staring right back at her, firework launchers fastened tightly onto her back as she let out a painful grunt.

Liy stared back at her, a weak grin forming on her face before turning around to observe her surroundings.

Behind her, were all the remaining contestants who were still hotel-bound.

Teardrop, who had her hands on her face.

Golf Ball, whose face was paralysed with shock.

Pen, who looked towards the ground in guilt.

Puffball, who was trying her best to look away.

Fries, who was covering Puffball's eyes while shooting Golf Ball a dark stare.

Pin, who stayed silent while fearfully hugging her friend Needle.

Needle, who was doing the same.

Foldy, who looked to the side, her eyebrows angrily furrowed.

Marker, who had his hands over his eyes.

Pencil, who couldn't do anything but stare.

Match, who was zoned out thinking about something else.

And everyone else. Who were all equally scared.

Liy turned her back, tiredly resting her chin on the rim of the fence as she let out a careless yawn.

"Now Flower, any last words to say to all of your friends...?"

Flower bit her lip anxiously as a small microphone was pushed towards her.

"Well, this is my end..." She sighed, waving everyone a final goodbye before breathing in to say one more thing.

"THE MASTERMIND IS-"

And then, she was launched into the air, her loud screams fading out into space as bright and beautifully coloured fireworks shot up in the air. One was a delicate pink, another was a leafy and calming green, and the final one was a dark, barely visible red. But you could still see it... even if it wasn't clear straight away. It lurks... it always lurks.

The fireworks illuminated the starry, dark sky. The bright and uplifting colours a beautiful yet painful reminder of the life they were all once living.

And then they faded into nothingness.

"Just like all of these asshats..." Liy rolled her eyes, turning back to what was once a bright firework show before hearing something thud loudly onto the ground in the distance.

She looked towards the sky, the stars still glistening and twinkling innocently as if nothing had occurred to start with.

And then... a bright and blinding light shone over them, an array of screams being heard before,

they were back at the hotel.

Just like that.

"W-Was I dreaming?" Puffball yawed as she got up from the ground, blinking her tired eyes as she turned to Fries who simply shook his head.

"Nope... everything we saw was as real as can be." He sighed, getting up on his feet as he dusted himself off.

He walked silently towards the big speaker in the corner of the room, looking up patiently as if he was expecting it to say something.

And say something it did.

"That was a nice firework show you guys!" They giggled.

"But you know what else would be nice?"

...

"5 doors. Because that's what we're doing today if you can't tell already! As usual, you know the rules, no backing out. You already know what happens when you do that!"

Fries looked to his side, leaning on the wall beside him as he folded his arms.

Looks like the game's on then, isn't it Golf Ball...

He peered at her, a scowl growing on his face the more time he spent looking her way.

The big door then opened, the contents of the room peering out to them as they curiously entered.

Golf Ball silently walked through, her eyes scanning the barren and empty corridor. The lack of cupboards, cabinets, and an unusually placed door to her right.

Hmm... wonder what's in t-

"We should go look in there, as a three!"

Golf Ball blinked, turning to see it was Fries who was talking to her. He had an unnaturally large smile, his left eye twitching as he held up a thumbs-up.

"Fries, what the hell are you doing?!" Puffball screeched at him in a shouty whisper.

Fries side-eyed her, a grin forming on his face as he turned back around.

"Oh... um, okay!" Golf Ball stuttered, Fries raising an eyebrow at the lack of her usual bossiness.

The three walked in, the air only growing more tense and ominous as they began to look around.

"Why don't you go look at the boxes near the door, and me and Puffball will go look at the ones near the window!" He continued to smile innocently.

"Oh, sure!" Golf Ball replied compliantly as she turned her back to search.

Gullible bitch. Now let's see what I can find.

As she began to look through the boxes, Fries began to eye Golf Ball, his hands trembling with resentment as he watched her go through different boxes.

"Are you... okay?" Puffball looked towards her friend, a bloodthirsty and twisted look on his face as he went through a box of his own.

"Yeah... perfectly fine...." He muttered, his voice bubbling with rage as he dug his hands into the box.

Puffball sighed, looking around for herself as Fries suddenly pulled out something heavy.

A... weight, perhaps?

Fries grabbed onto it tightly, the sheer weight of the object pulling his arms down to the floor as he gallantly dragged it across the rough

ground.

"Fries... WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?!" Puffball shivered in fear as she quickly flew over to him.

Fries looked towards Golf Ball, aiming his throw before...

"Hey Golf Ball, EAT THIS YOU BITCH!" He yelled, a laugh slipping out of his usually angry lips as he threw what looked like a heavy weight towards her.

"Wait, what do you mean?" Golf Ball turned to him cluelessly, an eyebrow raised. But before she could do anything, the heavy projectile flew straight towards her at immense speeds, violently bashing onto her mouth before falling onto her left leg.

Golf Ball let out a shril scream, her taste buds going numb with her blood as her leg let out a loud snap sound. She struggled, attempting to pull her incapacitated leg off before banging her head into the cupboard behind her.

"It's like watching a mouse in a trap!" Fries cackled as he turned to Puffball, who did nothing but tear up profusely.

"WHAT DID SHE EVER DO TO YOU?!" Puffball screeched at Fries furiously, her vocoded voice going shaky with nothing but anger and fear as Fries' expression dropped.

"She caused all of this, she trapped us here, AND SHE'S THE REASON EVERYONE'S BEING KILLED!" Fries retaliated, trying his best not to get upset at her too.

"Fries... how the hell could you be so stupid, HUH? IF IT WAS HER, THEN WHY DID TENNIS BALL DIE?! DO YOU THINK THAT SHE WOULD KILL HER BEST FRIEND FOR FUN?"

"He... died?!"

"Why else do you think he isn't here, you dumbass..." She rolled her eyes before scowling at him.

Fries looked down to the ground in guilt, too ashamed to even look

back up at her.

"WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?! WHAT HAPPENED TO US! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE CARING GUY THAT USED TO HELP ME OUT WHENEVER SOMETHING WAS WRONG? WHAT HAPPENED TO THE GUY WHO WOULD ALWAYS PUT OTHERS BEFORE HIMSELF? I DON'T KNOW YOU ANYMORE, YOU FILTHY MURDERER!"

Fries stayed silent, his eyes widening with shock as they began to tear up.

"What happened to the guy I liked...?" She uttered tearfully and loud enough for him to hear, shoving him to the ground before flying off and out of the room.

Fries clutched onto his chest, his heart pounding loudly as he felt tears trickle down his face.

The room went dead silent, the only thing to be heard being Golf Ball's weak grunts and cries for help.

"What have I done..."

...

"Match, you're acting odd."

Match looked to the side, her eyebrows slanting as she held her arm.

"What do you mean?" She looked towards her friend, faking a smile as Pencil raised a curious eyebrow.

"You're silent..." Pencil uttered.

"What, do you expect me to say something?" Match scoffed, rolling her eyes as they both passed through the door and into the second door.

Pencil shrugged silently, looking at Match suspiciously as she folded her arms.

"I'd just appreciate it if you talked... I guess? You being silent isn't

making me feel any better in this hellhole!"

"Well Pencil..." Match sighed, "Sometimes you just have to suck it up and move on, don't you?"

"Why are you acting, like, so entitled suddenly?" Pencil retorted, her fists clenching as Match let out a loud scoff.

She peered towards Pencil, her eyes clouded and filled with emotion as they looked to the side and back, her eyebrows slanting as she began to speak.

"Isn't that what you do all the time?" Match replied, her voice full of conflicting emotions.

Pencil stared back at Match, tension lingering in the air as she gave her a confused once over.

"Look Match, just stop being pathetic and let's just help eachother, okay?! Who knows what the hell's behind those doors, that speaker could pull anything on us if they wanted to!"

"I don't need you to fucking analyse me Pencil! If we're gonna stick together then just shut up, otherwise, you can go stick with someone else!" Match snapped forcefully in an attempt to deflect Pencil's proposition.

Pencil huffed, folding her arms in defeat as they both walked in silence. The atmosphere went awkward, Pencil resisting the strong urge to speak as the minutes went by. Match stayed silent, her eyes locked to the floor as they both continued to walk.

The air thickened, the corridor becoming more and more narrow. Pencil held her head, her body becoming more and more dizzy the more they walked. She furrowed her eyebrows, her vision becoming more shaky and lopsided, the fatigue numbing her mind as she battled to keep her eyes open.

She held her hand out, her eyes barely open as her world began to spin and morph. She took a deep breath, her arm shaking and rattling loose before...

THUD.

"Pencil?!"

_____

"Oh. Hey there..."

Pencil opened her eyes, her body shivering as she got up on her feet.

She wrapped her arms around her cold body, her fingers trembling and her breath shaky as she began to look around.

But there was nothing... just pitch black, and someone familiar who came face to face with her.

"Bubble... I- wait..." She trembled, turning around to see all of the other deceased contestants standing right behind her, a large and soulless smile painted on their faces as they stared her down.

Pencil shrieked, turning back to Bubble who looked at her with a confused face.

"IS THIS... AM I DEAD?!" Pencil screamed, her heart thumping loudly as her eyes anxiously darted.

"Dead? I don't see it that way, I don't think anyone died..."

Pencil looked up at her, a cold shiver travelling down her body as Bubble grabbed her hand.

"STOP IT... NO! I DON'T WANNA DIE YET, PLEASE!!" She pleaded on the top of her lungs until they went painfully numb.

Pencil fell to her knees, her eyes watering as she let out a shrill cry. She clenched her fist, slamming it onto the ground as her tears dripped to the floor.

"GET ME OUT OF HERE!" She gritted her teeth tearfully, her body shaking as she continued to slam the floor.

"Y'know Pencil, even though you're pretty violent & impulsive and stuff, I think you'll be fine here!" Eraser smiled affirmatively, receiving no response in return.

Pencil sighed loudly, wiping her tears in defeat as she sat up to face the rest.

"Yes... now you understand! This is your new home. No Match. No no-one. Just you... and us!" Bubble laughed loudly and out of character, a hand over her mouth as she let out a bunch of manic giggles.

Pencil's eyes widened, her blood running cold as she turned to face the others, who were all beginning to circle around her, the smiles still on their faces.

"What are you all doing?!" Pencil shrieked as they all began to speak in unison.

"You will be here forever, there is no escape."

"Huh... Wha!" She trembled as they came closer.

"You will be here forever, there is no escape."

"You will be here forever, there is no escape."

"FOREVER..." Bubble laughed, her loud chuckles being easily recognisable amongst the crowd.

"AND YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO SEE MATCH AGAIN!"

Pencil slammed her fists hard on the ground, sweat trickling down her face as she began to scream.

"LET ME GO!!!"

"PLEASE, GET ME OUT OF HERE!!" Pencil continued to scream, digging her head into the pillow before suddenly pausing, a trickle of familiarity rippling through her mind as she lifted her head up.

She stayed silent, looking around to see that she was... back in her room?

Pencil gasped to herself, her heart thumping loudly as she looked towards the other bunk bed, Match silently asleep and back in one piece.

"Where did I... go...?!"

She looked at her hands, the tears and sweat still visible and dripping down her palms.

"B-Bubble...?"

_____

Fries panted loudly, running as fast as he could across the corridor as he fought to keep himself in one piece.

"Just... listen!" He gasped out to Puffball, who continued to fly off as fast as she could.

He held back tears, continuing to chase her until they reached the door of their room.

"Please... can't you just... listen to me!" He panted, leaning his head on the wall as he gasped for air.

"Go on then, what excuse do you have for me? WHAT THE HELL COULD POSSIBLY BE THE REASON FOR THAT?! HUH!"

Fries looked to the side in guilt, lifting his head up from the wall as he gathered his words.

"I thought she was the one behind this, okay?! I thought that her and TB invited us here to kill us..."

His eyes watered, his body trembling and throbbing in pain as he held his arm.

Book leaned on the wall, looking at the two in the distance with a frown. She folded her arms, tiredly turning to the side before...

"Book... hey Book!" A familiar voice whispered to her as she turned around.

"...Huh?" Book replied, an eyebrow raised as her eyes spotted an arm sticking out towards her from the door.

"Come, COME!" It screeched in a whisper as Book stupidly walked towards it out of curiosity.

The arm stretched out further, clawing onto Book's arm tightly before pulling her into the room.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO ME!" Book shrieked as Pillow slammed the door shut, locking it before walking up to her, a twisted grin growing on her face as she came closer to her.

Book let out a worried yelp, closing her eyes as she screamed on the top of her lungs before being violently knocked out by Liy.

"What are you gonna do with her then?" Liy looked up to Pillow who was holding a bottle with a mysterious bright green liquid in her hand.

She let out a giggle, the mysterious liquid bubbling in the bottle as she approached the unconscious Book.

"Just watch, and learn!" Pillow smiled before feeding Book the drink, a few laughs slipping out as she walked back.

She looked around, her eyes quickly locking with the blade on the cabinet as she grabbed it.

Liy watched curiously as Pillow gently placed the blade in Book's cold hand, wrapping the girl's freezing fingers around the handle as if she was holding it in the first place.

Book then woke up, her eyes shot wide open as she stood up, the blade tightly fastened in her hand as she began to walk towards the door in a zombie-like manner.

"See!" Pillow giggled, watching Book with a smile as she opened and closed the door.

...

"Kill... kill... kill..." Book muttered to her disorientated self, holding her dizzy head as she slowly walked behind Fries.

"I'm sorry Fries... I didn't realise... I was just being so harsh and arrogant, and I was so fucking blinded by my anger that I didn't realise how you were feeling...!" Puffball profusely apologised to him, tears streaming down her face as Fries looked at her with a tearful smile.

"No PB, I'm the one who should be sorry for all of this... can we just go back to being best friends, like we always were?" He asked, wiping his tears as he reached out his arms towards her.

Puffball's eyes sparkled, glimmering and widening with joy as she beamed happily.

"O-Okay!" She replied with a large smile as she approached him.

"I um... I need to tell you one more thing though..." Fries pulled away for a second, Puffball staying silent as he began to speak again.

"Do you want t-"

Fries immediately paused, letting out a frail gasp as he felt a sharp blade go right through his back. Blood poured out his mouth, suddenly letting out a loud and violent cough as Book pulled the blade back out.

Book blinked, reality slipping back into her mind as the blade fell out of her shaky hand.

She gasped, looking at the scene that had swiftly unravelled before her as she fearfully stepped back.

Puffball shrieked, tears filling her eyes as she looked at Book and back at her best friend, who was slipping away by the second.

"FRIES?!" She cried loudly as he pulled her into what would be their last hug, forever...

"I-I... I CAN GET YOU HELP, LET ME GO FIND-"

"It's okay..." He said quietly to her as they both fell to the ground.

"I know that I'm not gonna make it alive anyways..."

Puffball let out a loud cry, her tears mixed with both sadness and anger as she began to think about Book.

"You're gonna make it out alive for me... and recover me, and everyone else..." Fries uttered quietly as he ran his cold fingers through her soft, pink fur.

"I can't leave you like this... I CAN'T, PLEASE!" Puffball pleaded out in tears as her friend began to go silent.

"Just go... be my second chance at escaping this place, alright?..." He breathed out for the last time before he went quiet.

Puffball's eyes widened, a spear of guilt and sadness piercing through her as she realised what the silence was.

Fries' body ran cold, his eyes closing as he became motionless in a pool of his blood.

Puffball gasped, slowly pulling away as tears trickled down her red-stained fur.

She closed her eyes, her small heart thumping as she quickly flew over to the door of their room.

"OPEN UP!" She grunted, slamming her body onto the door in an attempt to open it.

"LET ME IN, PLEASE!" Puffball screamed, continuing to slam at the door before it quickly opened.

"Woah Puffball!" Pen gasped as she quickly flew in, locking the door before walking over to her.

"What happened... to... you..." Pen shivered as he observed her tattered state, her bloodstained fur, the tears running down her face...

and no Fries to be seen.

Without asking any questions, Pen already realised what had happened to him just by looking at Puffball.

"He died... didn't he..." He said quietly to her, the atmosphere going sombre and quiet as Pen walked up towards her.

Puffball stuttered, her eyes nervously darting as she was unable to forge a single word.

"I'm sorry." Pen said to her quietly, guilt in his voice as he pulled her into a comforting hug.

"Y'know, I lost my best friend Eraser in this place too. I didn't know what to say so I just remained silent most of the time..."

"I'm sorry for that..." Puffball replied silently, looking down to the ground sadly as they pulled out of the hug.

"Thanks, but you don't have to be sad alone you know? I'm here for you!" Pen smiled, his eyebrows slanted a little as he held in the sadness that was still lingering in his soul.

"Thank you Pen... that means a lot." She replied silently, her voice dull and empty as if all the excitement that one came out of her musical voice had been destroyed in an instant.

Puffball went to her bed, shivering as she tucked herself in the blanket.

Her mind went blank, the pain and grief making it go numb with nothingness. She shuffled around uncomfortably, shivers travelling down her spine as suddenly.

Book.

The only person she could possibly think about.

Puffball gritted her teeth, tears of anger welling up in her eyes as everything replayed, the scene reversing in her mind until, it hit the spot. Book... was right behind them the whole time, and she didn't

even realise until she was losing him, until his life was at it's final moment, until he was on the brink of death.

She hated herself for that. Not doing something on time. Not helping her best friend Fries. She was always blinded by her anger to the point that she wasn't able to think anymore.

But now... she could see clearly. Past the lies, the cover ups. And she could see... Book.

Her path became clear after that.

Destroy Book.

23/46 left.

Wheeew! I hope you all enjoyed reading it as much as I enjoyed writing it :)

Tell me what you think in the comments down below !!

And also... it's 2024 in 5 days it's so shocking yet awesome to think about haha

Anyways, stay awesome and stay tuned for bloodlust 12!

- Dean <3.

"Hah, you think you're better than the pro at boxing, think again!" Blocky laughed mockingly at Snowball as he fell to the ground.

Ever since the others left, the two had used money from the remaining budget to invest in their new hobby, boxing. And what better way to do that then buy themselves a boxing rink!

"That was just luck, and only wimps win with luck!" Snowball scoffed, rolling his eyes as the two jumped out and back onto the grass.

"Yeah, yeah, whatever man. Whatever makes you sleep at night," Blocky laughed, grabbing his phone as he sat down on the grass.

Snowball walked over to him, peeking at his phone screen out of curiosity.

"Dude, really? You're watching the news?" Snowball looked at him in confusion before laughing.

"Well what do you watch then?" Blocky immediately retorted before being returned with nothing but silence.

"Exactly."

He looked curiously, scrolling past the channels such as the weather forecast before pausing, and seeing...

"The mother of Liy, a 14 year old girl who went missing from Rosemead, and has recently appeared on the hit reality show BFB at age 17, has an important message for everyone currently watching, including her daughter!"

Blocky raised an eyebrow in confusion at the familiar name.

"Wait."

"What man?"

"Is she talking about, THE Liy that competed with us during BFB?!"

"Dunno man, just continue it!" Snowball shrugged as they both continued to watch the clip.

"Liy..." Her mother quivered, nervously holding the mic as she wiped the tears that were streaming down her face.

"I'm sorry, okay? I'm sorry for making your life horrible, I'm sorry for being a horrible excuse of a mother! But please, just come back, to me! I'm your mother, after all! If any of you see my daughter... please contact me or the authorities as soon as possible!"

"I JUST WANT MY FUCKING DAUGHTER BACK, OKAY?! FUCK ALL

OF YOU FROM HER SECONDARY SCHOOL, YOU UNLOVING SHITS!" She suddenly yelled, her mood quickly swinging as she emotively screamed into the microphone.

"YOU ALL DROVE HER TO LEAVE AND YOU ALL RUINED HER DAMN LIFE YOU HORRIBLE, RUTHLESS-"

"Woah there Ma'am!" The news reporter hesitated as she snatched back the microphone from her hands.

"SHE'S FUCKING OUT OF HER MIND, GOSH DAMNIT! ITS ALL BECAUSE OF THOSE STUPID FUCKING SHITS AND THEIR-"

"Wow..." The news reporter awkwardly looked towards the woman as she continued to yell.

"See where her daughter gets it from then, huh?" She whispered into the microphone snarkily before being shoved to the side.

"IF YOU DON'T GIVE ME MY DAUGHTER BACK, I'LL MAKE ALL OF YOUR LIVES FUCKING HELL, YOU HEAR ME?! OH I KNOW YOU HEAR ME, what's her name... FOLDY! AND THE OTHER FOUR!" The mother continued to scream as she grabbed onto the camera.

"Backup, BACKUP!"

"I SWEAR, WHEN I FUCKING FIND YOU I'LL NEVER LET YOU SCUMBAGS LIVE IT DOWN, YOU HEAR ME, YOU HEAR M-"

The video cutting off, a loud and grey static screeching into the boys' ears as they scrambled to find the pause button.

"TURN IT OFF TURN IT DOWN TURN IT OFF!" Snowball screamed loudly as he held his ears.

"ALRIGHT, ITS OFF NOW!" Blocky yelled in relief, the two panting fearfully for air as the video left them with major creeps.

"What the hell even was that...?" Snowball shuddered, turning to Blocky who was practically the same as him.

"I dunno, but that woman was crazy!" Blocky replied, raising his

eyebrows in shock.

"What if she's after us now??" He jokingly added, a hint of worry in his voice.

"What. The. Flake."

FIN..

lies and deceit. - chapter 12

10/12/15.

"This girl is hilarious! You have a phone?"

I hated her from the day I met her. She was so horrible, so heartless. And she has the audacity to have feelings? The audacity to be sad?

Pastel... you have never seen what sad truly looks like.

Pastel dangled the tattered phone in her hand, peering at Liy with a snark grin as she tried her best to grab it back from her.

They were in a quiet corner of the fields, no teacher to be seen from here. Just the two of them... and it was just Liy's luck.

"Give it back, please!" Liy pleaded, tears filling her eyes as she reached for the phone, Pastel lifting it up as high as she could.

Pastel laughed, holding her mouth with her other hand as she loosely held on the phone. Watching the thing dangle in the air as Liy cried for it was the funniest shit ever.

"I'm not kidding, GIVE IT BACK!" Liy screeched, tears streaming down her face as she impulsively grabbed onto her arm before violently bending it.

"GET YOUR FUCKING HANDS OFF ME!" Pastel yelled in disgust, kicking Liy on the leg as she held onto the phone tightly.

Liy tugged at the device, her hands nervously sweating as she pulled on it with all her might.

Pastel grunted, punching Liy hard with her other arm and watching as she slipped and landed on the grass.

Liy stayed silent as she fell to the ground, her head dropping down to the

floor as she let out a bunch of weak cries.

"You've pushed me this far Liy..." Pastel grimaced, hardening her grip on the phone as her face went hot red with anger.

"NO, STOP!" Liy screamed as she jumped towards her.

Pastel quickly ran back, lifting the device before smashing it hard into the fence multiple times.

Liy stood in horror, standing back as she watched the hundreds of dollars she had worked so tirelessly hard for crumble and chip before her in an instant.

"THIS IS WHAT FUCKING HAPPENS WHEN YOU CROSS ME LIY, HELL! THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS!"

Liy fearfully backed away, tears filling her eyes as Pastel quickly pounced onto her, clawing onto her face as the two toppled down to the ground.

"STOP!" Liy screamed in tears as Pastel began to beat the life out her.

She kept going, each punch hurting more and more as Liy begged for it to just end.

"DON'T MESS WITH ME, YOU HEAR ME?! OR NEXT TIME YOU DO, THERE WILL BE BLOOD." Pastel angrily yelled at her, her nails digging painfully into Liy's face as she let her go.

Liy closed her eyes in tears, her body falling down to the ground as her head violently slammed onto a sharp rock on the grass.

She went motionless, her warm blood seeping into the earth as Pastel fearfully backed away.

"What... the hell?!" She shivered, watching Liy as she lay unconscious and bleeding on the ground.

Pastel shrieked in fear, running off as fast as she could, leaving Liy by herself...

And that's how they caused me to pay an unwanted visit to the

hospital. It was all Pastel Highlighter. So you can thank her! It was always her fault that this stuff happened to me, you see.

But it wasn't over. No… things in my life are never over, there has always been added tension.

"WHAT THE HELL DO YOU MEAN MY DAUGHTER'S IN THE EMERGENCY ROOM?!"

Dad. He would pretend to care about me most of the time. But the other times... well, the scars on my face speak for themselves, don't they?

"Sir, her head was impaled with a rock... if we don't do anything now, it'll have adverse effects on your daughter's life in the future."

"I. Don't. CARE." He grumbled, clenching his fists as he tried to force his way into my hospital room. My one and only sanctuary of escape, my temporary break from the shitty life that I lived.

"BUT SIR, YOU CAN'T GO IN YET!" The doctor shrieked, blocking the doorway with his body to prevent him from going through.

"LET ME SEE HER!" He retorted back loudly, shoving the doctor harshly to the side before busting the door to my room open.

He darted his eyes, inspecting the small room before locking eyes with me, who was peacefully napping on the hospital bed.

"My little girl... what do you keep getting yourself into?" He muttered, his voice going exaggeratedly nice as he peered at me.

I could smell the strong scent of lies just coming out as he spoke, that rancid smell that just reeks.

I could feel my eyes opening slowly. As I began to power on again, a tall shadow towered over me. Without looking, I could already tell who it was. I kept my eyes shut, my body slightly trembling but still mostly motionless as I forced it back to a false slumber.

He rolled his eyes, scoffing as he went to sit down on the chair in the corner of the room.

"Bullshit." He muttered to himself harshly as he pulled out his phone, and of course, in typical fashion... it had to be a sparkly new phone that was the latest model. MePhone 4s.

My dad is a master manipulator. It's quite hard to avoid being pulled around and toyed with when you come to contact with him. He did it to me. To mom. Well, I don't know much about my mom honestly.

I don't even know her as a person...

You see, my dad finds it as a hobby to mess around with people. To control them, to make them do your every bidding. You can always see that grim smile on his face when he does as well.

Heck, he's a way better liar than I ever was. He always ended up finding a way around everything and everyone, and as soon as he found that weak spot, he'd always manipulate it and control it to the best of his ability.

It was just his skill. At least he had a skill anyways. I have nothing, I've never had anything and I never will have anything.

I wish I could've just left that stupid town earlier. There's no point in even living there, it's a town that goes dead after sunset. Enough about that, anyway.

It's not like this torment will ever end for me anytime soon. It's just an endless cycle, and it's still going on now.

LIES AND DECEIT - CHAPTER 12.

Liy scrolled through the computer, her tired eyes darting across the countless articles and videos that had appeared after she searched 'Liy from BFB'.

Egosurfing, you could say. But Liy never ever considered it that way, it was more like important research.

"What are you... doing...?" Pillow looked towards her, yawning as she

tiredly lay on her sleeping bag.

"Nothing." Liy replied without turning to her, her eyes still locked onto the screen as she clicked on an intriguing title that was just published exactly five days ago.

Liy raised an eyebrow at the article and it's interesting title.

'MOTHER OF LIY FROM HIT REALITY SHOW BATTLE FOR BFB URGENTLY CALLS FOR HER DAUGHTER'S RETURN'

Her eyes widened, her face pale with shock as she scrolled down to the video.

Tears of anger filled her eyes as she watched through it. Her psychotic screams, the agony. The watch overall was difficult, but the look on Liy's face was new levels.

"She was... drunk out of her mind... I don't get it!" Liy held her mouth, her eyebrows slanting then furrowing as tears poured out of her sore eyes.

"What?" Pillow looked up at Liy, who slammed the laptop shut before getting up from her bed.

Liy pulled out a familiar pink sun hat, fastening it tightly on her head as she slipped the laptop in a yellow tote bag.

"Isn't that my hat?" Pillow laughed as Liy held onto the bag.

"Eh, whatever! It'll do anyways." Liy rolled her eyes with a bit of a smirk as she clicked on a highly protected button next to the microphone.

And in a matter of seconds, the speaker beeped loudly.

"THIS HOTEL IS NOW IN LOCKDOWN."

"I'm off, and I'll be back soon. Meaning this place is in your hands Pillow."

Pillow smirked, staring at Liy's serious face before cracking a laugh.

"I'm being serious, for fuck's sake." Liy hissed as she looked back at Pillow.

"If you screw up anything, ANYTHING. It'll be the end of you."

"Sir, yes sir!" Pillow nodded with an excited grin as Liy turned away.

She blinked, and before she knew it, Liy was gone with the wind.

"Under my control, huh...?"

...

The speaker blared loudly, the lights going dark as blood-curdling screams could be heard from across the hallways.

"GOSH DARN IT! TURN THIS THING OFF ALREADY!" Foldy yelled loudly at Match, who was continually slamming the speaker with her fist in an attempt to shut it up once and for all.

"WE'RE TRYING, OKAY? SO STOP NAGGING AT AND HELP OR WE'LL KICK THE BOTH OF YOU OUT OF HERE!" Pencil retorted loudly as she continued to slam on the speaker with Match.

"DOES IT LOOK LIKE I HAVE THE ARMS TO HELP YOU?!" Foldy screeched in annoyance before turning to her friend Marker, who was fearfully huddled in the corner of his bed, his hands covering his ears as he tightly closed his eyes.

Foldy looked towards him, her eyebrows sadly slanted as she walked over to him.

Marker looked towards her, a saddened expression as Foldy came to comfort him.

"What's wrong, Marker...?" Foldy uttered to him, trying her best to ignore the loud blaring noise in the background.

"All of this, it's terrible!" Marker cried, taking his hands off his ears as he turned to face Foldy.

"Why can't we bring Stapy back? Why can't we bring Lightning back?

Why can't we bring anyone back?!"

Foldy looked to the side, her eyes stinging with tears. She knew that feeling all too well, for that happened to her too.

"You know Marker, I had a friend a few years back. About a year before I joined BFB. I met her in school, and me, her, and Stapy quickly became best friends. We'd come to eachother's places for sleepovers, go out together, y'know... hangout! One day though, she um... disappeared. She was brutally and murderously ambushed by someone in our school and I was so scared, because recovery centres weren't really affordable yet. I mean, they were new inventions anyway! And you know after 100 days, you can never, ever recover someone again. Well... 100 days passed. I was hoping, praying that someone had thought about her! But no one did. And now, she's just... a memory. To be fair though, the only recovery centre owners at that point was the Goikian President, and for some reason Announcer... now you can find recovery centres all over the streets, but it's too late to ever bring her back. She's gone for good."

Foldy began to tear up, turning her face away as if to hide the tears from him.

Marker stared towards her, shaken up by the story as if it had happened to him.

"I'm sorry that happened Foldy..." He said to Foldy sympathetically, hugging her comfortingly before letting go.

"It's okay." Foldy replied bluntly as the noise in the background suddenly came to a halt.

...

"YEAH, WE LIKE, DID IT MATCHIE!" Pencil cheered as she happily lifted her hand up to high five Match, before being returned with a weak one.

Pencil booed at the weak return, raising an eyebrow as Match walked over to sit on the mattress.

"Why are you still acting weird? Did something happen to you?

Because we can't keep going on like this if you're just airing my every word..."

Match furrowed her eyebrows, nervously looking to the side and towards Foldy and Marker before turning her eyes towards the floor. She held her arm, her foot anxiously tapping on the ground as her breath began to go shaky.

"M-Match?"

You can't tell her, you just can't! She'll tear you to pieces! Y'know, just like how everyone else did back in-

SHUT UP! Please... just don't mention that to me.

Or what Golf Ball did to y-

STOP!

...Okay, gosh.

...

"I'm sorry Pencil, but I..." Match bit her tounge, her hands shaking with anxiety as drops of sweat trickled down her face.

"I'll never, ever be able to tell you."

"Oh okay... if you want, I'll just go and give you some space." Pencil gave her a slight smile, huffing to herself as she walked towards the door.

I'll never be able to tell you...

Or anyone...

That I'm a pathological liar.

...

Let's take it back a bit, shall we...? Before BFDI, Before any competition.

My childhood... was a rough one. I literally never got a phone until I was

12!

My parents never asked me about how I felt. The only reason I existed was for them to try and throw me into the best schools so they could fulfil their whatever desires.

I don't know why. I never did, and I never will know why.

They took so it seriously in fact, that day after day, from the age of 6-11, I was piled up with hoards of worksheets, revision books, homework, and unnecessary schoolwork. And that wasn't even it. I had a tutor as well. 12 hours a week. If you divide 12 by 7, that gets you 1.7. Not a lot, right? That was the time of each tutor session when I was 6. Each year it increased, and slowly but surely, I found my tutor's place to basically be my 2nd home. I mean... she was nice, I guess. But I don't really remember like, that much.

By the time I was 11, I was at her place for 4 and a half hours, each day. And by the time I reached the entrance exams, I felt myself struggle on almost every question... The angles, ratios, division, pythagoras theorem, probability, coordinates, it all felt like a different language.

But Match, what about all those hours of work? I didn't remember them. It's not my fault. Is it? Yeah, obviously not my fault. It's my parents' fault for trying their absolute best to shove knowledge into the empty casket, aka. my brain.

But fortunately, I passed! Just... barely. Just 2 points past the pass mark. Out of all the 5 schools I took entrance exams for, I only passed 1. It's a good thing, right? Not to my parents of course! Heck, I thought my eternal suffering was over. Looks like those monsters found a new reason to take it out on me. They hated me even more than before. It's my fault though, right? Their smart, intelligent daughter should've passed for all 5 schools with flying colours so she could pick and choose as she desired. Looks like my new nickname in the house was 'accident'. Amazing!

I hated it so fucking much. I still remember that day in primary school where I hid in the bathrooms for the whole morning dreading my parents' reaction. Face on the toilet as crap came pouring down from my mouth. Tears, tears... Tears mixed with puke.

That wasn't the only shit I found myself forced into. There was also high school, and not just a high school, a girls only high school! Gossip-haven, am I right? I used to think I could become friends with everyone because they'd feel bad for someone as disgusting as me, wrong! They didn't even bat an eye, so I tried my everything to force them! Club after club, I found myself performing for an audience who had their backs turned from the start. Art club, sports club, chess club, basically every club you can think of, I did it. The only way I ever got any attention from the girls is when they wanted something from me. I still remember when all of the girls were asking me for pens the time I brought in a 20 pack because, like I said earlier, I wanted to impress them. And if it wasn't to use me, it was to humiliate me. I still remember the rubber incident, I'll explain it.

*In the beginning of Year 7, like, early October in English, I was called up to read a book by this horrible lady I'm not gonna name because she was so, so cruel to us. But anyways, as I stood up, I found myself not able to utter a word... I wonder why *cough cough* (MY PARENTS...) I'm surprised I didn't get a permanent information overload. As I managed to forge a word, I felt a knock on the back of my head. Not like an ordinary tap, like a genuine knock. One so hard, I felt the sturdy, hardback book slip out of my trembling, sweaty hands. You'd think I would be alright? Not even the book had mercy for someone like me. As I tried to reach down for the devil-book, I felt it slam onto my feet so hard that I accidentally felt a shriek slip out of my mouth, accompanied by the laughters of all those girls, along with another 4 knocks to my head. I saw everyone laugh, but 1. But we'll get to her later. Suddenly, one of the girls stood up from her chair. I couldn't remember what she said clearly, heck I couldn't even remember her face because I had my head down for the rest of that. But she said something along the lines of,*

"Miss, I think you should send Match to seclusion for the rest of Period 1, she's holding us up!"

The bitch said, a bunch of giggles slipping out of her glossed-up lips. Long story short, the teacher started to yell so loudly at my face that I had to hold my ears.

She sent me out.

I wanted to show them all, the teacher, the girls, but I couldn't. I just grabbed my tattered bag and stormed out of the class in a flurry of tears,

stamping through the corridors like a herd of zoo animals as I covered my wet face with my shaking hand. Long story short, I got a behaviour point for that, and my seclusion time was extended until 3:55pm, aka. hometime. They couldn't deal with a hideous monster like me, so they thought the best way to handle me was to throw me in an empty room for bad kids. They even sat me in the corner, where all communication was closed off by some long, plastic barriers. Well, there goes any chance of even making a friend in isolation (that's if anyone would even want to be friends with someone like me). I sat there for hours, staring into the blank white walls. Seems like my mind was blank like that too. I didn't think of anything, anything... the only thing I felt were the cold tears run down my cheeks as I stared into the walls. I felt my eyes strain so much that I was starting to see colours on the barren white concrete.

That wasn't really... the end... though.

Once I walked out of the school fence, I was surrounded by a bunch of girls, I think they were from my English class? I don't really know. I then remember them saying a bunch of things before pushing me onto the concrete ground. They wouldn't stop. They just kept punching me like their life depended on it.

I closed my eyes and kept praying. Praying that they'd leave me, praying that they'd stop. I felt my vision blur more and more each knock I felt on my body. I felt like I was on fire, gasping for air as I tried to stay conscious.

And suddenly. A voice.

"Hey! What the hell do you think you're doing?!"

The girls froze before turning to reveal... the girl. The only one in English who didn't laugh at me. And her name was...

"Golf Ball? Get lost you stupid nerd!" One of the girls exclaimed angrily, her voice going more and more rickety.

"You guys are really embarassing? And you go to a selective school?! What a joke!" She snickered as the girls started to murmur in embarrassment.

"W-What do you know...?!" One of them blurted out in embarrassment as Golf Ball tried to hold in her laughter.

"What makes you think I care about anything you're saying? Why don't you and your posse of morons get out of here before I tell the principal!"

"O-Oh shit, she's right!" I heard one of them murmur to the other before they ran off like squirrels.

"FREAKS!" GB yelled loudly as they ran off into the distance. Who knew someone so smart could be capable of blurting out such strong words?

And then, she turned to me with a friendly smile. I think it was the first time someone here ever looked at me like that...

"You alright? Those girls were so horrible!" She asked me as I slowly got up from the ground.

"Y-Yeah... I think so!" I laughed, a small smile forming on my face for the first time in forever.

Finally. I said something for the first time in ages. I was so proud of myself that day. I spoke, and I made a friend.

From that day on, my life was brightening! GB was like, the bestest friend ever! We'd do homework together, have picnics together, go to class together, stay on call for hours after school (well, without my parents knowing), and we'd always walk after school with a boy called Tennis Ball from the neighbouring school. At that point, I didn't know him that well, but him and GB were like, best best buddies!

It was great! Everything felt perfect. Or so it was...

One day, GB told me to meet her in form class as usual. Nothing wrong with that... right?

As soon as I made it to the slightly opened door of the class, I could hear her talking with another girl from our class. I stood there, trembling as I tightly clawed onto the walls for dear life.

And then she said those words.

"I know, right? She's so annoying and such a wannabe, it's like she wants to impress everyone around her because she thinks that she's royalty or something!"

"Really? Hah, that's embarrassing!" The girl responded with a laugh.

"Yeah, and that's not even it! The reality is that she's just some lonely follower bitch who licks boots for a living! Ick!"

I felt my world shatter into pieces. Pieces that were once my happiness and salvation, and now Golf Ball was stamping on them. Tears streamed down my face as I held my mouth in shock, still trying to process everything she said. My heart was beating so loud that I could hear the fragile heartbeats thump loudly in my ears.

I let go of the wall, wiping my tears as I tried to reach for the door. Anger slowly started to pump in my fists as I slammed the door wide open, a slam so hard I think I could slightly hear the structure crack and chip away.

"Match?!" GB shrieked as she and the other girl she was talking to turned to me.

I trembled, my fists clenched tightly at my sides as I locked my eyes with hers.

"So that's what you really think of me?!" I spat, my voice quivering and breaking with rage as I felt my eyes water.

"No, Match! I-I wasn't talking about you!" She responded almost immediately before turning to the other girl who was looking awkwardly to the side.

"Save it. I know what kind of person you are now!" I trembled before stamping out of the room.

I thought she would leave me alone after that..., but instead I heard the timid footsteps of her go louder and louder.

"MATCH, PLEASE!" She cried loudly. I could feel the guilt throbbing in her voice, but I didn't care anymore. I didn't want any more of her shit.

"THIS IS A MISUNDERSTANDING, PLEASE! I WASN'T TALKING... About... y..."

I heard her voice fade away as I ran through what felt like an endless corridor.

And I realised. My friendship with her was built on a lie. All the love I felt in that friendship was a lie! All the fun times we had was a lie! Lies upon lies piled up on eachother. Truth be told, all the love and appreciation was just a lie. Honestly, I don't think I truly know the meaning of love, of friendship, or anything really. And so my life was a lie. And I chose to pursue it. Love to me is a lie, and all the lies I utter is my love. I guess you could say, I chose to be a liar.

...

One fateful night after school, I felt myself grow extremely tired of the world around me. It was like I had outgrown my environment, but in a toxic way. It felt tiring to come into school every day, looking directly at the floor instead of that girl. It felt tiring to hear the same words thrown at me by the exact same people every day of the week. I grew tired of it all... I just wanted to close my eyes, and open them in a completely different place with different people who didn't all hate me. And in a way, I did. After a few hours of mindless scrolling, I came across a commercial. It was a reality show.

"Total Firey Island?" I read it out with a bit of confusion.

Before, I never thought I was cut out for any reality shows or anything public for that matter. But now? I didn't care, nor did I even give it a second thought. I just clicked on the link, filled a Goggle form, and basically signed my life away to this weird host person called Announcer. Apparently there's gonna be 18 contestants battling for like... $100,000? I laughed at it at first, considering the amount of money is too unrealistic for a bunch of teenagers to be battling for, but at the end, I didn't care. I just wanted out of my shitty life.

And then I shut my eyes tightly, anxiously holding my hands together before slowly opening them again.

"W-Where am I...?" I muttered as I found myself laying on the ground, the

warm and sunny air trickling through my cold palms as I shivered.

I slowly got up, sniffing the air as I observed the bright green field I found myself in. The air smelt new, and the grass gave me and unfamiliar, ticklish sensation as I rubbed my palm onto it.

Was this... Total Firey Island? No... It couldn't be. I don't see anyone else here.

That last statement quickly became untrue as I heard the quick footsteps and heavy pants of someone, the rustles on the grass quickly becoming louder and louder.

"Hey you! Over there!" She said with glee as I turned to where the voice was coming from, a worried shiver travelling down my spine as I observed her. She was a tall and brightly coloured orange pencil with a lovely pink eraser at the top of her head, a silvery metal ferrule wrapping around the bottom of it.

I felt my heart anxiously thump as she came to me. I just wanted to roll up into a ball and disappear.

Remember Match... Don't be worried. There's nothing to be afraid of. Lies are your weapon, lies are your love, lies are what you experience each day, lies are what you live and breathe. Lies are you, and you are lies. Don't be afraid to lie up a storm, you are a liar.

"Y-Yeah!" I blurted out, my words somehow coming out so confidently and splendidly as I painted a slight grin on my face. I could feel an internal aura within myself as I spoke. It almost felt like a... star? Whatever that means.

"Do you wanna be friends? You seem pretty cool!" She asked me, excitement flowing through her voice as she put her hands on her hips confidently.

My eyes widened and slightly stared up at the question, my small grin quickly fizzling into a shocked and quickly growing smile as the girl's question repeated itself in my head several times.

She... wants to be my friend...? Like, for reals? No one has ever said that

to me... not since-

"I-... I'd love to! But, w-why me?" I stammered, a bit of the gross and disgusting real me poking in as I stared into the girl's bright and excited eyes.

"Because! You seem so cool, you're tall and totally pretty like me! Like, we look just like twins, don'tcha think?" She quickly replied with thrill as she tapped her feet, as if to keep herself from exploding into a pile of joy.

"Oh, and also because everyone else here is like... super weird!" She added in a snarky whisper.

I'm... pretty...? No one has ever seen me that way.

"So, what do you say?" The girl smiled kindly before bringing her hand out.

"O-Of course!" I exclaimed in a whim and I held her hand and shook it repeatedly.

As we let go of each other's hands, she took a deep breath.

"I'm Pencil by the way, nice to meet you new best friend!" She winked as she pointed her thumb towards herself.

She's so kind... I've never seen a person who was so willing to be friends with me.

"So, what's your name?"

"The name's Match! Nice to meet you too!" I smiled back, my [lie] confidence glowing like a star as Pencil stared at me in awe.

"Woah. You're so cool! Were you like, a popular kid in your school? Oh, and speaking of school, what school did you go to?"

That question hit me like a stab to the gut. What do I say...

Lie Match. Just lie. Spew out a bunch of nonsense. Nobody has to know about what happened. No one has to know about where you went. No one has to know about your old friend. Go on, lie. It's who

you are...

"Oh... I went to that school by Goiky Station, and I guess you could say I was pretty well known there!" I smiled innocently, my distraught face slowly transitioning into one of a confident girl's.

Woah... Lies are like a shield. I guess I should do this more often, I naively thought to myself.

"Oh, that school! My cousin went there!" Pencil responded.

"Y-Your cousin?" I stuttered nervously, worried that she might find out that I... (lied)...

"Mhm!" She grinned before her expression darkened a little. "But I don't... talk to her anymore."

I felt myself sigh a quite elongated sigh of relief as I felt the pressure slip off my shoulders.

"Well, let's go! We're gonna be late for the first challenge, I don't wanna be sent to the TLC and neither do you!" Pencil exclaimed, her expression brightening as she grabbed to my hand and quickly ran over to an unfamiliar crowd of people and a weird and unusually small speaker box who I assume was the 'Announcer' guy from the website.

"Who are all of these people?" I muttered in unfamiliar as Pencil turned to me with an unusually large smile.

"Oh, I can tell you! The weird and violent red cube is Blocky, the scaredy cat is Woody, that's Eraser - the boring one, that's Firey, Coiny, those two fight a lot, and there's Teardrop, Ice Cube... she's just... whatever, Bubble, she's cool I guess, and that's disgusting Spongy, he's not hard to miss, if you know what I mean! The small one is Rocky, the rowdy one is Flower, the one who thinks he's so tough is Snowball, and finally, we have the two sports balls!"

"Oh... Who are they...?" I asked, so, so oblivious as to what Pencil was going to say next.

"Oh, they're Tennis Ball... and..."

Tennis... Ball... I know him... From someone...

I held my stomach tightly and nervously, praying that it wasn't who I thought i-

"Golf Ball!"

did... she just say...

Golf Ball?

The name of her repeatedly etched itself into my brain against my will, plunging me into a paralysed kind of state as I fearfully took steps back.

Golf Ball.
...

Golf Ball.

...

Golf Ball.

...

I... I don't wanna think... I...

"Match! Are you okay? You completely went rouge that moment I said Golf Ball... are you alright?" Pencil yelled in a worry as I stared back at her, my vision blurring and twisting as my dizzied body wobbled around a bit.

I... thought I could escape her! I can't bear the sight, I can't... did she follow me? I don't understand! I thought I left her behind with... all of them... I can't. And then I saw Golf Ball slowly turn to me, her eyes widening so largely as she locked eyes with my sorry self. But then she just huffed. Furrowed her eyebrows as she turned back to the side. She didn't do anything. I won't let her do anything. I won't. I'll make sure I defeat her. How dare you spew out bullshit nonsense about me you stupid bitch. I'm not letting you breathe my name again. This is war. I swear, if you do anything, I'll-

"Match! Are you okay?! Can you speak... I can't lose you, I only just became your best friend now!" Pencil yelled with shock before latching onto my arm and sulking like a puppy who lost it's owner.

"Yeah, I'm alright..." I responded, still dazed.

"I just got so sick after looking at her ugly face!" I laughed, quickly shifting the mood as I looked towards Golf Ball to try and get a reaction out of her, but to my surprise, nothing. Her back was just turned.

But whatever... because if I have my new friend Pencil with me, everything will be a-okay!

I thought.

...

The game literally, like, sucked. I placed 6th overall. When you get eliminated, they would put you in this crammed metal box and only feed you bread. That's breaking so, like, many object rights! I hate this,

"I'm so gonna punch that stupid speaker thing in the face!" I grumbled before Pencil caught my hand.

"You don't have to, because I won the money!" Pencil squealed as I turned to her with a speechless stare.

"Y-You did?"

"Yeah!"

I... I was so shocked.

"We can just run away with the money then... can't we?" I asked, a huge grin on my face as I looked down at the large case that Pencil was proudly holding.

"I know... but I, um..."

"What...?" I pondered, a bit needy now that I look back at it.

"I want to compete again, he said he was doing another season..." Pencil

uttered such a revelation that I felt myself stumble backwards from the shock.

"But what about all that money?! We could do so much with it?" I replied quickly, shit. I really sounded thirsty for cash back then...

"My family need it more than I do." Pencil admitted, sadness on her face as she did. I could just feel the water filling in her eyes as she clutched onto the case of money for what seemed like the last time ever.

"Your... parents?"

Parents. I don't know why, but I hated that word so much. Especially the word mom, I just don't wanna hear that word ever, ever aga-

"And my mom... she's worked so, so hard for us. She deserves all of the money the most!"

"Eugh..."

Shit. I hate that word so fucking much.

"What?"

Lie... Lie... it's okay, she'll forgive you. She'll understand.

No... no! I can't, LEAVE ME ALONE!

What makes you think I'll leave you alone? I am you after all...

"SHUT UP! I DON'T WANT TO, JUST LEAVE ME ALONE!" I screamed in such a rage that I accidentally scratched some of the skin off of my face.

"MATCH! WHAT THE HELL? ARE YOU OKAY?!" Pencil quickly sprang. I felt the huge wave of shock go through her as she saw the blood drip down my face.

That was the first fit I've ever had...

I'm so weird, I bet Pencil thinks that I'm insane now. And I'm gonna lose my only friend again. She's probably disgusted, isn't she...?

But suddenly, I felt her arms wrap around me, and then she pulled me into one of the first hugs I've ever had in my entire life.

"Why would you do that to yourself, you idiot..."

My body softened. I hugged her back, my eyes watering up. It wasn't gone yet though. And I don't think it will ever go...

...

Things were the same. I never stopped, because it always gave me a sense of confidence. I loved to cover myself in my newfound personality. Even if it's fake.

I think I'm always gonna be stuck like this, stuck in a bubble while everyone else is out and free living their little lives without a problem...

Until now, I've only ever came clean to one person.

In the days of Post-BFDIA. I had no one to ever talk to but him. We were all trapped in a box and there was nothing to really do except watch videos on TV (which everyone would always fight over).

Me and him were always sat in the sidelines and we'd always talk about life because there was nothing better to do. Even his own friends were too busy fighting over who got to watch TV for five minutes.

One day though, everything just slipped out of my mouth. And the look on his face was never what I expected. I thought he'd be horrified of me, I thought that he'd never want to come near me ever again.

But he just smiled. And told me that it was okay.

It was never Pencil. She still doesn't know. And I don't want her to ever know. It'll break her. I don't want her to know that she wasn't actually talking to the real me. That she was talking to a fake.

I doubt he'd ever tell anyone, would he...?

I hope not. I don't want anyone else to be contaminated by some horribly shit person like me.

...

...

_____

Pillow held onto a sharp and shining dagger, her eyes glistening in awe as her hands began to shake excitedly.

"This is gonna be so cool..." She squealed happily to herself like a child to a brand new toy.

Pillow span the knife in her hand, throwing it up in the air as it elegantly landed back onto her hand.

"Now... let the show begin!" She confidently grinned to herself as she reached the door, her expression twisting into a twisted and bloodthirsty one as she walked out to the corridor.

Pillow's eyes scanned the empty corridor, the sounds of chatter echoing the halls as she let out a silent giggle.

Her eyes then locked onto a door. One tattered, yet somehow still standing.

Pillow let out a manic laugh, walking up to the door before violently piercing the dagger into the wood. The wooden door held on for life, the creaks and clamps becoming louder and louder as she would stop at nothing. Finally, after a sharp kick, the door cracked and detached from the frame, falling to the ground with a loud slam as Pillow swiftly walked in.

"Hi there!" She smiled innocently as she looked at the three fearful and nervous residents of the room: Taco, Ice Cube and Book.

"STAY BACK!" Book yelled, grabbing a vase from the nightstand before ponging it towards Pillow.

"YOU'RE ABOUT TO EXPERIENCE A WORLD OF-"

"No!" Pillow snapped, snatching the vase from Book's hand before shoving her the floor.

Book shivered fearfully, helplessly watching as Pillow approached the two other girls.

"Ice Cube, go hide!" Taco whispered to Icy who quickly slid under the bed.

Taco grunted, grabbing Pillow tightly on her wrist before shoving her into the nightstand.

Pillow huffed, looking right at her as she let out a concerning and loud cackle.

"YOU THINK YOU DID SOMETHING?" She continued to laugh, getting back up on her feet as Taco looked towards her in fear and confusion.

"W-What do you-"

Pillow retaliated, violently grabbing Taco by the leg before swinging her right onto the ground. Taco let out a painful grunt, her face glued to the ground as she weakly tried to get back up.

"Not so fast!" Pillow smiled, stamping on her before beginning to repeatedly stab her with the dagger.

"TACO, NO!" Book cried out, tears filling her eyes as Taco began to go motionless.

"Night night, Taco!" Pillow giggled, walking through her thick and quickly emerging pool of blood before facing Book, a twisted grin forming on her bloodstained face.

"No... NO! I'M NOT LETTING YOU GET ANYONE ELSE!" Book screamed, her hands trembling as she leaped at Pillow, pushing her back onto the ground.

Pillow let out a grunt as she collapsed onto the floor, but this was far from over.

She smiled, sticking her hand underneath the rickety bunk bed before pulling Ice Cube back out.

"LET GO OF ME!" Ice Cube cried as Pillow dangled her fragile structure in the air.

A shrill scream could then be heard, and a bunch of loud bangs as Pillow began to slam her against the wall until she shattered, blood spraying on her face as the lifeless shards of ice fell to the ground.

"S-Stop..." Book stammered in tears, weakly cowering down as Pillow approached her.

But then she paused, giggling before turning back to the door.

"Wha?" Book uttered as she watched Pillow reach for the doorknob, shooting her a cheeky wink before exiting.

She wiped her tears, trembling as she got up from the floor.

Her eyes nervously darted across the now tattered and destroyed room, her body trembling with shock as she eyed the cold shards of Ice Cube.

"Icy..." Book teared up as she walked towards the melting shards of ice.

Her weak body began to shake with guilt as she fell right down to her knees.

"Please forgive me... Taco... Icy... I'm sorry that I could never save you two!" She cried out, wiping her tears as she turned her head to the ground.

Tears slipped out of her eyes as she put her hands over her face, the empty room filling with her cries of guilt and sorrow.

She held her face, her breaths going shaky as she let out a shrill and painful scream.

This is the consequence. Of being a survivor...

Pencil looked around the empty corridor, her eyes curiously

inspecting the halls as she walked.

"Eugh... did he... d-die?!" Pencil shuddered in fear and disgust to herself as she noticed Fries' motionless body laying on the floor, the sight of it causing her to gag and shriek as she sped away from the scene.

Her heart thumped, her hands going numb with fear as she tried her best not to think about anything.

After a bit of walking, she finally reached the door she was after.

Sighing, she pressed down on the handle, letting herself in without hesitation as the warmth of the bedroom travelled through her cold and trembling body.

"Yeah, I guess..." A familiar vocoded voice spoke before pausing to turn to Pencil.

Pencil paused, screwing up her face as she turned to Pen who gave her a friendly wave.

"Hey! Are you o-"

"What the hell is SHE doing here?" Pencil scoffed as she eyed the two, folding her arms while shooting Puffball a dirty look.

"Well, we actually share this room with Fries and Eraser, who are um.., y'know..." Pen stammered, trying his best not to get upset by mentioning them.

"I thought you knew?"

"Okay but, I just wanted to talk to you..." Pencil admitted, a little embarrassed as she walked towards the two, Puffball rudely looking her up and down before silently scoffing.

"We can still talk!" Pen smiled as Pencil took a seat on the other bunk bed, awkwardly tapping her feet as she looked to the side.

Pencil sighed, rolling her eyes as she turned to Puffball, who backed away without uttering a single word.

"I guess that's fine... I, um... kind of wanted to ask you about-"

Suddenly, a loud slamming noise could be heard from the walls, immediately causing the three to jump right into action.

"Where is it coming from, where?!" Puffball yelled in fear, her eyes quickly scouring across the room to find the source of the loud noise.

"I think I know..." Pen huffed, grabbing a conveniently placed screwdriver from the cabinet before climbing up to the top of the bunkbed, Pencil and PB watching in shock as he began to unscrew what looked like a vent.

The noise got louder, the banging only seeming to get worse as painful grunts could be heard through the metal.

Pen remained silent, shuddering as the sound of the grunts began to be more familiar to him.

"C-Coiny?" He shuddered as the vent opened, a thick pile of dust falling onto his face as Coiny toppled onto the mattress.

"Pen, you won't believe what I found over there!" Coiny told him excitedly, somehow still filled to the brim with energy despite the brutal blow he took from the mastermind's attack just a few days ago.

"How are you... still so energetic?" Pen uttered in confusion, wiping the dust off his face as the two climbed back down.

"What do you mean?" Coiny smiled as Pen looked at him, the wound nowhere to seen as if it was never even there in the first place.

"The... The- wait, HUH?" Pen yelped in shock, backing up as Coiny awkwardly blinked at him before smirking.

"Well I kinda found this weird potion thing lurking around, and oh boy I couldn't help myself because it looked just like grape soda!" He smiled as he pulled out a weird bottle with the exact purple liquid he'd just mentioned.

"C-Coiny, you shouldn't have drank that shit man..." Pen hesitated, absolutely horrified as Coiny began to take a few more careless sips

of the mysterious drink before letting out an unusual and drunken laugh.

"It tastes like watermelon though..." He pondered lightheadedly as he wobbled a bit.

"I wonder why-"

"BECAUSE IT ISN'T EVEN SODA IN THE FIRST PLACE YOU DUMBASS!" Pencil screeched, rolling her eyes as she snatched the drink off of Coiny.

Coiny rubbed his head, letting out a bunch of dizzy laughs as his small body toppled back and forth.

"Hah! My bad guys... really! I'm just gonna go to... Mars now! Hah.., later!" Coiny blurted out in a daze, laughing as he walked out the door.

The three stayed silent, blinking in confusion and shock as they began to process everything that had just occurred.

Pencil let out a loud yelp, fearfully shaking the drink off of her hands before turning back to Pen.

"I really, really need to tell you something!" Pencil pleaded, grabbing onto his hands as she spoke.

"Well, now I can tell it's important because of the way you're holding my hands right now!" Pen cheekily added with a laugh as Pencil quickly let go.

"HEY!"

...

...

Well. Looks like I'm back here again.

I don't miss this town one bit.

To be honest. I just... saw that video, and I just immediately felt summoned here for one thing, and one thing only. I never planned to come here again. But life is always full of surprises, right?

Liy tiredly leaned her head on the window of the train, looking around the carriage in boredom as she sighed to herself.

"We have arrived at, Rosemead. Change here for buses on route to Goiky, Pillary Ruins, Yoyle City and more," The train intercom announced as Liy yawned, getting up from her seat as she fastened the large pink sunhat onto her head.

She hummed innocently to herself, protectively clutching the light yellow tote bag as she quietly stepped out of the surroundings.

She took in the fresh air, the scent of the familiar town travelling through her lungs as she suddenly began to remember everything again. Foldy. Stapy. The old memories of school. And the putrid smell of injustice which reeked.

"Old foes." Liy said quietly to herself as she began to shove past the other people on the platform, speed-walking as her eyes glued directly onto the exit.

Liy rolled her eyes as she reached the exit, the atmosphere shrouding with eerie darkness as she nervously gulped.

She kept her head down, tapping her ticket as the doors of the barrier rapidly opened for her.

"No... no, shit..." Liy trembled, fearfully wrapping her arms around her body as she backed away.

The old trauma that never seems to disappear. The demons of your mind pushing you to go back even though you never wanted to. The sheer familiarity that seems to painfully sting at you. Those doors opening, that seem to want to pull you in against your will.

Liy gasped, walking back as her quiet breaths began to turn into

rickety hyperventilations. She held her hand to her mouth, resisting the urge to gag.

"Excuse me, do you mind?"

Liy went silent, turning her head around as her eyes began to widen in shock.

The man pulled down the glistening sunglasses from his eyes, staring directly towards Liy as a malicious grin began to grow on his cold and stern face.

Dad.

"Wasn't very kind of you to run off from dad, was it?" He uttered quietly enough so just the two could hear.

"Who are you?!" Liy yelled back at him in a quick attempt to escape from her father's controlling wrath.

"You and your mother are the same. Weak. Frail. Scared. She kicked me out the moment she became stable in a quick attempt to cross me out of her life once and for all. She thought that would work but, y'know your dad don't you? He. Always. COMES. BACK."

Liy shrieked, quickly pulling her hat down to her face as she began to make a run for it.

Her dad blinked, laughing a little as he watched her slip out of the station before disappearing into the streets.

"Teenagers. Just want to escape from everything, don't they?"

He rolled his eyes, pulling out a cigarette as he began to light it.

"Just because you turned seventeen a few months ago, doesn't mean you can keep running from your parents, you little bitch." He grumbled, taking in some of the cigarette as he walked through the barriers of the station.

He let out a breath, twiddling the cigarette in his hand before placing it back onto his mouth.

"That girl is out of her mind."

...

Dad. Dad, Dad, Dad, DAD. WHY THE FUCK DID I HAVE TO SEE HIS FACE AGAIN...!?

What the hell did I ever to do deserve it...

Nothing... NOTHING.

Liy held her hat down, a dark shadow being cast over her face as she let out a few tears.

You seem to replace your brain with your heart. You take things so hard and then you fall apart.

"You fucking crybaby. So weak, SO FUCKING WEAK! NO WONDER ALL THOSE SHITS AT SCHOOL LIKE TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF YOU! JUST LIKE YOUR MOTHER AREN'T YOU... NO ONE WANTS TO SEE YOUR CRYBABY TEARS, SO KEEP THEM TO YOUR FUCKING SELF!"

You try to explain, but before you can start... Those crybaby tears come out of the dark.

"Why can't you just leave me alone... WHAT HAVE I DONE TO YOU! WHAT DID I FUCKING DO TO YOU?!"

Someone's turning the handle to that faucet in your eyes. They're pouring out where everyone can see.

"The moment you were born, my life became a living hell. The moment you were born, I HATED YOU. THE MOMENT YOU WERE BORN, I REGRETTED EVER SEEING YOUR MOM EVER."

Your heart's too big for your body, It's why you won't fit inside. You pour it out where everyone can see.

"Stop... stop..."

They call you cry baby, cry baby. But you don't FUCKING care.

"Don't give me those crocodile tears child, HAVEN'T YOU ALREADY REALISED THAT NO ONE'S GONNA BE FOOLED?!"

Cry baby, cry baby. So you laugh through your tears.

"Nice joke dad..."

Cry baby, cry baby. 'Cause you don't fucking care.

"DO I LOOK LIKE A LAUGHINGSTOCK TO YOU?! I'M THE REASON YOU'RE EVEN FUCKING ALIVE."

"My dad? What a funny joke!" Liy chuckled to herself, wiping a tear off her damp eyes as she entered a posh and lavish-looking hotel.

She twiddled a purse in her slightly shaking hand, smiling brightly to hide the truly broken person she was inside.

She approached the counter, giving the receptionist a flirtatious smile as she pulled out a thick wad of cash from her purse. $250 to be quite exact.

"2 nights, please." Liy smiled at the receptionist as he returned a shocked grin.

"Of course! But woah, are you that girl from the BFB reality show thing? I think I know you from there!"

"Hah, no you don't!" Liy gave him a triggered smile, her eye awkwardly and angrily twitching as he handed her a keycard.

"Enjoy your stay, beautiful!" He winked before being flipped off by Liy.

"Shut up!" She replied with a smile as she boldly held up a middle finger, rolling her eyes before walking up the stairs and towards a lift.

"Such a beg." She scoffed, tapping her keycard as the lift automatically opened.

Liy walked in, curiously looking around the empty lift, the spotless

floors, the glistening chandelier, and,

"Me..." She uttered, reaching out her hand towards the crystal clear reflection of herself as she walked up to the spotless and glistening mirror.

"They call me selfish, obnoxious, shameless, a freak... I see it as just me wanting to fend for myself in this barbaric battleground called life."

Liy stared at her glistening reflection, talking to herself a little bit more to the point where she didn't notice two other girls come into the lift.

"I wish the world could just leave me alone. I wish the world could just let me breathe."

"Dude, this girl is really main-charactering isn't she?" A glittering pink hairbrush snickered as she looked towards Liy who seemed to be getting on her knees.

"WORLD, JUST GIVE ME A CHANCE!"

The hairbrush let out a laugh, turning to her other friend who just stayed silent looking towards the doors.

"Just don't say anything, please..." A familiar Makeup Brush replied back, sighing as she nervously twiddled the bag in her hand.

"But this is fuckin' funny!" Hairbrush replied with a grin before approaching Liy who was getting back up on her feet.

Makeup Brush sighed, rolling her eyes as she tried her best to hide her fearful face from Liy.

"Hey you there!" Hairbrush called to Liy, tapping her on the shoulder as she turned around.

Liy looked her up and down, backing away a little as the hairbrush continued to speak.

"Can you do that again, it was so funny!!"

"Do you take me as a fucking joke or something?!" Liy snapped harshly, a short silence following before Hairbrush burst into laughter.

"No, I'm being for real, it was so h-"

"You better shut the fuck up, YOU HEAR ME?!" Liy screeched, suddenly grabbing onto the hairbrush as she fearfully went quiet.

"Let go of her!" Makeup Brush unintentionally blurted out, Liy turning to her as she quickly held her mouth in fear.

"You...? Well, looks like someone decided to make an unwanted return, huh!" She smiled sarcastically, dropping Hairbrush to the ground before approaching her.

Makeup Brush stayed silent, shaking in fear as Liy looked her in the rudest way possible.

"Your time is coming, don't you worry!" Liy said to her in a whisper, giggling as the lift door opened.

She walked out, giving the two a wave as the door slowly closed.

"WHAT THE HELL WERE YOU THINKING HAIRBRUSH?!" Makeup Brush screeched at the girl as she got up from the ground.

"I didn't know she'd do that, heck, I didn't even think she was a real person! SHE LOOKED AI GENERATED!"

"HAIRBRUSH, JUST LISTEN! That girl is dangerous, okay? And for a lot more reasons than I'd like to admit... but that's besides the point. Just don't speak to her, okay?!" Makeup Brush yelled at her as she went silent.

"Ughhhh, fineee!" Hairbrush groaned, rolling her eyes.

...

Liy silently walked through the corridor, holding onto the sparkly blue keycard in her hand as she approached her door.

"Here we are..." She smiled to herself, tapping the keycard on the reader as it flashed back an affirming green smiley.

The door opened, Liy's eyes glimmering in awe as she walked through into her clean new room.

She closed the door, smiling and giggling to herself in glee as she walked over to a lovely highrise balcony which towered above the entire town.

Liy rested her chin on the railing, giggling to herself as she took in a few breaths of fresh air before deciding to go back in.

"Hotel... ironic. I wonder what the hell's going on over there!" She smiled to herself as she jumped onto the luxuriously soft king bed that was neatly prepared for her.

"This place is odd, like, really odd!" Pin exclaimed to Needle who agreed with a nod.

"I wonder when we're ever gonna get out..." Needle sighed, resting her body on the rickety mattress as the door suddenly flew open.

Pin and Needle immediately got up, running towards the door to see who had randomly decided to waltz in.

"C-Coiny?!" Pin shrieked, shocked that he was even alive after what had happened.

"Pin! My love!" He chuckled with a smile, pulling her into a long and romantic hug before Pin backed up.

"Coiny, are you okay?" Needle reached her hand out to him before receiving a firm slap on her arm.

"Who even are you? Get out please? Gosh!" Coiny scoffed at Needle who froze in utter shock, holding his dizzy and aching head as he walked over to Pin.

"Coiny... y-you're not yourself, just snap out of it already!" Pin yelled

as he suddenly grabbed onto her hands.

Coiny looked directly into her eyes, laughing a little as he got closer.

"There's no need to be scared Pin..." He said quietly to her, blushing a little before Pin pushed him onto the ground.

"NO! YOU'RE NOT YOU COINY!" Pin shouted sternly at him as he got back onto his feet.

"I don't know what you're talking about babe... I'm me!" Coiny laughed, getting back up on his feet as Pin fearfully backed up into the cabinet behind her.

"Babe? We're not even in a relationship Coiny!" Pin snapped.

"Yes we are? Don't you remember...? When I confessed to you in Gelatin's Steakhouse 2 years ago?!" Coiny responded, confused as Pin became more fearful of him.

"That never happened..."

"What...?"

"You're acting more crazy than Leafy!" Pin loudly uttered to Coiny, who was frozen and couldn't stop blinking in confusion.

"Oh yeah... speaking of Leafy, I'm gonna go have a talk with that pesky Firey!" Coiny quickly switched up, a grin on his face as he walked towards the door.

Pin and Needle hesitated, not knowing what to do before Needle grabbed a vase, running up to Coiny as he turned to her.

"Didn't I tell you to go away Stranger!" He shouted at Needle, a triggered look on his face before she suddenly smashed the vase on his head.

Needle stepped back, her heart thumping loudly as Coiny fell unconscious to the ground.

"Is... Is he gonna be okay?!" Pin trembled as Needle dragged his

unconscious body back into the bedroom.

"I hope so! But, why was he even acting like that in the first place?" Needle pondered as she sat back down on her bed.

Pin stayed silent, looking towards her best friend tearfully.

"Just come back Coiny..." She whispered to herself quietly.

"No, he's not!" A loud voice suddenly called to the two girls as the door opened.

Pillow walked in, an evil smirk painted on her bloodstained face as she suddenly grabbed onto Coiny.

"LET HIM GO YOU PSYCHOPATH!" Pin screamed, tears filling her eyes as she attempted to pull Coiny back from Pillow's wrath.

"You're making this harder than it has to be Pin!" Pillow grunted, pulling him back to her side before the two broke into a tug-of-war over Coiny.

"GO AWAY PILLOW!" Needle shouted, helping Pin pull Coiny back.

"You really need someone else to help get your boyfriend back Pin, talk about weird!" Pillow laughed.

"SHUT UP!" Pin snapped, her and Needle trying their very best but alas, Pillow had out-pulled them.

Pillow grabbed Coiny back, the two girls falling to the ground as she slammed his unconscious body onto the rickety metal bed frame, a loud and deafening screech on the metal being heard as she repeatedly did so.

Pin held her mouth in shock, tears streaming down her eyes as Pillow repeatedly smashed his face in, blood splashing everywhere as she did so.

"All done! You can take your boyfriend back now!" Pillow smiled, a chuckle slipping out as she threw the coin at Pin's face.

Pin froze in shock, her body trembling in fear as she let out a shrill and painful cry.

Needle looked at her, a guilty expression on her face as she pulled her into a comforting hug.

"He's... gone..." Pin whispered shakily, her shocked breaths quickly becoming hyperventilations.

"All gone..."

20/46 left.

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omg,, this chapter was way longer than I expected! But if you read up to this point, I hope you enjoyed the story so far!

word count: 12,687

what did you think of this chapter? It was pretty intriguing so far wasn't it

Anyways, have a good day and I'll see you in Bloodlust 13!!

BUT WAIT!

there's one more scene...

"Hey... did you hear about that fight Liy and Foldy had? Hah... Foldy got absolutely bashed up. It's like the 3rd fight they've had now! It was so bad even Stapy had to step in and he still lost!"

"Oh yeah... I even have a recording of it! It was so funny, honestly. That Liy girl looked so worked up!"

"Can you send me it? I want to watch it for myself!"

"Oh of course!"

I guess this is my fault.

"Nah, did you see the way she bashed her into the fence?"

"No way... that was crazy!"

"I'll even send it to you if you like, it's all over the internet now!"

I tried anyways.

"I feel like if Foldy had arms, she'd win."

"You're joking."

"Of course I am? There's no way that piece of paper would beat Liy, fuck. She was so weak even her boyfriend had to step in! Liy's so badass!"

"Are you dumb? They're not even together anymore! Clearly you've been living under a rock..."

"Oh yeah... that was so funny man, that day made me laugh so much! The way that she was chasing after Foldy..."

Why are you talking about her... is it not that simple to respect the dead? If you saw what happened, you would shut up.

...

In a way though, it is my fault. I thought I could make things right with Liy. Guess karma is really a bitch... isn't it? You may be wanting to know what I'm talking about. Do you want me to roll a flashback?

...

FLASHBACK - 14/10/2016 (YESTERDAY).

Foldy's heart trembled and pounded as she walked down the corridor. She needed to talk to Liy, she just had to. She couldn't bear leaving things the way they were, she couldn't hear seeing Liy by herself anymore.

There was nothing wrong with talking things out with Liy, right?

Right...?

"Where could she be...?" She muttered to herself as she peered through a classroom window, only to see Liy sitting in the back of the room by herself, writing in a notebook.

"There you are..."

Foldy bit her lip with anxiety as she slowly opened the door with her foot.

"L-Liy?"

...

No response. She watched as Liy lifted her head and gave her a once-over.

"What do you want..." Liy snarled as she closed her notebook.

"I-... Can we talk...?"

Liy looked at her, her face mixed with anger and disbelief as she stared at Foldy's sincere eyes.

"You... talk to me? Well that's not something I see everyday." Liy laughed, her chuckles twinged with disgust and anger as she furrowed her eyebrows.

"You don't have to act like a sore puppy, I know you're just here to fuck around with me. You're not funny."

Foldy stared at her in shock. This wasn't the Liy she knew at all. Yeah, maybe they haven't talked since last year but this was horrible. She remembered her innocence, her pure smile, her curious attitude, her strong personality. She almost felt disgusted watching this new version of Liy. It was like her old self was burnt in a house fire.

"Look Liy, it's not what you think, I just want t-"

"You people just LOVE to forgive and forget don't you?!"

"I-.."

"WELL NOT EVERYONE JUST FORGETS LIKE YOU WANT THEM TO!"

The room was filled with nothing but silence and Foldy's shocked breaths as she fearfully stepped away.

"You know what Foldy... I'm done... I'm actually so done with your bullshit."

Foldy stared with incredulity as she watched Liy get up from the chair and stomp through the empty classroom, her feet trembling with each step.

Liy paused for a split second, staring into Foldy's watering eyes before pushing her with full force into a desk.

"Ow!" Foldy yelled before Liy slammed the door.

As Liy walked off, all was left in the classroom was a horrified Foldy, on her knees as pain ran through her body, tears falling out of her eyes almost immediately.

There was something wrong with Liy, she could feel it. This wasn't alright, this felt wrong. She couldn't just leave Liy like this. Foldy sighed and got up from the floor, taking a deep breath as her tears halted.

She stared at Liy through the window. She just had to find out what was going on. And as those words melted into Foldy's mind, she opened the door and followed after Liy, trotting silently behind her.

She innocently followed Liy, staring into the never-ending corridor as her curiosity blinded her. As she obliviously continued to follow Liy, she felt a soft crunch on her foot, shortly after causing her ankle to bend almost immediately as she felt her world tilt swiftly.

'Did I trip on something?' She thought to herself silently as she squinted her eyes as if to numb the incoming pain as she felt herself fall to the ground.

But she didn't...

Foldy opened her eyes gently as she felt a pair of familiar hands tightly grab her from hitting the floor.

"I gotchu!"

"Huh...?" Foldy pondered as she turned around to see the person who caught her was...

"Oh, it's just you Stapy! You scared me for a second."

Stapy and Foldy shared laughter before pausing awkwardly.

"Why are you in a rush?"

Foldy looked to the side and then back up at Stapy. If he knew who Foldy was trying to talk to, it would ruin things terribly. He didn't trust that Liy one bit anyways.

"Oh, I'm just going outside!" Foldy uttered nervously as she scrambled to find an excuse.

Stapy looked at her curiously before cracking a smile. He couldn't help it, every time he looked at Foldy he felt warm inside, maybe it was because the two childhood friends were so close and familiar with each other, or something.

"Okay, I'll be with you soon. I'm just gonna get some food!"

"Alright, cya!" Foldy nervously laughed before rushing off.

"Oh... I love that girl..." He muttered softly to himself with a slight blush and a smile, watching her run off before turning to go to the canteen.

Foldy ran with force through the school corridor as she caught sight of Liy opening the creaky glass doors to go outside.

After what felt like 20 minutes of walking, she reached the corner of the school tennis court. I guess this is where Liy loves to spend her hours, in the isolated corner of a vast pitch. Foldy felt chills down her

spine as she inspected the area. The broken fence wires that were chewed up by the foxes, the uncut ivy swirling through the gate, invading its way into the school.

Caught up in her own anxiety, Foldy felt herself unexpectedly and forcefully bump into someone. That someone being... LIY.

She didn't say anything really, she just walked back and stared in disbelief, her face slowly screwing up with anger as she inspected Foldy.

"You're so dumb... Didn't I already tell you that you that I was done with your bullshit?!"

Foldy stared at her with resentment before snapping.

"What's gotten into you Liy?! What have you become! You're just so cruel and horrible compared to when we last spoke!" She retorted, her voice filled with disbelief.

Liy looked at Foldy. She was seriously taking the piss at Liy right now wasn't she?

"Oh, I don't know... Why don't you ask yourself?"

That was the damning response that left Foldy in nothing but shambles, scared as she watched Liy laugh to herself, her soft chuckles laced with disgust, almost giving the impression that she was gagging.

"This place is so nostalgic isn't it...?"

"What do you mean..."

"You know, the place where you threw my bag over the fence, when Pastel Highlighter broke my phone, or you know... how you watched Makeup Brush spill that drink on me? It's too bad I can't confront Pastel or that other girl about it though, hah, y'know... cause they're both dead!

...

How does she remember all of that...?! Foldy thought to herself as she stared in shock at Liy as she threw around her deceased friends' names freely without a care in the world.

"You're such a bitch. But the fact that you followed me all the way here just to keep up your joke is impressive!" Liy snarled as she walked up to Foldy.

"Liy, this isn't a joke..." Foldy responded with horror as she backed up.

"You know, I really wish I broke your nose that day, YOU STUPID FUCKING BITCH! THAT WAY I COULD'VE WATCHED YOU BLEED OUT INSTEAD!" Liy screamed before grabbing onto Foldy's fragile paper body, her sharp and shaky nails digging into her skin.

Foldy squinted her eyes as she felt her body tremble, she was shaking from head to toe as she was violently cornered. And almost impulsively, she felt her leg bend backwards before delivering a strong kick at Liy, a kick so strong her switch flipped. The rough blow caused her to painfully grab her stomach from the impact.

"Now you've done it..." Liy scowled as she wiped the thick drop of blood off her lip.

Her mind darkened, the fog in her mind thickening as revenge swirled through the depths of her brain. Yes... The simple word of revenge made Liy feel overpowered to a dangerous extent, so much so that it was the only intelligible word in her mind. Those thoughts soon dawned as she stared at Foldy's sorry face.

"YOU FUCKING BITCH!" She screeched before pushing her to the ground, punching her aggressively, taking advantage of the fact that Foldy had only her legs to defend herself.

"Woah, look! It's Foldy and Liy! They're at it again!"

"Hah, I gotta see this!"

A large crowd of students started to form as Liy and Foldy fought it out like two angry cats.

"Makeup Brush! Look, it's your ex-friend!"

"Oh... yeah." MB replied slowly as she stared at them fighting. Even though Foldy hated her to death, she just wanted to help, she just wanted to intervene, but she didn't. She just stood there helplessly in the middle of the crowd as the other kids pulled out their phones.

"GET OFF ME!" Foldy screeched as she kicked Liy's face, her urgent plea for help deafened by the overlapping commotion of the other excited teenagers as they watched yet another fight unfold at the school.

Foldy squinted her eyes painfully, her heart throbbed at the whole thing. She deeply needed Stapy, she just needed him to come, she just needed his help. She kicked Liy back forcefully while intensely praying just for Stapy to come, he was the only one who was ever loyal to her during times like this...

And to both Liy and Foldy's surprise, he was right in front of them...

Stapy watched in disbelief as Foldy was getting brutally beat up, the sight of it making him progressively angry by the second.

His body shook with anger as he dropped his food, quickly hopping over to Foldy's defense. Even if it meant shoving through everyone, he didn't care. No one should dare to hurt Foldy like that.

"Hey, quit shoving me!"

"Oh fuck off!" Stapy snapped angrily before pushing the guy to the side.

Finally, after minutes of sliding through the crowd, he made it.

Stapy acted quickly, grabbing Liy's arm and slamming her to the ground before yelling.

"HOW DARE YOU TOUCH FOLDY LIKE THAT!" He screeched with disgust as he watched Liy get back up on her feet.

"Oh you wanna fight now Stapy? I've been waiting for this for so long!" Liy growled before clenching her fists and lunging at him,

giving him the punch of a lifetime.

Stapy responded by giving Liy a sharp knock on the head before the two started tackling eachother like angry seals.

As the scene worsened, it caught the attention of teachers, who ran speedily to the scene to seperate the two.

"LIY, STAPY! STOP IT NOW!" One of the teachers screamed before quickly grabbing onto Liy.

"GET OFF ME!" Liy screamed back, grunting as she pulled on the teacher's lanyard.

Stapy looked towards her, rubbing his face as he gave her a look of pure and genuine shock.

"DON'T FUCKING LOOK AT ME YOU ASSHOLE!" Liy screeched at him aggressively, trying her best to free herself from their harsh grip.

2 excruciating and painful minutes passed and soon enough the crowd dissolved. Liy found herself being held back by teachers. Not Stapy though, he managed to escape the hold of the teacher and immediately hopped over to Foldy, who was on her knees in tears.

"Are you okay Foldy?" He asked with worry as Foldy looked up, unable to utter a word but instead a fearful sequence of short breaths.

Stapy felt helpless as he watched his best friend struggling to form a single word.

"Here, let me help you up..." He said before grabbing Foldy and picking her up from the ground.

"T-Thank you..." Foldy responded quietly as tears trickled down her face.

"There's no need to cry, you know?" He responded with a smile as he slowly wiped the tears off her face.

"But there is... YOU SAW THE WAY SHE ACTED STAPY, SHE'S A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT PERSON!"

"I know... I, um..."

Stapy stammered, his mouth going dry as he felt himself at a loss for words.

"I'm sorry. It's my fault."

FIN.

wipe those tears. - chapter 13

Tears fall to the ground, you just let them drown.

...

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Liy's Personal Diary.
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Please don't touch!

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Day 1.

My life. I never really thought it had any meaning. When I was young, my dad had always told me that I was an accident, that I was unplanned, wasn't meant to be. My parents never really cared about what I did. They never asked me how the day went, they never asked how I was feeling, they never asked ANYTHING.

My mom. She was always drinking and partying outside. She was like a teenager stuck in an adult's body. I never really saw her in the house often, and the nights that she came back, she would always be hung over and too dazed to even utter a word. I never really talked with her that much... or at all...

And my dad... well... he always lashed out. He always found any reason to take it out on me. That's why I have scars on my hands... and my face. I never really knew him too well. I don't think that he knew me too well either. We're like strangers to eachother. The only reason he knows me is because, well... he's my dad. He was never fond of me either. I never heard an 'I love you' from him ever. Same goes for my mom. My dad has never looked me directly in the eye. The only time he would ever do that is
~~~~~

if he wanted to spit on my face. I never understood why he was so cruel to me. I don't think I ever will. But...

They never loved me.

When I see people happy with their parents, I feel angry. It's not fair. It's not fair. It's not fair. It's not fair. It's not fair. It's not fair. It's not fair....

IT'S NOT FAIR!

I was 14. My parents completely gave up on me and left me to rot. My mum never paid attention to me, my dad stopped and completely blanked me, as if I didn't exist.
Two crimes on my belt, I dropped out of school, packed up all my necessities and ran away to somewhere where they could never find me again. They never even questioned it... they never cared to find me. I don't blame them. I'm a useless, a failure, a piece of shit that gave up on her morals a while ago.

But soon I ended up in a reality show. It was pure luck. I felt like I was given a chance to redeem myself, after all that I did. I tried to regain my morals and save lives instead of taking them.
It... was a refreshing sort of feeling. I found people who accepted me. Death Pact. I felt so welcomed... They liked me... for me...
It was just perfect. Or so I thought...
Our death prevention failed on us and we ended up losing the challenge. I thought that people would APPRECIATE ME. I THOUGHT THEY WOULD SUPPORT ME. THAT THEY WOULD FINALLY GIVE ME A CHANCE FOR ONCE! But I ended up getting the boot. And my teammates didn't even care to say goodbye. They just stared into my sickly face as I was mercilessly plunged into the deep depths of the Fourest. I thought they all liked me... I thought that I would finally be appreciated for my efforts... I HELPED THEM SO MUCH! I DID EVERYTHING FOR THEM! I WAS THERE FOR THEM!

But they just dumped me. They left me to bite the dust. They thought I was a piece of shit. Just like everyone else. I don't even think that truce with Clock will last. I don't think any... good thing in my life... will... last...

I want revenge. I want them all to know how I feel. Everyone. I want to watch them bleed their guts out with a smile on my face. I want to watch

them scream and cry for help like I did to them ALL. I want them to ALL, to be permanently gone from this hideous world. I want to see them bleed out. I want them GONE.

.

Especially Foldy.

You know...

I want to ruin everything for her. I want to watch as everything crumbles into bits and bursts into flames. First I'll get her beloved best friend Stapy, then Marker, then EVERYONE ELSE AROUND HER. And then I'll make her suffer brutally for what she inflicted on me. Then when everything falls apart for her I'll go in for the kill.
And she'll be gone. That's the only thing that will fulfil me in this horrible world. That's the only thing that will truly make me realise my worth. Watching her die knowing that everything has already fallen apart for her, just like Jenga. Carefully pull out each block while watching the structure shake and slowly destroy itself, tearing itself apart limb by limb, without doing anything more. I want to destroy everything bit by bit. Watching everything she's ever worked hard for crumble into bits. Her time and passion put into her perfect life, destroyed.

This... this is amazing! They will be gone forever! Haha, yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!
I won't have to see all their horrendous faces anymore! My life will be at peace! I can watch them miserably bleed out to death while I sit back and enjoy my life. This is great! Haha. Haha. Hahaha... hahaha! Haha! HAHA! HAAHA! HA! IM SO HAPPY I COULD SCREAM! But I can't. because I'm in the EXIT. And all of them will hear me scream like the maniac that I am. And because I need to keep my innocent persona up. Or they'll all find out the truth I've been trying so hard to hide from them. And I'd hate that to happen because I'd go on a rampage. A killing rampage. And our team name... wouldn't be so... applicable... anymore...

Well anyways. How would I go about revenge? I wonder. I wanna pull something spontaneously unexpected! Hm... how about a school? No! Too boring. A... mall? Ew! No! Too weird. A hotel..? Yes! They'll never see it coming. It's... it's so perfect! I can just kill everyone, and I can save the world! I can be recognised for something... finally... my horrible life can...

have... meaning...

Well. Four is calling to teach us a lesson on some boring algebra. I'm gonna go.

WIPE THOSE TEARS - CHAPTER 13.

I watch the world crumble and collapse before my eyes, the universe tearing itself apart limb by limb as I struggle to hold myself together amidst the destruction. I've lost the only one who would help me think straight, the only one who would see right through me and into the true depths and feelings in my soul. I remember him. The way he would hold me tightly, his arms wrapping protectively around my cold and shivering body. And that look in his eyes. That look of pure and true love that he'd give to me only and no one else. He would always give me more attention than anyone else ever would. Even through his thick and seemingly unbreakable layer of pessimism, I could always see the true him. Always. He... loved me. And, I loved him...

But now, none of that can ever happen. Not now, not again, not ever... those eyes I once stared into, glimmering with love and happiness, have now went dark and soulless. His hands, his warm and strong hands, have now ran cold. His heart, his delicate heart that was overflowing to the brim with love for me, has now been ruthlessly carved out of his body.

I have nothing left in this world now. No one to nurture and love me. No one to lean onto for help. No one to protect me in this cold and difficult world.

I wish... I could see him again. Share that loving embrace with him. Give him a kiss on his warm lips. Tell him how much I love him.

But he's gone now, as if he was never here to begin with. He's nothing but a barren and lifeless husk of the bright and unique person he once was. Now he's dead. And his blood is dripping in

HER HANDS.

I have nothing left. I don't know what I can do anymore. No one acknowledges me now. I never receive attention.

Maybe I'll just... let loose a little bit. Then just take myself down.

But before I take myself. I must take her.

I NEED TO...

I NEED TO KILL BOOK...

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Puffball groaned tiredly, uncomfortably shuffling around in her bed. Her eyes shot open, the vengeful flame quickly igniting in them as she got up and out of the rickety bunk bed.

She looked around and towards the other bunkbed, watching as Pencil somehow fell asleep on the bottom bunk, and then towards Pen in the top bunk.

Her eyes curiously scoured the dark room, the boringly placed desk at the front beside the door, the cabinet that was placed in the middle of the two bunk beds, and then she looked towards the ground, her tired eyes glowing as she noticed the purple drink that was still laying on the ground from yesterday.

"Maybe... I'll be acknowledged for once..." She quietly pondered, picking up the bottle with her mouth before flying over to place it on the desk.

Puffball eyed the drink a little excitedly, watching as the purple liquid moved around and fizzled inside the plastic bottle.

She smiled, opening up the drink as she began to take a small sip of it.

"This tastes... kinda good!!!" She giggled quietly to herself, the drink beginning to take effect on her as she took more careless gulps. Before she knew it, the half-filled bottle was completely empty, not a

drop to be seen.

Puffball's body toppled back, dazed as she let out a random giggle.

"Puffball."

She blinked slowly as she turned her body around to see...

"Fries!" Puffball smiled, flying closer to him as he glared at her in a serious manner.

"What... are you doing?" He pondered, reaching his hands out towards Puffball as she shivered.

"What do you mean? I'm just normal me!" She giggled, her head beginning to go heavy with dizziness as she backed away from him a little.

"No you're not!" Fries quickly snapped, looking at her tearfully.

"What the hell did you do to yourself?!"

"You have no idea what you're talking about! I'M. ME!" Puffball yelled back.

"YOU'RE NOT EVEN REAL ANYWAYS, YOU'RE DEAD AND I'M HALLUCINATING!" She continued in a shout.

He stayed silent, looking towards the ground and back up at Puffball who quickly and oddly smiled again.

"Guess I'll just go then..." He sighed, tears forming at his eyes as he slowly faded away from her.

"NO! STOP IT!" Puffball suddenly pleaded, her words in vain as he vanished into thin air.

She blinked in shock, observing her surroundings before locking eyes with Pencil, who was still too deep in her dreams to do anything.

"YOU KILLED HIM! BITCH!" Puffball suddenly and manically screamed, scowling as she began to slam her small body onto the

metal bed frame, causing the bunk bed to shake.

"Huh... oh, Puffball... do you know what's going on with this bunkbed thing...?" Pen yawned as his eyes slowly opened, sitting up as he suddenly spotted Puffball mindlessly slamming herself into the bed frame.

"Hey what are you doing?!" He said loudly, quickly climbing down before grabbing onto Puffball, his hands tightly gripping onto her fur as he struggled to pull her back.

"PENCIL, IT'S PENCIL!!!" She screamed in tears, slamming Pen onto the ground before flying over to the girl who was somehow still asleep.

"DON'T TOUCH HER!" Pen yelled on the top of his lungs, lunging onto Puffball and pushing her to the ground as Pencil's eyes quickly shot open.

"What... is going on?" Pencil yawned, rubbing her eyes as she slowly sat up.

The sounds of grunting and yelling began to fill the room as she raised an eyebrow. She blinked, looking around before noticing Pen and Puffball tackling each other on the ground.

"Hey, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!" Pencil yelled in alert as she ran over to the two.

"SHE'S GONE FUCKING CRAZY!" Pen yelled as a shiver travelled down his spine, his grip on Puffball quickly loosening as she suddenly bit deep into his arm. He let out a loud shriek, unintentionally letting go of her before holding onto the fresh wound to numb the pain.

"PENCIL, I'M GONNA FUCKING KILL YOU!! YOU LITTLE BITCH!" Puffball screamed angrily, her voice growing more tense as she spoke.

Pencil shivered, looking around the room to quickly find an object to fight back. But there was absolutely nothing.

"Gosh, damnit! She's gone even crazier than when she betrayed her

team in BFDIA 5 for some stupidly useless prize!"

"P-Prize?" Puffball paused, her eyes excitedly widening as they began to glow rainbow.

Pen smacked his face in annoyance.

"You shouldn't have said that Pencil!"

"Why?" She shrugged, turning back to Puffball as she quickly realised why.

"Prizes? PRIZES? YOU HAVE A PRIZE FOR ME?! I REALLY LOVE PRIZES, HEHEHE!" Puffball squealed, laughing as she began to hyperactively spin around.

"PRIZES, PRIZES, PRIZES, PRIZES, PRIZES, PRIZES, PRIZES, PRIZES, PRIZES! ALL FOR ME! AND ME ONLY!!!"

"Oh no." Pen muttered to himself as he stood up, wiping sweat off his face as he quickly ran over to Pencil who was standing there in shock.

"Let's get out of here Pence Pence!" He alerted her, quickly grabbing her hand before opening the door and running out into the open hallway.

"Hey, you're lucky that Match isn't slapping you for calling me that!" Pencil smirked, letting out a laugh as the two continued to run.

Pen looked around, quickly noticing the big doors that were sealed with metal before letting out an annoyed groan.

"I forgot this bloody hotel was in some lockdown mode!" He smacked his face, sighing as he turned back to the other bedroom doors. A last resort, **maybe.**

Pen suddenly eyed the door to Liy's room, the door oddly wide open as he walked over to it.

"You wanna go in there?" Pencil raised an eyebrow as he turned to her.

"Do we have another choice?" He replied, turning back to see Puffball had managed to get out of the bedroom and was quickly chasing after the two.

"Get inside!" Pen tightly and protectively held onto her hand, slamming the door and locking it shut before walking inside.

Pencil let go of his hand, curiously walking inside as she examined the contents of the weirdly large and spacious room.

"Not fair, how does she get one bed all to herself?!" Pencil scoffed, her eyes scouring the room as she quickly let her curiosity get the best of her.

Despite all the atrocities committed in the room, - unbeknownst to them, of course - it was somehow sparkling and spotless, not a drop of blood spotted anywhere. Pencil raised an eyebrow at the oddly clean room, her eyes continuing to look around the room curiously before a blue hardback book cover nestled within the thick bed blanket caught her eye.

"Hey, Pen! Come look at this..." Pencil uttered curiously as she grabbed the book, crumpled up pictures leaking out of the pages as she took a look at the front and back over.

"What's that?" Pen pondered curiously as the two sat down on the bed.

"Dunno, let's just... read a page?"

Pencil eyed the book curiously, placing the open book onto her lap as she began to read the 'Day 2' section of the diary.

Her eyes widened in shock, holding a hand to her mouth as she began to read from the start of the section.

"I long... for the day my dear mother holds me tightly in her arms, the whiff of her sweet smell easing my troubled mind?" Pencil read out, her tone confused yet a bit curious.

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I long for the day she kisses my warm cheek and says, "My lovely daughter, I'm so sorry for how I've been... I'm so sorry for not acknowledging your feelings... I want to let you know that I'll love you forever."

I spent such a long time clutching onto that sick fantasy as a child. Every single day, I lay on my bed and stare into the wall, dreaming that one day my mother comes to check on me. But not once did she ever come in. Not once did she remember to check on me. Heck, she even forgot my name one time.

Poor me... forever craving my mother's warm embrace... the only thing my mother ever craved was partying... she didn't even come home to see me. Her own daughter... forgotten. The one who brought me to the world, doesn't care to even make eye contact with me.

So that's why... I gave up on trying. It's rubbish. She's never gonna look at me. I was never going to feel the warm embrace that I yearned for, the fantasy I excitedly built up in my head, crushed into tiny little pieces.

If I learnt anything from this, it's that I hate mothers. Every time I see a happy mother with their child, I feel myself tensing up. I hate it, I hate it, I hate it, I hate it, I hate it, I HATE IT.

I'll never get the warm embrace every child yearns to have. I'll forever live without the tender love from my mother. Because she was more interested in partying and getting high than to ever look me in my sorry face.

And so that's how my life was. I was confined to my bedroom. My childhood consisted of being bullied at home and at school. Everyday, tortured by the ones who I thought supported me. Everyday, it felt as if they repeatedly stabbed me with a knife, each blow hurting more and more.

"You're horrible. You're a piece of shit. You're disgusting, ugly. The world would be a better place without you in it."

Those are the words I had to endure every single day. Whether it

be from my dad, or my classmates. It felt. Normal... I realised that when I turned 15. But it always stung before. Badly.

You may be wondering, 'wasn't your mom ever there to support you?'
She wasn't ever there from the start. Her only purpose was to remind be that I was a mistake. Not verbally, but it showed from the way she approached me. Just kidding! That was a lie, she never ever approached me. She never even talked to me. She's never even uttered 'I love you'. The concept of love simply doesn't exist to her. She doesn't love me, or anyone. I don't think she even loves herself. And I bet she even gave birth to me with a straight face.

...Um.

You know what, I've had enough of this crap. Cya.

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"Was that... why she was so cold to us in the E.X.I.T?" Pencil pondered quietly in shock, the strong words of the entry etching into her mind as she looked up to the wall, taking in a whiff of air before looking back down to the diary.

"I feel weird reading this." She abruptly admitted, her stomach queasy and sick with unease as she closed the book and put it to the side.

"Okay then... what do we do in the meantime?" Pen asked, his hand scouring around before grabbing onto a crumpled up paper that had fell out of the diary.

"I dunno, I guess... look around? There isn't really anything else we're able to do anyways," Pencil shrugged, getting up from the bed as she began to look around, opening the first drawer on the big cabinet before taking a curious peek inside.

Knives, grenades, poison, guns...

Pencil's eyes glowed as she eyed the weapons, the thought of
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destroying Pillow causing her to laugh uncontrollably.

"Are you okay Pencil...?" Pen raised an eyebrow at her as she continued to giggle loudly, holding onto her stomach as the excessive laughing began to hurt her.

"I-I'm good!" Pencil pulled herself together, letting out a cough as she quickly grabbed a handgun from the drawer, nervously slamming it before hiding it behind her back.

"Okay then... I um, found this lying around. Wanna take a look?" Pen pulled out a crumbled up paper from his hand, showing it to Pencil as she raised an eyebrow.

"What am I meant to do with this...?"

"Wait!" He quickly replied, unfolding the tattered paper to show a picture of Foldy, Liy and Pastel, a bunch of writing and crosses over Foldy and Pastel's face as cryptic messages were wrote all over the sheet in bright red.

"I, um... I know Liy... Foldy..." Pencil said, pointing her finger at the two girls in the photo before turning her attention to the light purple highlighter, whose face had a large hole punctured through the paper, along with bold written over her space in the picture.

"I've never seen her before though... Who's that??"

Pencil's eyes carefully read through each word, each letter she read making her more and more concerned.

"It just repeats itself?"

The word '**LIAR**' was repeatedly written over her part of the photo so many times that the word began to make absolutely no sense to her whatsoever.

"What does she even have against this girl anyways? Overreacting much?!" Pencil rolled her eyes, letting out a careless laugh before placing the picture back on the countertop.

Pen stared into the distance, zoned out a little before picking the

diary back up and looking through it more.

"Day 5... she is such a horrible person I want to rip... my face off? Pastel Highlighter, I wish that you never even existed in the first place so that way I wouldn't have had to get my hands dirty by getting rid of you from this-"

"DON'T READ THAT!" Pencil yelled in fear, snatching the book back from him before flinging it across the room so speedily that the pages fell out as it hit the wall and then the floor.

Pen looked back at her, slanting his eyebrows in confusion before simply shrugging.

"Whatever you say then!" He got back up on his feet, walking towards the door before opening it slightly.

"Where are you going?" Pencil replied, quickly following behind him.

"Puffball's gone now I'm pretty sure, so there's no point being here anymore!"

"Eh."

Count down your minutes.

Sometimes, when someone lies too much, they for themselves believe that what they're saying is always the truth. It gets to the point where they can't even tell when they lie and when they don't, nor can they tell the difference between an actual lie and truth. It's so extreme that they stop believing in the concept of lies and take everything that they hear around them to heart.

Then, for when they do begin to open their eyes, it stings. It hurts so painfully bad that they feel their soul tearing apart and disassociating with everything and everyone around them. After that, radio silence. They stop talking. They stop. They just stop.

It's only a matter of time before it gets to them. Before they realise that they're not living in reality, and instead their web of

false hope and lies. It's only a matter of time...

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FOUR HOURS EARLIER.

"Are you enjoying your tea, love? I added mint to it so just let it seep in for a little moment okay?"

Mom. She found me walking down the high street, and let me tell you, the way she literally bawled her two eyes out was so loud and expressive to the point where the shit became unbearably embarrassing to handle.

After that I was basically forced to have lunch with her in the house where I used to live in. I got so freaked out the moment I went in there, but I felt a flush of relief and shock after I saw how unbelievably spotless the place was. It was like nothing had ever happened to start with. Once again, plastering my wounds with temporary solutions. Once again, smearing luscious white paint over my dark and unforgettable trauma. This woman has absolutely no notion of what I've been through in this house, while she was gone out getting high. She has absolutely no idea of the wounds in my soul that are still open and bleeding. I bet she's lying about everything too just to forcibly bring me back to her. I bet you, 100%, that she's plopped a pill or two in her tea without me knowing just to fulfil her selfishly contaminating desires.

But alas. I have to cope with her, one more time...

"The tea's quite nice mom, how'd you make it?" I held up a fake smile, even though deep inside I wanted to throw her off a building.

"I um... just added some teabags, and a bit of mint! Why?" She blushed with a grin, mixing something sugar-like into her tea as she continued to smile at me.

Ew, why does she keep smiling at me? I wanna vomit when she does that.

"Just curious..." I replied, looking to the side as I inspected the new

and spruced up place that used to be crippling with trauma and the strong smell of tobacco.

I looked back towards mom, trying my best not to make any eye contact with her as I observed her facial expression.

It looks like she's holding tears. Her eyes are watering like an onion has been peeled and slowly diced right in front her. She's biting her lip softly as if she's resisting the crippling and painful urge to scream and burst out a pool of tears. She looks like she's ready to cry.

If I hit her with a strong question, she won't be able to dodge it. This is the thing with my mom, she likes to take everything strongly to heart. Even if someone, say, checked the time on her phone, she would take it personally. I'm simply going to use her to gain more information.

"Hey mom, can I ask you a question?" I smirked, resting my chin on my palm as I stared her down.

"I- um... why?" She fumbled anxiously. Geez, she's an adult and she still can't answer a question properly.

"Can I not ask you a question?!" I rolled my eyes, a bit annoyed as her expression quickly went guilty.

"No, no! Of course darling, ask away!" She smiled nervously, sweating anxiously as I continued to speak.

"How were you and dad like? Well, before I was here anyways..."

Mom began to sweat nervously, holding her palms together as she tried to come up with a quick lie. Not so slick mom, I can read you better than you can read yourself.

"Oh, he was my boyfriend!" She replied swiftly, keeping up her smile.

"How did you two meet?" I stared harder, I could just feel her heart nervously shaking as she was hesitantly fiddling with her fingers.

"We met in um, this lovely park! He walked me around and we fed the ducks together! After that he picked a luscious red rose from the

bush and gave it to me, he, um, was so... charming!" Mom held her cheek, pretending to be mesmerised despite the fact that she was visibly trembling.

She's not telling the truth.

After that, she turned to the side, looking suspiciously towards me and back to the slice of bread, shoving something into it before biting into the bread.

"Mom, do you know who you remind me of?" I smiled, blushing a little as she turned back to me with a full mouth as she was still biting into the bread.

"Mhm?" She uttered, looking down towards the table as she continued to quietly chew on the bread in her mouth.

"A FUCKING LIAR!" I screamed, my expression quickly changing as I slammed onto the table.

Mom shrieked, quickly swallowing the food in her mouth before looking back at me.

"W-What do you mean honey? I'm telling you about how m-me and your dad me, like you asked!" She stammered, dumfounded.

My body began to angrily shake as I let out a shaky sigh. Without giving it a second thought, I grabbed onto the cup of tea in my hand, the liquid in the cup swishing and swaying before splashing onto my moms face.

She let out a loud scream, quickly reaching for a towel before patting it onto her damp face.

"TELL ME THE FUCKING TRUTH YOU LYING LITTLE BITCH!" I yelled at her. I couldn't tell how she felt after I said that because she had a towel over her face, but once she moved it, she just gave me a... smile?

"Are you okay Liy? You didn't get hurt, did you my love?" She continued to smile, bringing the towel before wrapping it around my shaky hand like a bandage to a bleeding wound.

She looked towards me, wiping the tears off her shocked face as she continued to hold up a smile at me.

What's gotten into her. She's fucking unbreakable.

"I'm sorry." She held my cheek, looking into my trembling eyes as she began to profusely tear up.

I stayed silent, unable to forge a word as she turned away from me and back to her seat.

"What were you saying about your dad by the way?" Mom continued with a smile. I looked to the side, my face blank as I began to think.

Maybe I could use this to get more information out of her.

"What happened after you two went to the park?" I grinned, resting my chin back on my hand as mom began to speak again.

"Oh, well... um, we exchanged numbers! And a week later, I saw him again in the same park, and he got me a gift! I think it was, a ring? I don't really remember, it was like 18 years ago, but after that he took me to some nice restaurant and he even paid for it all! How, um, sweet!"

Liar.

"That's cute, do you remember the name of the restaurant?" I continued, my firm stare piercing right into my mom's soul as she continued to hold up her poker face.

"Oh, it was so long ago! How would I remember the name of a restaurant I haven't been to since 2001, honey?" She fumbled, quickly pumping out a lie before smiling again.

I nodded, a bit annoyed that she was still continuing to deceive even herself at this point.

"Then he told me how much he loved me! Oh, your dad, he was so romantic y'know!" She giggled, her laughs so obviously forced.

"After that, he paid for our meal, and he walked me back to my house

that was just down the road! I still remember the way he held my hand, it was so sweet and I knew at that point he loved me so much!"

"What do you mean 'at that point', did something happen?" I disrupted inquisitively, my mom pausing abruptly before taking a sip of her tea again.

"Well, y'know... when I found out I had you, he decided to break up with me! I don't blame him, who would want someone like me? Hah, right!" Mom laughed it off, but this time, I couldn't feel a lie in that at all. She was simply... telling the truth...?

"Urm... I... anyways! Do you want me to pour you more tea as I continue?" She smiled, holding up the teapot in her hands as I shook my head.

"I'm okay..." I muttered, my head aching a little as I looked back at her.

"Your dad was an interesting person honestly. He never stops with someone until he gets what he wants y'know! After that, you're basically no use to him. Perhaps he did that with me too..." Mom sighed, a bit bummed as she blew on her freshly refilled cup of tea to cool it down.

"Really?" I pondered, she was finally beginning to grab my interest again.

"Mhm... he didn't want me after he found out I had you. But it's okay, because you're here now, and we were destined to be a happy family from the start!" She smiled. Damn it, this was starting to get interesting for once.

"You're a very special baby you know Liy, you were born on February 14th, 2002, Valentine's Day! The doctors kept telling me you were gonna be born on the 21st but I didn't believe them for a second!"

I don't even care.

WHY DOES SHE KEEP CHANGING THE DAMN SUBJECT?!

Who cares if I was born on Valentine's Day? Does it look like I came

here to learn about that?! I could be born on Halloween for all I fucking care, I didn't come here to know about that!

"V-Day, huh? Cute." I gave her a slight smile, looking to the side as I began to zone out. Deep down inside I just wanted to smash that cup of tea she was holding right in her face.

"You were always my little Valentine, weren't you?" Mom giggled sweetly, looking at me with nothing but motherly love in her eyes before turning her vision back to the table.

"So, why did dad actually want to leave you so quickly?" I cut to the chase, not wasting a single second of our talk. Mom began to nervously fumble again, anxiously twiddling her fingers before looking back at me with a crooked expression.

"Well, I just said, didn't I?" She awkwardly smiled, trying her best to dodge my oncoming questions.

"If he left you then why did he come to live with us again?!"

"Oh, because of you honey! I couldn't bear seeing you grow up without your father by your side, so we worked some things out and he lived with us for a bit!"

I began to tremble angrily, a dark shadow cast over my face as I shakily tightened my hold onto the cup in my hand.

"Oh... so you think, YOU THINK THAT BENEFITTED ME IN ANY WAY, HUH?!" I yelled, completely in shock that my own mother could think such a thing.

"W-What do you mean honey, he took you to school, he took you shopping, he got you a nice phone!"

"HE DIDN'T DO ANY OF THAT FOR ME! I'M THE ONE WHO HAD TO WALK TO SCHOOL, IM THE ONE WHO HAD TO SNEAK OUT JUST TO BUY THINGS, AND THE ONLY WAY I COULD GET A DAMN PHONE IS BY STEALING ONE!"

"You- um... did?! I, I'm sorry, I-"

"Save it." I uttered coldly, placing the cup down before quickly getting up, fastening the yellow tote bag on my shoulder before placing my large, pink sunhat on my head.

"Honey, DON'T LEAVE ME PLEASE!" She cried out, tears pouring down her face as she ran after me.

I scoffed, storming down to the front door before trying to forcibly open it.

"Liy, please..." She trembled, grabbing tightly onto my arm like a puppy that had lost its owner.

"YOU DON'T EVEN SAY SORRY FOR ANYTHING, DO YOU?! ALWAYS THE LIES, THE LIES! JUST LEAVE ME BE LIKE YOU ALWAYS DID, MOM." I yelled into her stupid face, shoving her against the wall before opening the door, the cold air brushing against my trembling face as I stepped out.

"Liy..." Mom uttered to me for the last time before I slammed the door in her face.

I stormed back into the street, the wind brushing against my skin as I pulled the large sun hat back down to my face. I let out a shaky sigh, taking in some of the air as stared down towards the crumbly pavement floor.

I hate her, I really do. And I don't regret a thing. She just lies, and lies, and LIES.

Why does she so desperately wanna hide everything from me? I deserve to know everything. Just because, just because... she's SCARED. Y'know, just because she's scared of some stupid, stupid, pathetic, puny, UNDESERVING LITTLE-

"You, GET BACK HERE!" A familiar voice yelled at me as I abruptly paused. I slowly turned around, the slightest bit afraid as I looked up to see-

"I'M NOT LETTING YOU GO THIS TIME, YOU BITCH!"

Before I could clearly see him, he violently dragged me by the arm,

pulling me into a dark and quiet alleyway before pushing me against the hard concrete wall.

I let out a painful grunt, my nails scratching against the bricks as I held onto my throbbing and shaky head.

"Wha-... what are you-"

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"Why does Taco of all people have to be dead, now I'm stuck with someone who can't even speak..." A familiar purple lollipop groaned, leaning against the wall as she turned to the side.

Teardrop awkwardly looked around. She so badly wanted to scream at Lollipop and tell her to get over it, but, she had no voice to do that.

TD silently rolled her eyes, reaching for the small pillow on the floor before slamming her face into it.

"Of course you don't feel bad about any of this, you have no friends to feel bad for anyways!" Lollipop scoffed, sitting down on the ground sombrely as she looked to the floor.

Tears filled Lollipop's eyes, her face sadly drooping as the memories of her old team began to flood her mind.

Gaty, the one who usually kept control of their disorganised team.

Saw, who was carefree and liked to do anything fun.

Icy, the quiet, yet vengeful one.

Dora, who would somehow carry the team through all the challenges with her insane levels of strength.

Book, the most knowledgeable yet least tolerable one out of them all.

Taco, the only one who understood Lolli the best out of all of them.

The one who cared. The one... they left out.

And now... she was stuck with Teardrop. The one who never had anything to say. The one who always stood around doing nothing. The one who would secretly laugh at them all and their misery. She should've been the one they left out instead...

"Are you just gonna sit there and laugh at-"

BANG.

Lollipop immediately stood up, her heart racing as she ran towards the door and into the hallway to see what was going on.

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"Pencil, WHAT ARE YOU DOING!" Foldy yelled as Pencil shakily held a gun to her face.

"J-Just move, okay Foldy!" She trembled, turning her vision towards Pillow, who was standing there with a smile as she gave her a seemingly innocent wave.

Foldy looked towards her in shock, backing away as Pencil aimed her gun more accurately towards Pillow.

"You could try and get me!" Pillow smiled, spinning a sharp and shining knife in her other hand as she laughed.

"You're shaking Pencil... make sure you hit me instead of Marker!" She added, Pencil blinking in confusion as she suddenly noticed Marker standing right beside Pillow, frozen in shock as he was unable to move even an inch.

Pillow bravely closed her eyes, lifting her arms into the air as she began to freeze as still as a statue.

"Shit. This bitch is making it even harder!" Pencil hissed nervously, clutching tightly at the gun as she lifted up higher for more accuracy.

"Pencil, let me help y-"

"I'M GOOD, THANKS." Pencil quickly snapped to Pen in a loud and firm shout, her hands beginning to tremble even more than before.

Fear pumped in her veins, her vision going more blurry as her face began to go sopping wet with nervous sweats.

"Marker, MOVE!" Foldy yelled fearfully to Marker, who was unresponsive and frozen still with shock and fear.

Pencil shut her eyes, her gut going queasy as her damp and sweaty finger suddenly and accidentally pulled on the trigger.

The bullet pierced through the air at hyper-speed, all of them except Pillow watching fearfully to see where the bullet would end up.

"MARKER!" Foldy screamed out, tears filling her eyes as she watched the bullet go right onto his cap, blowing it off his head and onto the ground.

"Yikes... I, um... let's try that again!" Pencil laughed it off, holding the gun up again.

"LET'S NOT!" Foldy yelled, walking over to Pencil before shoving her right onto the ground. She rolled her eyes, blinded by anger as she grabbed onto the gun herself, lifting it into the air with her right foot as she aimed the gun more accurately towards Pillow.

She closed an eye, precisely aiming the gun as she reached to pull the trigger.

"HEY, GIVE IT BACK!" Pencil yelled loudly, still on the ground as she pulled tightly onto her paper body. Foldy let out a fearful shriek, unintentionally pulling the trigger right in front of Marker before being violently tugged onto the ground.

"Now, WHO THE FUCK DO YOU THINK Y-"

"OW, H-HELP!" Marker let out a loud and shaky cry for help, falling onto his knees as blood began to pour out of his mouth like a river.

Foldy's heart dropped onto the ground, her body shaking in fear as she quickly got up onto her feet.

"No, NO, NO, NO!" She cried, tears pouring out of her eyes as she dropped the gun and ran over to him.

"Marker... MARKER SAY SOMETHING!" Foldy screamed shaking his lifeless and bloodied body in an attempt to spark a jolt of life back into him.

"M-My... head... hurts..." Marker uttered, blood trickling down onto his hands as he fell onto the ground.

"NO, NO, NO, PLEASE... STOP! I CAN'T LET ANOTHER ONE OF MY FRIENDS DIE AGAIN!" Foldy burst into tears, continuing to shake his body, despite the fact that the only thing she was doing was shaking the remaining life out of him because after that, he went deathly quiet.

Foldy quietly walked back, her heart thumping as her mind suddenly began to shroud with utter darkness.

KILL EVERYONE HERE. KILL EVERYONE HERE... A raspy voice whispered into her ear as she fell down onto her knees.

Foldy lay still on the cold ground, her body drenched and covered in her now late friend's blood as she let out quiet gasps. The voice in her head grew louder, tears pouring down her face as she fell victim to its command.

STAPY'S GONE. MARKER'S GONE. YOU HAVE NO ONE. NO ONE. AND NO ONE HERE DESERVES TO LIVE WHILE YOU SUFFER...

Foldy began to hyperventilate, closing her eyes tightly as she let out a gut-wrenching scream, her cries and sorrow filling the hallway as she began to fall into a dark and empty void of despair.

"Now Foldy..." Pillow smiled, eyeing her knife as she began to walk up to her...

"WHY DID YOU GO TO YOUR DAMN MOM, HUH?!"

Liy let out a shriek, her eyes watering and welling up with tears as he

angrily flung his sunglasses off his face before clutching tightly onto her arms.

"Dad... LET GO OF ME...!" Liy gasped, squirming and shaking her arms and in an attempt to free herself from her father's strong hold.

"Not until you tell me WHAT THE FUCK YOU WERE DOING THERE!" He snapped loudly, his grip on his daughter's wrists tightening as she let out a painful shout.

"W-Why do you even care... YOU DIDN'T EVEN LOOK FOR ME WHEN I DISAPPEARED, YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ME FOR 3 DAMN YEARS, SO WHY DO YOU CARE NOW?!" Liy snapped, shooting him a dark stare before turning to the side.

"BECAUSE IT'S YOUR MOM!"

"AND WHAT HAS SHE DONE TO YOU EXACTLY?!" Liy yelled loudly enough for her father to go silent, reluctantly letting go of her arms as he turned to the side.

"What could have mom done to you... WHAT COULD BE WORSE THEN WHAT YOU DID TO YOUR OWN DAMN DAUGHTER!" She continued to voice in a loud scream, pointing directly at the scar right below her eye as her dad continued to stay silent.

He bit his tounge, his mind scrambling to find a quick answer as he fearfully stepped back.

"You think you're so powerful, huh...?" Liy laughed ironically, tears trickling down her face as she walked closer to him.

"What did you do to my mom?" She threateningly whispered to him, clenching her fist as she looked into his dark and soulless eyes.

"I don't want you to make contact with her, she's drunk out of her mind and doesn't even know what she's saying most of the time..."

"Oh, and you think you're any better?" Liy gave him a sarcastic smile before grimacing, wiping her tears before looking back at him.

"Now answer my fucking question, WHAT DID YOU DO TO MY

MOM."

"What the fuck do you mean? Are you playing a joke or some-"

"I don't have all day, either you tell me, or you burn!" Liy smiled as her dad looked down at her hand to see she was holding tightly onto a matchstick, twiddling it in her hand as she looked towards him.

"You're fucking crazy, you are... But fine then, I'll tell you what you so desperately want to hear!" He shrugged, cracking a laugh before continuing.

Liy leaned in closer, her eyes fixed on her father as he prepared to the tell the truth that she so wanted to hear.

"When you were around 5 months old, your mother came across something about me that she wasn't supposed to."

"Like what? What could you possibly be hiding?" Liy snapped inquisitively.

"Gosh damnit, just let me speak will you?!"

Liy stayed silent, her dark and brooding gaze locked onto him as he continued to speak.

"I didn't want her to say anything to anyone about it... so I, um..."

"What?!"

"..."

"I put something in her medicine without her realising and she started to go crazy afterwards."

Liy looked towards him, not a hint of surprise in her eyes as she sarcastically nodded.

"So you intoxicated mom? Why am I not surprised you'd do something like that..." She shook her head, cracking a slight smirk as she looked down at her matchstick.

"Is that all you wanted to hear?" Her dad quickly added in an attempt to shift the focus away from him.

"No, OF COURSE ITS FUCKING NOT!" Liy yelled out angrily.

She clenched the matchstick tighter, her eyes blazing with vengeful hatred towards him as she stepped closer.

"So, you altered her medicine and she went 'crazy', is that your brilliant explanation?" Liy scoffed, her voice laced with both disdain and disbelief.

Her father shifted uncomfortably, turning his vision to the side before receiving a sharp slap in the face.

"You know what... I don't wanna hear anything anymore!" Liy suddenly interjected, her dad going silent as she eyed the matchstick in her hand.

"What the fuck are you doing..." He shivered as Liy reached for the brick wall next to her.

"You're a pathetic waste of life, and I think the world would be a better place without you!" Liy smiled, scratching the matchstick against the wall as it began to crackle and spark.

Liy pulled the now flaming stick in front of her, holding it between her and her father as she watched the flame in awe.

"It's so fascinating, isn't it? No matter how many times you blow on the flame, it still puts up a fight! Doesn't it remind you of your daughter?" She smirked, pointing her other finger at herself as her father went frozen with fear for the first time in his life.

"You crazy little bitch..." He shivered as Liy continued to stare at the flame like a moth to a light.

"I had to work so hard in my life... I took myself to school, fed myself, looked after myself, I had to cope with those shits at school, I had to cope with the countless amounts of scars both you and those other kids gave me. Don't think you should be neglecting your child like this should you? Your blood-related daughter? The daughter that my

mom had to look after and take care of for the 14 months of peace that you gave her before you came back? If you didn't want me that badly, you should've realised that yourself beforehand! You know what they always say, right?"

"..."

"Sticks and stones may break my bones... but... the shit you've done to us? It hasn't broken me a bit. It's made me more aware in fact... it's made me aware that I should get rid of you!"

Her father stayed still, trembling as he fearfully backed away.

"Liy... what the fuck are you-"

"Bye!" Liy giggled in an overly sweet voice before flicking the blazing matchstick onto him, watching with a smile as the flame grew larger, and larger.

She didn't feel guilty for a second watching him perish before her. His screams were simply the boost of energy and relief she always needed.

As the flames enveloped her father, Liy stood there with an unsettlingly large grin on her face. She let out a yawn, rubbing her eyes as she simply walked around the pit of fire that he was perishing in.

She walked the scene unfold with a strange and peculiar calmness, as if setting him ablaze was simply a chore and nothing more.

"Bye bye dad..." She smiled, turning back as the loud sound of sirens began to mix with the never-ending screams.

Liy walked down the alleyway and back to the pavement, the soft lights of the street shining above her as the evening began to set in. She remained silent, trodding down the street as she looked up to observe the cars driving speedily through the road, a gush of cool wind blowing in her face as she turned to make her way back into the hotel she was staying in.

She silently walked through, ignoring the countless waves and

greetings by avid BFB viewers as she made her way up the stairs to the lift.

As the doors opened, she couldn't help but stare into her reflection on the mirror once more. She walked into the lift, continuing to stare into the eerie reflection that waved back at her.

"Don't you feel refreshed... now that dad's gone?" The reflection began to speak to her, it's tone a quiet and eerie one as Liy began to shiver.

Liy anxiously bit her lip, looking down to the ground and then back up. But the answer she would give was simply one of uncertainty.

She shook her head, an immediate look of guilt filling her face as her eyes began to glint and shine with tears.

"Maybe?" Liy plastered up her inner turmoil with an eerie grin, wiping the crybaby tears off her face before turning back around, watching as the lift door opened again to invite someone in.

Liy grimaced as she observed who came into the lift, her heart thumping with disgust and slight pain as she looked the girl deep in her eye. She walked up closer to her, a malicious grin forming on her face as she grabbed on her arm.

"Makeup Brush, my best friend! Can you show me where your room is in this hotel?" Liy smiled, her right eye twitching as she stared Makeup Brush in the eye.

"I-... what?!" The girl trembled, trying to shake out of Liy's tight grip, but all was in vain.

"Stop. SQUIRMING." Liy hissed quietly, squeezing her hand tightly enough to shut her up.

"So, is your room on this floor Makeup Brushy?" Liy beamed as the door opened on floor 5.

Makeup Brush fearfully nodded, trembling as Liy dragged her out of the lift and into the corridor.

"Give me your keycard!" Liy smiled ironically, despite the fact that she desperately wanted to gag.

Makeup Brush hesitated, resisting a little before Liy turned and gave her a stare so cold that she felt like collapsing onto the ground.

"O-Okay..." She shivered, digging into her purse before handing over a card that read '507' in bold.

"Perfect!" Liy continued to smile as she approached the room in question, tapping the card as the electronic handle flashed green.

Liy maliciously grinned, a dark shadow cast upon her face as she looked around curiously in the small room. Her eyes quickly locked onto the front table, three sharp and glistening knives placed neatly side by side.

"So you planned to kill me?" Liy's expression quickly changed, turning to the trembling Makeup Brush as she suddenly burst into tears.

"STOP, PLEASE!" She screamed, quickly running into the bathroom and ramming the door shut as a last resort.

"Which knife should I pick, maybe the sharpest...?" Liy grinned, walking towards the table as her fingers wrapped around the large tool.

She proudly held the knife up, pacing slowly towards the bathroom door before slamming it with all her might, the handle flying off as the door busted open.

"FUCK OFF!" Makeup Brush screamed, looking around for something to defend herself before locking eyes with the shower head in the far corner of the bathroom.

"YOU SHOULD'VE KNOWN I WAS GONNA GET TO YOU!" Liy laughed manically, her eyes widened and bloodshot as she held tightly onto the knife.

"FUCKING PSYCHOPATH!" Makeup Brush spat in fear, holding the shower head to her face as she let out a terrified shriek afterwards.

"Pastel died, then your best friend, DIDN'T YOU REALISE YOU WERE NEXT IN LINE?! HAH, YOU ALL ARE SO FUCKING STUPID!" Liy yelled out in an obnoxious chuckle, eyeing her knife as she suddenly lunged forward and onto the girl, the both toppling onto the floor in a loud thud.

Makeup Brush grunted angrily, pushing Liy to the side before getting back up on her feet, clutching the shower head in her hand before proceeding to beat Liy with it until blood began to drip out.

"That... barely even hurts at all!" Liy beamed, despite the fact that blood was pouring out of her head.

Makeup Brush shrieked, dropping the object as she backed away in shock, gasping as she suddenly felt herself slip onto the ground.

Liy rubbed her bleeding head, getting up from the ground as she picked up the knife.

"I don't care how injured I am... I don't even care if I'm on the brink of death. I'm going to take you down with me regardless!" Liy giggled, twiddling the knife in her hand as she approached the girl.

"Stop... STOP JUST STOP PLEASE!!! I'M BEGGING..... y...."

Makeup Brush paused, letting out a loud gasp as she looked down to the large knife digging into her chest. She closed her eyes, tears dripping down them as her life began to slowly fade away.

"HAHA... HAH! THIS IS SO MUCH FUN!" Liy screamed out in laughter as she repeatedly stabbed Makeup Brush in her chest, blood splashing over her face and onto the walls as she continued.

With the remaining and quickly decreasing amount of strength that Makeup Brush had left, she pressed her dripping finger against the wall of the bathroom, spelling out an L and then and I before abruptly pausing, her arm falling down and slamming the ground as her body began to go cold.

"My revenge only continues from here!" Liy smiled as she got back up on her feet.

Reality quickly began to unfold in her face, the blood, the body, and the evidence that was piling up against her name.

Liy quivered, looking at her knife and back to the bloody scene that lay before her.

She looked back at her knife, seeing no other choice left for her. She turned the around so the handle would face her, and without a second thought, she slammed it hard onto her head, knocking herself out in the process before her now unconscious body hit the cold floor...

...

...

19/42 left.

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and that's chapter 13 over folks, what did you think? 👀

word count: 11,552

this chapter was a bit longer than expected, but I think I did pretty good regardless!

also can't believe it's now 2 weeks into the new year, time actually flies by so fast !!

anyways, as usual, I hope you enjoyed and I'll see you all in bloodlust 14!

Dean, out!

10/3/14. - School Talent Show.

"I'm so excited!" Pastel Highlighter squealed as she tightly held onto her compact blush container with excitement.

"Oh? Why's that?" Her best friend Foldy replied eagerly and a bit

cluelessly with a smile and a raised eyebrow.

"What do you mean why?! We're going to perform in an hour! Am I the only one excited out of all of us three?" She questioned before turning to Foldy and the Other One.

"Liy, are you excited?" She questioned the girl energetically before being met with a disgruntled look.

"Yeah... I guess..." She replied in such a demotivating and bland manner that Pastel felt some of the enthusiasm drain out of her.

"Oh, alright then!" Pastel mumbled, trying to her best to stay smiley around the negative girl before turning and skipping over to one of the lockers.

They wouldn't know why I'm excited... It's way more different than they would ever think. Pastel thought to herself before sighing and opening her locker.

I can't let them know how I truly feel, they'll hate me forever. She smiled before grabbing a beautiful pink and purple bow, looking into the mirror to fix it onto her highlighter cap properly.

What can I say? I always put on the smile that will please people the most. I am... made of lies, after all. Pastel looked into the CCTV camera in the corner of the locker rooms before grinning weakly and turning back to the two.

Taking her own words, she put on a warm smile as she approached them.

"Well, we have 55 minutes! Let's just chill!" Pastel yawned with a hint of exaggeration before jumping onto the small green couch.

Pastel Highlighter's heart sank as she rested her head on the couch, trying to maintain her upbeat and amiable demeanor despite the tight and uneasy feeling in her chest. She glanced over at Liy, who seemed lost in her own thoughts, and then at Foldy, who returned her soft glare with a friendly smile before going on her phone. It was as if the three of them were existing in separate bubbles, and Pastel couldn't help but feel a growing sense of isolation the more she

thought about it.

But those thoughts don't matter, do they?

Pastel squinted her eyes tiredly, trying not to fall asleep but still trying to gain some energy before the performance. She stared into the boringly-coloured lockers as she fiddled with her bow.

She zoned out with boredom before hearing a low, eerie voice fill her troubled mind, a quite voice somehow so disturbing that it caused her to shake with fear as she fearfully snapped out of her trance.

"Look at you, you're gonna perform your favourite songs to your school. This is your dream isn't it, to be an idol?" It billowed into her ear mockingly as she held her hand tightly over it.

Pastel grabbed onto her arms in unease as she helplessly allowed the voice wander through the clouded depths of her mind.

"You want to spread positivity everyone... right?"

Pastel opened her mouth slightly as if to form a response, but to her surprise, nothing came out of her mouth except quiet and nervous whimpers.

"ANSWER ME YOU BITCH!" It screamed loudly for a split second before calming down its tone.

Pastel couldn't do a single thing but shudder and quickly nod in response before hearing a soft yet dramatic chuckle from it.

"Good... Well then Pastel, this is your chance to break free from the cage of lies. DON'T WASTE IT!" The voice yelled with a tinge of excitement, twirling around in her mind before fizzling away into nothingness.

Pastel couldn't help shudder, determination travelling down her body as she awed at the promise of escaping her mental jail, something that she had been imprisoned in for years...

She giggled softly before jumping off the couch and onto her feet, the six-pointed star in her eye shrinking by the second.

"Well then guys, let's give it all we got, alright!" Pastel smirked with confidence, the intercom coincidentally calling them to come on stage.

"You're right!" Foldy smiled back before jumping off the couch, along with the Other One who didn't bat an eye or utter a word, following the two tight-knit best friends as they huddled closely next to each other, leaving Liy in the sidelines once... again...

Stupid... she clenched her fists to hold in her anger as they walked through the curtains, to be met with dazzling white lights and excited school kids.

They have the whole school wrapped around their fingers...

She observed Pastel as she excitedly waved at the crowd before turning back to Liy and Foldy. Much to Liy's surprise, the star was gone. It fizzled away, as if it never existed in the first place.

"Let's do this!" Pastel grinned, clenching her fist as a sign of strength and confidence before turning around.

She eagerly and excitedly rubbed her hands before grabbing the microphone from the stand and signalling to Liy (their personal ragdoll to toy around with) to put the microphone stand in the corner.

"Okay guys, are you ready for our first song!!" She called to the audience through the microphone, holding it with such grace and etiquette as she received a loud affirmation in response.

Pastel sighed an elongated sigh of relief, happy to be momentarily freed from the cage of her own lies.

She cracked a smile to herself before the music began to blare out from the cheap school speaker.

Taking a deep breath, she began to vocalise gracefully, her melodic voice enhancing the already exciting song that was being played.

As she continued to sing, she span around and performed the choreography with grace, her feet silently tapping onto the wooden

stage with each step.

How can they dance and sing like morons without feeling lifeless and empty... Liy thought to herself with a brooding expression, despite the song ironically blaring out lyrics about love.

It's not fair... How come everyone supports them... Nobody does that for me. Liy snarled as she performed her dance moves much more forcefully and roughly, jealously clouding her mind by the very second.

Ironic isn't it...? You were all nerves before we started dancing. You fucking moron. You fucking crowd pleaser. You don't care about anyone. You just want the boys to be all eyes on you. Stupid fucking pick me. Looking at you makes me wanna gag.

As the first song came to a swift close, Pastel, Foldy and um... the Other One were met with a largely positive response. Everyone liked the show. They wanted more.

"Okay guys! Are you ready for our last song! This one's my favourite!" Pastel called out to her schoolmates, receiving a loud and passionate YES in return.

I don't want to do another song. I feel physically sick looking at those stupid morons. If I hear Pastel sing for another second, I swear I'm going to vomi-

"3, 2, 1!"

Great.

Liy's stomach churned as the music for the next song blared through the speakers. She clenched her fists, her knuckles shaking as she struggled to control the overwhelming wave of anger. The lyrics of the song felt like a mockery to her, a painful reminder of the facade she was forced to maintain for a bunch of people who didn't even look her direction.

"Stupid crowd pleasers," Liy muttered under her breath, her words dripping with bitterness. She could hardly stand the sight of them, the way they effortlessly captured the attention of everyone around

them. It was a stark contrast to how much of an outcast she was, a just an outsider looking in, a nobody.

Liy's gaze remained fixed onto stage, her eyes clouded with a mix of envy and resentment as she watched Pastel and Foldy dance enthusiastically in synchrony. The music pulsed through the air, but to Liy, it was nothing short from torture.

Pastel sang passionately, gracefully spinning around before landing on her knees and forming a heart with her fingers.

As the final song came to a close, the auditorium filled with cheer and satisfaction as Foldy and Pastel's names clouded everyone's mind.

I'm not surprised they're all cheering for those two, they're all brainwashed by their stupid little love songs. Gosh, it makes me want to slam my head into a wall.

"Thank you so much everyone!" Pastel said with glee as she walked backstage with Foldy, the Other One helplessly following them along like their pet.

"Ah... That was so amazing, I wanna do it again!" Pastel squealed, jumping in the air with her arms up before turning to Liy, whose head was down the entire time.

"But..."

"What is it?" Foldy smiled back as she looked towards her best friend.

"Hey Liy... why weren't you smiling at all? It kinda put off the performance, y'know...?" Pastel pondered as she looked towards Liy dubiously, being met with no response in return.

"Yeah Liy, what was that about?" Foldy added, turning to her with a stern gaze as she furrowed her eyebrows.

I don't want to respond to their stupid questions, those idiots should know the answer already.

"Liy...! Are you there! Liy! Liy!"

...

"Liy! Liy! Liy! Liy! Liy! Liy! Liy! Liy! Liy! Liy! Liy! Liy!"

Liy tightly clawed onto her face the atmosphere intensified, the only word she was able to hear was her own name being repeated dozens of times.

JUST SHUT UP... PLEASE... She pleaded in her head as her nails dragged down her face violently.

"LIY!" Pastel yelled loudly, snapping Liy out of her trance.

Liy slowly removed her hands from her face to reveal a disgruntled, furious and slightly scared expression, her scratch marks still slightly visible on her cheeks.

"You can stop airing us you know? I know there's something wrong, just... don't be afraid to tell us! We're your friends after all!" Pastel said to Liy with a much more calmed tone of voice as she put her hand on Liy's tensed shoulder, the star in her left eye brightening more than ever.

I'm not good at comforting people, but... hopefully I can make her feel better... Pastel thought to herself as she weakened her expression, her caring and loving nature only to be met with a strong and violent smack on the arm.

Pastel widened her eyes, looking up towards Liy with a horrified expression in reaction to her sudden violence.

"I...-"

Then it slipped off Liy's tongue, like a slick of butter... she couldn't control it.

"I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU ANYTHING YOU STUPID ATTENTION SEEKING BITCH!!" Liy yelled on the top of her lungs as nothing could be felt but pure anger and disgust radiating from her voice.

And at that point, nothing could be heard but Pastel's fearful gasps for air as she stared into Liy's dark and lifeless eyes, the shine that

they once had now engulfed with anger.

Liy took a deep breath as she turned her head down, slowly walking off before violently bashing Pastel into her best friend Foldy, who caught her with her foot in the nick of time.

As Liy left the room, her words still hung in the air, only amplifying the shock that Pastel was feeling even more. She turned her head down, attempting to hide her quickly forming tears as the weight of Liy's anger settled heavily on her shoulders.

I don't want to contaminate Foldy with my problems...

"Pastel, are you okay?!" Foldy asked quickly and worriedly as Pastel slowly lifted her head back up.

"Yeah, I-I... I'm absolutely ok! No need to worry!" She replied weakly, plastering her inner sorrow with a crinkly smile.

Foldy looked into her shining eyes, a wave of guilt and a hint of anger gushing over her as she began to tear up.

"Oh... alright then..." Foldy said quietly, looking to the side as tears slowly dribbled down her eyes.

Foldy felt a gush of anger as she thought more and more about that Liy. How could she have the audacity to hurt Pastel like that?! She wanted revenge. And she was gonna get it, even if it meant going lengths for it...

It bubbled, boiled in her core as her paper body began to tremble. Like soup cooking in a pot. It boils. Bubbles. And bursts in your face.

"You're not gonna get away with any of this..."

"LIY."

...

FIN.

hopeful. - chapter 14

"How's your leg now?"

Golf Ball silently turned towards her two former teammates, a slight smile cracking through her usually tough and bossy persona.

"It's okay I guess..." She murmured to 8-Ball, her vision slowly shifting to Grassy who was standing next to him, before turning back to the barren red wall on her left.

"Yay! Grassy's always helpful!" The innocent piece of grass raised his arms in the air, giving a childlike smile to the both of them as his grass blades swished around excitedly.

"Guess you are this time, aren't you Grassy?" Golf Ball smiled slightly, uncomfortably moving her injured leg as she tried to adjust to her new cast.

Golf Ball's eyes darted across the room, her head slightly aching as she got back on her feet for the first time since her violent altercation with Fries. Her body wobbled, her legs shaking and quivering as she attempted to walk.

"O-Okay, I can do this..." She trembled, quivering as she began to take her first step forward.

"You're so smart, I know you can manage GB!"

That voice. That familiar voice...

Him...

Golf Ball's eyes widened, a tear dripping down her face as she felt a wave of shock through her body thinking about him once more. She let out a shriek, her legs shaking before suddenly bending, causing

her to tumble onto the ground in a loud thud.

"Maybe you need to practise walking..." 8-Ball sighed, shaking his head as Grassy frowned.

...

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HOPEFUL - CHAPTER 14.

3 HOURS BEFORE.

The lavish hotel was fairly silent this morning. Of course, as a sparsely populated town in middle of nowhere, Rosemead shall always be quiet during the morning. But today... was different. The silence deafened, especially in the foodhall. Just the dull scratching of forks and clanking of plates so oddly quiet you could use the time to think about your life choices.

"Think I will..." A familiar lightbulb sighed, leaning her cheek onto her palm as she fiddled with the spoon in her other hand.

Ever since their gameshow had abruptly cancelled by MePhone 4, Lightbulb had found herself with no other choice but to stay at a hotel for the time being, and for now, this had almost became like a second home to her.

She yawned, taking in the depressing silence as she slouched onto the table. Suddenly, though, a loud scream broke their long streak of ambience.

"GET OFF ME!" A blue and blood-covered lightswitch yelled as loud as possible as she was being dragged through the hotel by police.

"Keep dreaming." They coldly uttered to her as she let out a worried cry.

"I DIDN'T ANYTHING I SWEAR, S-SHE AMBUSHED US!" Liy cried out, her eyes glistening with tears as she tried her best to wriggle free of the somewhat strong hold of the police officers.

"Oh yeah Liy? Explain the 'L-I" written on the wall with blood then." Another cop snapped as Liy began to look around the hall.

"SHE'S RIGHT FUCKING THERE! I REMEMBER HER!" Liy yelled, locking eyes with the unsuspecting Lightbulb as she turned to them with a worried look on her face.

The police officers stopped, shooting Liy a dark stare before dropping her on the ground and running towards Lightbulb who froze in fear.

"GET ON THE GROUND!" One of the cops yelled, pouncing onto Lightbulb before the two toppled onto the ground.

"W-What do you mean! I'm just trying to eat my food!" Lightbulb worriedly said on the spot, covering her face with her hands as the cop pulled out a machine gun right before her.

"HANDS UP!" The cop automatically replied, also pulling out handcuffs as Lightbulb reluctantly obliged.

"Y-You can just recover her, can't you?!" She stammered before receiving a firm punch on the cheek.

"Doesn't nullify your crime or your charge."

Liy smirked, slowly tiptoeing away from the scene before sprinting up the stairs and into the lift as fast as possible.

...

"Well, I heard Makeup Brush died... So let's recover her!" The glittering pink hairbrush smiled joyfully, eyeing the shining coin before placing it into the slot, watching as the Public Recovery Centre came to life.

"Woah... so shiny..." She awed, watching as the colourful lights of the recovery centre began to switch on.

She placed her hand onto the keyboard, typing her friend's name with a smile before clicking the large green 'RECOVER' button on the left side of the keyboard.

She walked back, watching as the machine got to work at reviving her late friend.

But suddenly, something clicked in the machine, something... fatal.

The machine let out a loud, ear-bleeding screech, the lights on the machine flashing a bright red as Hairbrush fearfully walked back.

"Fine, fine! You can have her back!" A weird voice note played on the recovery centre as Hairbrush froze in fear.

"W-Wha..." She uttered, dumbfounded as the machine began to splash and spray blood all over her face.

She shrieked loudly, covering her face as the machine began to soak her in an obscene amount of blood.

"I... don't feel... good..." She gagged at the sight, holding a hand to her mouth as she dizzily toppled onto to the ground.

...

"...That... girl..."

...

"...Liy?"

PRESENT.

"Now Foldy..." Pillow smiled, eyeing her knife as she began to walk up to her.

Foldy's eyes widened, letting out a shaky gasp as she got back up on her feet and walked back.

"DON'T YOU DO ANYTHING TO HER!" Pencil yelled loudly, jumping onto Pillow in a quick attempt to disarm her, though she was quickly

punched back onto the ground.

"STOP, STOP!" Foldy screeched, shakily continuing to walk back until she violently hit the floor.

She let out a tired yet painful grunt, fearfully shutting her eyes as Pillow's knife came closer and closer to her face.

"Finally, I'm gonna get rid of another one of those stupid Free Foodies!" Pillow boasted in a laugh, "Never liked your pathetic team anyway!"

Foldy closed her eyes, her body trembling as she began to prepare for her demise.

"I'm sorry Stapy, I was so horrible..." She uttered, tears pouring down her face as she continued.

"I loved you so much... and I didn't even realise until you left my side..."

"I'm sorry Marker, I should've protected you..."

"You're my second best friend, after all..."

"And..." Foldy continued as she looked up at Pillow, cracking a slight smile.

"I'm sorry to you Pillow, I'm just sorry and nothing else..."

Pillow cackled, disregarding her already unnecessary apology as she came closer, and closer, until suddenly...

She's back.

"OW!" Foldy let out a shriek as the knife landed onto her, violently grazing down her face before falling on the floor.

"Liy? Oh Liy! You can't keep hiding forever!"

She clutched onto the pink sunhat as it cast a dark shadow over her grim and angered expression.

"What? Is she still hiding in that gross cubicle, as usual?!"

"..."

Liy hesitated a little, drops of sweat trickling down herself as she tried to hold herself together.

"She hid in there to cry, awww!"

They laugh, laughed, and keep laughing.

"Oh look, she has a little diary! Who wants me to read from the start?"

"Of course! I've always wanted to know how that UGLY, SNOOPING LITTLE BITCH... hah, became how she was..."

"N-No... stop..."

Her frail voice remained ignored, echoing through the walls of the empty girls' bathroom as she let out a worried gasp.

"Ahem... 'Dear Diary,' Awww, she thinks she's in a cute little series or something! What, you think that the world is all sparkles and rainbows and that your precious little Stapy's gonna say how much he loves you under a blossom tree? HAHAH!"

"Oh wow... my boyfriend too? Jealousy, jealousy, HUH? WHO THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU ARE ANYWAYS?!"

"Anyways, 'I wish everyone here could die, EXPLODE INTO BITS! Well... except Stapy, I think he's too cute to just go like that...'"

"SHE... WROTE THAT?! HAH!"

"Awwwh... and to think all psychopaths didn't have a heart! Maybe this one here has a heart for the love of her life Stapy!"

"Shut up..."

Their laughs echo through the room, their contaminating,

sickening giggles... Well, that's until they came to an abrupt pause.

"...What?"

"I SAID SHUT UP, SHUT UP, SHUT UP! SHUT THE FUCK UP YOU ASSHOLES!"

Foldy walked up to the cubicle door, a dark expression growing on her face as her smirk quickly disappeared.

"You're one to talk, aren't you? CRAZY GIRL!" She screamed, throwing Liy's diary right into the sink behind her before kicking her foot as hard as she could onto the door of her cubicle.

Liy stayed silent, sighing with quick regret as she glumly dug her head into her arms.

"CRAZY, CRAZY, CRAZY GIRL! YOU BITCH! GO CURL UP INTO A BALL AND CRY AND WRITE THOSE STUPID DIARY ENTRIES ABOUT HOW HORRIBLE YOUR LIFE IS AND HOW YOUR FUCKING PARENTS DON'T EVEN LOVE YOU! HOW YOU'RE JUST A STUPID MISTAKE AND WASN'T EVEN MEANT TO BE HERE FROM THE START! AND HOW YOU TRIED TO HIT ON STAPY BECAUSE OF HOW LONELY YOUR ASS IS! I DON'T CARE, BUT DON'T YOU DARE CHAT THAT LOAD OF SHIT BACK TO ME YOU LOSER FREAK!"

Foldy bit her lip for a second, slowly regretting half of the words she blurted out as she walked back. But she paused, her heart thumping as her mind started to cloud.

"Yet none of the people in your life love you either, that's why you're doing this..." Liy muttered quietly under her waterfall of crybaby tears so no one could hear.

"Say it with me Makeup Brush, wake this weirdo up from her delusions!"

Foldy began to kick on the door once more, her friend soon doing the same as the frame began to shake.

"CRAZY GIRL! CRAZY GIRL! CRAZY GIRL! CRAZY GIRL! CRAZY GIRL!"

Liy began to tear up, her sobs becoming louder and louder as they continued.

"Awww... is she crying?" Makeup Brush laughed, fishing the diary out of the sink before grossly flinging it over the door of Liy's cubicle like a piece of gum stuck to her finger.

"O-OW!" Liy tearfully shrieked as the soaking book violently knocked onto her head.

"CRAZY GIRL! CRAZY GIRL! CRAZY GIRL! CRAZY GIRL! CRAZY GIRL!CRAZY GIRL! CRAZY GIRL! CRAZY GIRL! CRAZY GIRL! CRAZY GIRL!"

...

Liy blinked, shaking her head as she flashed back to reality. Pillow slowly turned to her, a slightly guilty looking showing up on her face as she walked towards her.

"L-Liy... I can-"

"WHAT THE HELL DID I TELL YOU, HUH?! YOU IGNORANT BITCH!" Liy yelled in her face, grabbing onto her wrist before snatching the sharp knife off her hands.

Without a second thought, she pushed Pillow onto the ground, a dark and soulless look in her eyes as she held the knife up to her face.

"Give me one... just one... ONE REASON... WHY I SHOULDN'T FUCKING END YOU IN FRONT OF ALL OF THEM! GO ON!" She continued to scream loudly, the shocked and speechless Pillow staying silent as she began to fearfully shake.

"Liy... w-what the fuck are you doing? WHAT ABOUT THE PLAN!" She screeched in a whisper, tears filling her eyes as Liy lifted the knife up higher.

Liy simply smiled, her eye twitching as she began to stab Pillow

without a second thought.

"Liy... WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?!" Pen yelled fearfully, putting a hand to his mouth as Liy simply continued to destroy Pillow in front of them all, her face splattered and soaking wet with blood as a pool of it started to form around the others.

"Fine... I admit I was wrong... but so are you, and soon your little plan will come crashing down!" Pillow weakly uttered her final message with a smirk, wiping the blood off her face as Liy paused.

"Do you know who the person behind the speaker is guys? The one who's been tormenting you and trapping you in this hotel? HUH? IT'S-"

Liy let out a shrill scream, smacking Pillow's face hard with her palm as she slammed the knife into her arm, ending it once and for all for her.

She got back up on her feet, looking Foldy deeply in her eyes as she fearfully backed away.

"What, no thank you?!" Liy scoffed somewhat pathetically as she walked closer to Foldy, her wide and bloodshot eyes looking into her traumatised and fearful ones.

"Crazy girl." She whispered with a wink as Foldy stayed silent and unsurprised, knowing full well why she said that...

But she simply nodded, her eyes dampening with tears as Liy trodded back to her room with a large grin on her face before slamming the door so loudly that the entire hallway shook.

"What... the hell? I'm gonna go." Pencil gagged, holding her mouth as if she was going to throw up as she made her way back to her room, Pen silently following.

Foldy stayed silent, her eyes worriedly looking around the hallway which they seemed to be trapped in forever, and ever.

She turned her vision to the floor, her mouth still wide open with shock as she tried her best to recollect everything that had just

occurred.

"L-Liy..." She shakily uttered in disbelief as she lifted her frail body up from the ground and got back on her feet.

"Are you... the... one who is... behind... all of this...?"

"I wouldn't really believe a thing that scoundrel Pillow said honestly, despite Liy being utterly strange as she is." A sudden voice behind Foldy replied with a shrug.

"Lollipop? Were... YOU WATCHING THE WHOLE TIME WITHOUT DOING A SINGLE THING?!" Foldy yelled angrily before being quickly shushed.

"Ugh, no! I just... didn't know what to do..." Lollipop replied, a little embarrassed as she turned to the side and back.

"Then what are you doing out here when it's dangerous!" Foldy irritatedly snapped as Lollipop rolled her eyes.

"Because I heard screaming, duh? And what were YOU doing outside for yourself?!" She gave Foldy a once over as she went silent.

"I was-"

"Yknow what, whatever! I have no one to talk to, so come along will you!" Lollipop interrupted, grabbing onto Foldy as she dragged her into the room.

Foldy stayed silent, looking around the slightly cluttered room before noticing Teardrop, who was silently solving a Rubik's cube while laying tiredly on her bed.

"Y-You have Teardrop, though...?"

"Didn't you just hear what I said? I have no one to TALK to, y'know, TALK!" Lollipop shouted angrily as she looked back at TD, who didn't seem to even care enough to look her way.

"I... don't even really know you though, no offence o-or anything... I should get going!" Foldy awkwardly interjected, walking back

towards the door.

"WAIT! Why don't we come up with... an escape plan?" Lollipop quickly replied as Foldy paused to turn to her.

"Okay, fine..."

"I'm very hopeful. I'm hopeful. Hopeful. Hopeful. So hopeful... hahah... hah..."

Blood trickled down her face, her eyes bloodshot as tears began to fill the inner corners.

"They all know... know... know... they all know don't they... I know they know... they know I know... know... know... they know..."

What the fuck are you taking about?

"They know... know... know..."

Snap the fuck out of it you psycho! What the hell is wrong with you?!

"THEY ALL KNOW, THEY KNOW GOSH DAMNIT! THAT FUCKING USELESS PILLOW WENT AGAINST EVERYTHING! THEY. ALL. KNOW!" Liy yelled, slamming her hands onto her face before letting out a bloodcurdling scream so loud that the furniture around the room began to shake and topple.

What... are you-

"WHY DON'T I JUST GET THEM ALL AT ONCE..." Her mood quickly swung, a villainous grin growing on her face as she eyed the top drawer full of different weapons.

That would defeat the whole purpose of this, Liy. Your revenge...?

"Well what the fuck do you suggest I do then, HUH?"

I dunno?!

"Well... you're meant to be my backbone here, aren't you?! Y'know... THE ONLY THING HOLDING ME BACK FROM SLAUGHTERING THEM ALL AT ONCE! So... if you have nothing for me, I'M AFRAID THAT'S WHAT'S GOING TO FUCKING HAPPEN!"

Oh, how you're so misguided. One day you'll realise what a grave mistake has come upon you.

"Stop yapping and come up with A FUCKING PLAN!" Liy snapped loudly, holding onto her throbbing head as her mind began to shroud into an unnavigable pit of darkness. One so thick and laced with secrets. One so strong that nothing you do could ever help you out. One... only Liy understood herself.

Well, why don't you... hm... fish... monster?

"WAIT! THAT'S ACTUALLY GENIUS!" Liy exclaimed, her eyes glowing as her brand new plan came to fruition.

What can I say? I'm just-

"Shut up. Let's just get on with it."

...

...

"Sometimes I feel glad that I never went to that hotel." A usually cheerful voice admitted, her body slowly swinging as she looked down to her friend.

"Why?" Her friend replied, a bit curious as to why.

Bell stayed silent for a second, her heart thumping at the thought of what they could possibly be doing or seeing.

"They're all radio-silent."

All their phones have stopped working. None of the texts send. All the calls go to voicemail. No communication.

"It's like they've never even existed in the first place."

"What if they're dead?" Eggy interjected before quickly pausing.

"WHAT?! DON'T SCARE ME LIKE THAT MAN!" Bell snapped in a shout, tears trickling down her face as she sniffled

Eggy stammered nervously, backing away as the emotional Bell began to burst into tears.

"NO, NO, NO, NO! WHAT A LUDICROUS THOUGHT! WE CAN JUST RECOVER THEM! COME, JUST COME!"

"W-Wha?!"

"FUCKING COME!" Bell screamed loudly before speeding towards the recovery centre that was conveniently placed in the middle of the grasslands.

"What are you doing?! THEY'RE ALIVE! IT WAS JUST AN ASSUMPTION-"

"No, no, just... SHUT UP AND RECOVER THEM!" Bell continued to shout as Eggy rolled her eyes, walking towards the recovery centre as she looked towards the keyboard.

"Who do I recover first then?!" Eggy rolled her eyes.

"Hm... try Fries!" Bell smiled as Eggy began to type his name into the keyboard, nervously sweating as she cranked the lever.

She nervously watched as the recovery centre got to work, the lights flashing and the machine making approval sounds as the metal flap opened.

And what came out?

A limbless, faceless replica.

"W-What... I don't get it... I DON'T GET IT! GIVE HIM BACK! GIVE HIM BACK!" Bell cried, staring at the lifeless box of chips as Eggy typed his name in once again.

"FRIES HAS RECENTLY BEEN RECOVERED ALREADY," An automatic voice said to the two.

"TRY AGAIN...."

Bell and Eggy stayed eerily silent, watching as the machine began to glitch out and malfunction.

"....never! Now get lost and don't think about ever recovering that rascal EVER AGAIN!"

Eggy and Bell shivered, exchanging worried glances as they nervously moved back.

"Why does... that sound like..."

"Liy..." Bell added in a silent mutter, her eyes widening in shock as she began to go shaky.

Her eyes looked back towards the lifeless body that the recovery centre produced, fearfully hyperventilating as she moved back a little.

"Bell, I don't get it... what's... h-happening?"

"I could recognise that damn voice of hers from a mile away..."

...

...

..

.

Match sat quietly on her bed, yawning tiredly as she looked towards the ground and began to slowly zone out.

...

Wow, looks like your best friend left you again!

"No she didn't... she saw that I was upset!"

Wouldn't be too sure about that Match... she always does this doesn't she! And she left her bestest friend in the world... for a boy!!

"H-He's not just 'a boy', they're friends! I don't know what you're trying to say but-"

Has Pencil ever left you for that reason?

"...I dunno...?"

Exactly.

She just simply doesn't like you anymore does she? Unless you start talking again, she'll just lose interest in staying your friend! You wouldn't like that would you?

"I wouldn't, but like-"

THEN DO SOMETHING! LIE UP A FUCKING STORM SO SHE'LL BE INTERESTED IN SPEAKING TO YOU INSTEAD OF STUPID LOVE INTEREST OF HERS!!

"HE'S NOT-"

Face it Match. You're an ugly disgrace of a person who deserves nothing but eternal hell. You're a suck up to me and to everyone else, AND NO ONE FUCKING CARES ABOUT Y-

"Match!" Pencil smiled as she flung the door open.

"STOP, JUST SHUT UP!!" Match screamed, still in her murky thoughts as she violently grabbed onto her face.

"M-Match, are you okay? We can talk!" Pen offered with a smile, reaching his arm out to help her before being pushed back.

YOU FUCKING DISGUSTING BITCH! THEY'RE. GONNA. KNOW.

"JUST LEAVE ME ALONE! I HATE YOU! I FUCKING HATE YOU SO MUCH! I HATE YOUR VOICE! I WISH YOU NEVER EVER FUCKING EXISTED, BOTH OF YOU! UGLY, DISGUSTING FREAKS!"

"...What?" Pencil uttered in shock, her eyes filling with tears as Match began to woozily rub her head.

"Wha... I, when did you get here?" Match blinked as she snapped back to reality, rubbing her eyes before looking at the two clearer.

Pencil stayed silent, her face pale with shock as she stepped away from Match.

"What did I do? Why are you looking at me like that you guys?!" Match yelled, tears filling her eyes as Pencil's cold stare began to tug her heartstrings.

"How can I be friends with you...?" Pencil uttered silently as she wiped the tears that were quickly pouring down her face.

"I don't know what you're saying! WHAT DO YOU MEAN?!"

"Just say you hate me already and get going!" Pencil tearfully and ironically smiled before turning her vision towards the ground.

Match stayed silent, blinking in confusion as she tried to remember if she said anything.

"My memory's a bit... hazy," She admitted, putting a hand to her aching head as a tear dropped down from her eye.

"Who even are you?!" Pencil yelled angrily, yanking Match's arm before violently shaking it.

"WHO ARE YOU, JUST TELL-"

"Pencil just calm down! Just um... give her space?" Pen said worriedly, pulling her away from Match.

"No.... no, NO! SHE ALWAYS ACTS LIKE THIS! IF THERE'S

SOMETHING WRONG JUST SPIT IT OUT ALREADY!" Pencil barked loudly, her eyes filling with tears again as Match let out a fearful gasp.

Match looked back at her, still confused as can be, but she got the hint anyways. She wiped her tears, furrowing her eyebrows as she got back on her feet and walked out without looking back at the two for a second.

She was simply done.

Done with pretending everything was okay when it wasn't. Done with Pencil. Done with them all.

Done with everything.

Done with the lies...?

"The very next morning, our remaining contestants woke up feeling very drowsy and tired. Yet, amidst the tiredness and fatigue, a sparkle of motivation glinted in their eyes... One, so strong, so mighty... Something deep in their subconscious guided them towards the shining light, and into their treacherous new journey, where they would come face to face with the new and old..."

The speaker let out a giggle, laughing as she held the mic closer.

"If you liked that story, then make sure to stay alive to hear more! Anyways, it's wakey-wakey time!"

...

"Gosh I hate her." A familiar leaf grumbled, an angry expression growing on her face as she got up from her bed.

"Why are you so angry? I think this hotel is very cool! The bed is comfy, the corridors are very sleek and cool, and the chandeliers are so swingy!" Firey giggled, rolling around his bed childishly before getting up on his two feet again.

"Oh you haven't seen jack shit!" Leafy snapped before yawning tiredly, holding her head as she sat back down on her bed.

"Who do we even, um, share this room with anyway?" She continued, calmer.

"Oh, hmm... I remember now! The angry hateful thing and the joyful thing!"

"The what now." Leafy uttered, completely stunned at how oddly he described his two other roommates.

Leafy sighed, glancing to the side only to see Fanny and Bottle walking towards the door.

"Oh, now I remember! Hey guys!" She smiled exaggeratedly, giving them an overly friendly wave before being rudely ignored.

"You don't need to fake your kindness Leafy, everyone can already see who you are!" Bottle shrugged with a grin as Leafy let out a gasp.

"Wha-"

"Yeah, I HATE LIARS! LET'S GO BOTTLE!" Fanny added in a hateful shout before the two left.

Leafy's smile quickly faded, her frown dropping onto the floor as tears began to water and trickle down her face. She held a hand to her arm, holding up a smile once more even though she felt herself breaking into pieces on the inside.

"That's what you get for being nice, right?" Leafy uttered with an ironic grin, wiping the petty tears off her damp face before turning to Firey, who was shrouded with guilt and sadness.

"M-Maybe you're just... making them uncomfortable?" Firey blurted out nervously as he came over to comfort her.

"It's um... fine, I'll just... yeah, urm... leave!" Leafy stammered, still holding up a smile as she began to walk away from him.

"Leafy, wait! Don't go yet!" He cried out, following behind her as she

slowly turned back to him.

"It's okay... I'm okay! Just don't worry!"

"But-"

"DON'T. FUCKING. ANNOY. ME!" Leafy yelled, her smile fading before slamming the door right in Firey's face.

He let out a disappointed sigh, his eyebrows sadly slanting as he watched the door abruptly close.

"She will never change... will she?"

...

She always did this... every single day. She always thought that everyone cared about her so she always acted perfect and nice and always, ALWAYS wanted to make everyone her friend, even if she knew it was impossible to. She never wants to speak to anyone, she never wants to let anyone know how she feels, she never ever lets anyone know what's behind the mask.

She thinks that if she ever stops holding up a smile, that everyone would hate her forever... like... last time...

I hate to say this, but GOSH, she is self-centred. She thinks that everyone cares about her, that everyone looks at her, that everyone thinks about her. While I'm just left in the dark.

Leafy always wants everyone to accept her kindness, and it hurts her a lot when they don't. She doesn't realise that not everyone wants to be her friend, and she's always taking that to heart.

She can change her personality in the blink of an eye and gets extremely upset and angry at even the slightest disapproval or protest against her.

I just don't know why she has to do it with me too, I mean, we're best friends after all! If she doesn't want to be true to anyone she should still be comfortable enough to reveal her true personality

with me!

I'm her best friend... right?

"No you're not!"

Another day, another one of that speaker's heartless challenges. It was like a routine for the ones who remained. Survive, sleep, repeat. Describing it as draining would simply be an understatement.

"Anyways, I have a surprise for you all! Can you guess?" The speaker teased at them, giggling a little as the contestants remained silent, except for Puffball who was still dazily rocking back and forth.

"...M-Maybe I shouldn't have drank that super yummy drink... HULP-" Puffball gagged, her stomach churning uncomfortably before she suddenly retched loudly, following along with a painful cough.

"EW! GROSS!" Pin whined as the bubbling rainbow regurgitated substance splatted onto her head, dripping down her face before hitting the ground.

Puffball blinked in embarrassment and slight shock, staying silent as Pin shot her the death stare of a lifetime.

"You okay Pin?" Needle smiled as she wrapped her arm around Pin for comfort, despite the fact that she felt like throwing up for herself.

"PUFFBALL YOU DISGUSTING BITCH!" Pin screamed loudly, tears filling her eyes as she immediately span around to face PB who was completely frozen with embarrassment.

"Just leave it be Pin!" Needle tugged her softly by the arm as she dragged her forward and away from the mess of a state Puffball was in.

The hall went silent after that, the slight noise of Pin's disgusted cries being heard as the speaker powered back on again.

"There's only gonna be one room for you guys to get through today,

since I'm so nice! Some of your are gonna be coming face to face with an old foe, and the newbies, well, you aren't...? I dunno... Anyways, GO!"

The remaining contestants walked forward, worried looks on their faces as they braced themselves for what they were about to see through that door.

"Probably gonna be something weird as usual..." Pencil shrugged as she turned to her friend, who had a worried look on his face.

"I dunno, something tells me that this is gonna be more deadly than ever before!" Pen shivered as the two walked through the door. He fearfully squinted his eyes, preparing to be ambushed by someone or something.

Pencil looked around the eerily empty hallway, a bit confused as to why there was nothing. Just cabinets, plant pots, a long rug, the usual in a hotel...

That was until she heard an eerie and loud crack on the ceiling which immediately caused her to freeze.

She watched fearfully as the ceiling began to crumble, the crack becoming larger, and larger...

"The Goiky Myths state that in dark, lonely depths of the canal, the Fish Monster roams. It was allegedly only ever seen once about a year and a half ago around the shore. The only people known to have seen it is Ruby & Fries, nobody else... But... little did they know... it may pay them a visit again..." The speaker read out, the rustling of paper being heard as they let out a nervous laugh.

"FISH MONSTER?!" Pencil yelled in shock, walking back before the monster violently crashed its way through the ceiling and down to everyone.

It was in fact the infamous monster from the Goiky Myths. Like everyone remembered, it was a disgusting green creature, loose skin sagging down from its scaly face, and large, black eyes which shined like marbles.

"E-EVERYONE STAY CALM!" Golf Ball yelled, still wanting to take lead after all this time.

"JUST RUN AS FAST AS YOU CAN!"

"SHIT!" Pen yelped, running back before accidentally crashing into a familiar someone.

He blinked, turning around just to see Match glaring right back at him, her eyes wide and filled with tears.

"O-Oh, sorry Match! I-"

"It's okay! I forgive you!" She affirmed with an extremely exaggerated grin before walking away from him and over to Pencil.

"Hey..." Match uttered to Pencil, her smile still being held up as Pencil silently looked towards her.

"I'm sorry... I just..."

"What?" Pencil replied quietly, still hurt from her words.

Match held back for a second, her heart thumping loudly in her chest as she began to hyperventilate.

Lie... Lie... Just lie... it's okay... you've been doing it for so long... they'll understand...

She nervously bit her lip, looking to the side before looking back at Pencil who stayed eager for a response.

"I JUST WANT YOU ALL TO MYSELF OKAY! NO ONE CAN BE YOUR BEST FRIEND BUT ME!" Match fibbed loudly, tears pouring down her face as she yelled her tainted heart out.

She then paused, looking back up to Pencil who was seemingly distracted by something else, her eyes glued up to the monster on the ceiling and was rapidly approaching the two.

"M-Match... MATCH LOOK OUT!" Pencil screamed, her body shaking with fear as Match turned around just to see a creature, just

centimetres away, staring right back at her.

It's eyes gleamed an evil red and it had its mouth wide open, teeth sharp, shining and yellow as if it was preparing for its very next meal.

"I-"

But before Match could utter single thing, before she could possibly run or shout... the monster closed its mouth on her with a loud, bewildering chomp as its teeth began to drip with blood.

Pencil stayed silent, helplessly watching as the monster continued to destroy her best friend right before her eyes before it finally backed away, leaving half-a-match laying on the ground in a pool of blood.

"No... no, no, no..." Pencil held her face, trembling as tears began to soak her palms.

She shut her eyes, letting out an ear-piercingly shrill scream before sobbing loudly and running off as fast as she possibly could, leaving Pen and the others behind.

"Haah... w-was that the bite of '87...?" Firey nervously laughed before receiving a sharp and painful slap on the face by Pen.

"You were never funny anyways Firey..." Fanny hissed at him, rolling her eyes as she and the others began to walk past him.

The rest of the contestants stayed silent, too nervous to say a thing as they simply continued to walk on. That was until one of them had an idea.

"Bomby." Pen turned to him with a soulless stare as he walked towards him.

"I have an idea okay. Thank me later."

"What?"

Before Bomby could say anything, Pen quickly lifted him up from the floor, running towards Firey and lighting his fuse.

"WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?!" Bomby screamed in his high pitched voice, looking into Pen's blank and empty eyes, the only thing lighting them being the fire that was slowly engulfing his fuse.

Pen blinked, smiling before throwing Bomby right into the fish monster, watching as the large creature exploded into flames before falling down to the floor.

"Booyah." He grinned, watching the monster wince and groan in defeat before going silent once and for all.

The rest watched in horror, gasps and whispers being heard as Pen simply walked past them all and straight to the exit before him, that large wooden door that some never lived to see...

Until now, I've only ever came clean to one person.

In the days of Post-BFDIA. I had no one to ever talk to but him. We were all trapped in a box and there was nothing to really do except watch videos on TV.

Me and him were always sat in the sidelines and we'd always talk about life because there was nothing better to do. Even his own friends were too busy fighting over who got to watch TV for five minutes.

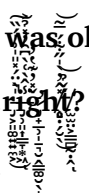
One day though, everything just slipped out of my mouth. And the look on his face was never what I expected. I thought he'd be horrified of me, I thought that he'd never want to come near me ever again.

But he just smiled. And told me that it was okay.

It was okay... right?

...right?

...



I leaned my body against the thick metal walls as I sat down, an empty

look on my face as I let out a rickety sigh.

"You okay there? You look tired y'know?" A familiar voice laughed.

I turned to him, a smile cracking on my somber face as he giggled. I don't know why, but I felt so comfortable around him. More than I ever do with Pencil... which is surprising.

Pen... I don't know why, but he's so friendly. I seriously thought this loser box would be a living hell, considering I dodged my elimination for like the entire episode until that stupid orange hunk of metal caught me and immediately sent me back. I seriously thought that everyone would laugh at me, pick me apart. I guess the only hellish thing about this was when Puffball almost lit everyone on fire as she was thrown in. Good thing we had Teardrop, otherwise I wouldn't have been able to write anything like I am now.

"I'm okay... I guess..." I responded quietly, tapping my feet on the ground as I tried my best to pass the uncertain amount of time I was gonna be stuck in here.

"You sure? You're eerily quiet, not like how you were in Season 1, hm?"

"Don't pry." I responded a bit defensively, adding a laugh so he wouldn't think of getting away from me like everyone else usually does.

"I'm not, I'm not!" He laughed as he continued. "I just wanna know if you're okay, because we're friends right Match?"

I looked towards him, my eyes widening as he uttered that word out of his mouth with such feeling that my stomach began to churn with excitement and nervousness at the same time.

"Okay then, I'm perfectly fine!" I grinned, jokingly crossing my arms and closing my eyes before we both burst out laughing.

"Whatever you say!" Pen shrugged before looking upwards, his thumb and index finger resting on his chin as he began to think about something.

He then lifted his other hand to his face, counting on his fingers before pausing and blinking in confusion.

"Drat, I lost count man!" He grumbled as he turned back to me, a perplexed look on his face.

"Of what?" I replied out of curiosity as he scratched his head.

"Of how many episodes you were in BFDIA! I'm confuzzled..."

"Confuzzled?" I raised an eyebrow to that unfamiliar word.

"Confused, and puzzled... confuzzled! Don't you know?"

"No? I don't know what kind of slang you kids use!" I joked.

"Hey... you're only 3 months older than me!" He replied, a little embarrassed but still trying to laugh it off.

"Just look okay!" I switched back to the main subject, grabbing his hand as he looked at me in confusion.

"What are you-"

"One, two, three..." I counted, tapping on each of his fingers before reaching the fifth.

"See, five episodes and then I was eliminated! Not that hard!" I smiled as he gave me a look that was confused and shocked at the same time.

"But you didn't go out straight away?!" He replied in surprise.

"Still in the same episode though!" I laughed, trying to make him feel a little less confused and more comfortable.

"Oh!"

I went silent after that, awkwardly looking around before leaning my head against the metal wall and closing my eyes. My mind shrouded in darkness, the layers and layers of pain being blanketed by the thin and dark cloak of my lies. I just wish... it wasn't like this... I wish I could just smile for a good reason.

I felt a tear trickle down my cold face, my body uncomfortably tensing up as my breaths began to go shaky.

Don't make it obvious... you know they'll rip you apart like nothing.

"I... know..." I uttered under my rickety breath, hands on my face as my heart started to pump faster and faster.

"Match!" Pen exclaimed, tapping on my shoulder multiple times as I lifted my sorry self back up to face him.

"I-I'm sorry... I'm sorry..." I weakly uttered, tears pouring down my face as he pulled me into a hug.

"What's wrong? You can tell me anything y'know, we're friends!"

"I-I... I can't... I lie too much, I'll just ruin everyone with my useless feelings, with my useless self... you all always get annoyed when I say anything because I'm just rude and horrible!" I cried, still covering my face with my soaking hands as I continued to sniffle quietly.

"No you're not! Your feelings are valid too, and I'm never annoyed!" Pen exclaimed, continuing to smile.

I knew that he just wanted to make me feel better. I knew that he would never understand the scale of my feelings.

"I-I know, but-"

"You're amazing, brave, courageous, a bit cheeky at times but you're one of my coolest friends ok? Don't ever let anyone or anything tell you otherwise Match!"

"You would never understand Pen..." I muttered, "I've realised that everything and everyone in my life is a lie... you're a lie, Pencil is a lie, Bubble and Ruby are lies too... all of the friendships I've had are a lie. And I continue to lie to myself and everyone every single day of my shitty life because I'm scared okay?! I'm just scared that it'll happen again...!"

"...Scared of what to happen?"

"Of everyone to come and tear me down... of everyone to break me into pieces like GB did before! I don't even know the meaning of love or friendship or anything Pen! I don't! I FUCKING DON'T!"

He stayed silent, his eyes widening in shock as I continued.

"Me and GB used to be best friends, and she was the only one who remembers me as my real self! The only one who hasn't been lied to... by my stupid, STUPID SELF..."

"Match, I don't know what to say... I-"

"EVEN PENCIL DOESN'T KNOW FOR CRYING OUT LOUD!" I shouted, continuing to cry as he pulled me into a tighter hug. I bet he could just feel how fast my heart was thumping...

"Because every day I continue to hide behind a facade that grows and grows, and if I ever told Pencil she'd be afraid of some psychopath like me!"

"You've told me Match, and I'm not afraid of you whatsoever... in fact, I'm happy I got to know more about you, so I can help you feel better about yourself!" Pen exclaimed as I wiped my tears, looking up to see that uplifting smile on his face.

"But, I-"

"It's okay Match..." He smiled as my eyes began to water once more.

"I wish... I just wish I could believe in myself as much as you do Pen!" I admitted, my eyes glistening with tears as he simply continued to hold up that smile of his. I don't know how he does it... how he stays hopeful all the time...

Hopeful...

"It takes time Match, it really does! And trust me, I'd know. But if you have just a tiny slither of hope in your heart like I do for you, you can get there! And you can make a huge difference!"

I went silent, taking in his words as I wiped the tears off my eyes. I looked around the TLC as a means to calm myself down, despite the metal walls being as barren and as colourless as can be.

"Pen has a girlfriend!!!" Blocky suddenly shouted out of nowhere, laughing as everyone else in there began to gawp and giggle alongside him.

"Dude, what's wrong with you?" Pen snapped, genuinely angry at his friend before looking back at me with a smile, his eye slightly twitching as he turned back.

Blocky stayed silent, blinking before turning back to TV who was sitting in the corner.

He grabbed the small remote that came along with TV, sitting down before switching it on and scrolling through channels before quietly watching like nothing ever happened in the first place.

I backed away from him a little, my mind still trying to process everything I had just blurted out to him in a matter of minutes.

I just wish. I had the confidence to tell Pencil...

Maybe I could tell her when I get freed? When BFDIA is over...?

I wish.

But I gotta stay hopeful, like Pen said.

If I can...

"Wow... yeah Match, l-let's play Spongy-Cake together!"

Turmoil.

"This is so much fun... yaay..." Pencil forced a smile, tears trickling down her face as she played the game by herself. Her sidekick Match, nowhere to be seen...

"Hey Match... wouldn't it be weird if the very first and very last spoken words of BFDI were the same...?"

Pencil blinked, nodding her head somewhat manically before speaking.

"I agree... very... very... weird..." Pencil blinked, rubbing her weary head as she wiped the tears off of her face.

"Isn't it so fun to just sit down and have talks like this Matchie? Like, like, like, LIKE THIS... YES!! Ahahahahah.... HAH."

"O-Oh, what's that Match? Hoy, Hoy I agree! Spongy is so totally gross! Like... so... gross..."

"I'm tired..." Pencil yawned, rubbing her eyes as she paced back and forth.

"No, like no! I need to fill in for the both us! Right Match and Me?"

"Hoy, hoy! I love this show!"

"Love... this... show... hah... ahah..."

"Ick, Snowball's... o-on our team? What the flake...!!!" Pencil manically laughed, holding her face as her frown began to transform into one of a psychotic and deranged smirk.

"I totally agree... B-Book... bleh... B-BOOK! Ice... Ugly... I-Icy, Ice Cube! S-Such traitors... traitors... t-trai...tors... yummy..."

"Match, stop hiding from me!" Pencil continued to giggle, a twisted look on her face as she continued to speak.

"I know you're in the TLC somewhere!"

"...The only one making me l-lose my Pencilanity.... is totally, like, stupid Book!"

If anything, you're only making yourself go insane. Book has no involvement in your problems anymore. You excluded her anyways.

"Haah.... FUCK YOU ALL!" She screamed, slamming her fist onto the metal bed frame before bursting out into laughter.

"I-I'm just JK kidding Match!"

The door handle rattled, pressing down before opening, the person coming through locking it behind them before coming in.

"I hereby demote you to a... erm! A BEMB! Bemb... er??? BEMB!!"

"P-Pencil, are you okay?!" Pen stammered worriedly as she slowly turned to him, her lips twisted into a large grin as her eyes remained wide and bloodshot, damp and slowly drying tears in the outer corners.

"Pen! Lookin' cute as always!" Pencil exclaimed, her eye twitching as she held her face, letting out a frail cry before looking back at him with an extremely exaggerated grin.

"What?"

"Huh? Wha...? I'm just JK kidding Match!" She blinked, forcing out a laugh as she clapped.

"Super... hilare... right Matchie?"

"I-I'm not Match! Just wake up Pencil, THIS ISN'T HEALTHY!" Pen cried, shaking her arm as if to shake reality back into her blurred mind.

"Match gave me a pick up line just for you! Wanna hear it?"

"Snap out of it! PLEASE!"

"Now that I've seen you, life without you is like a broken pencil...pointless! Get it? Cause it's me? Pencil! Hoy, Hoy!"

Pen stared in shock, tears filling his eyes as Pencil got uncomfortably closer to him.

"If you were a vegetable, you'd be a cute-cumber!" She uttered with a smile, wrapping her arms around him before bringing her face closer.

"PENCIL STOP IT!" Pen yelled, pushing her to the ground without hesitation.

"W-Wha...? You didn't like my pick up lines? But Match said that I should tell you-"

"MATCH ISN'T HERE ANYMORE, OKAY?! Please... I JUST WANT YOU BACK PENCIL, YOU'RE NOT YOU RIGHT NOW!" He yelled, his eyes watering with tears as he watched Pencil silently get back on her

feet.

"What d-do you mean?! Match is here... She's here, AND SHE'S HERE TO STAY!" Pencil yelled back as she got on her feet, her body trembling as she turned to face him.

"Pencil... SHE'S FUCKING DEAD!"

"NO SHE'S NOT!"

Pencil angrily tapped her feet, a look of disbelief on her face as she stopped to think for a second.

"C-Can you not see her?"

"...Are you hallucinating?! SHE GOT EATEN BY THE DAMN MONSTER!" Pen screamed so loudly that he felt his voice go hoarse.

Pen looked into her doubtful eyes, watching as she went silent with nothing but shock and disbelief.

"Monster... monster, monster, monster..."

Suddenly, she began to close her eyes, tears pouring down her face as she let out a bloodcurdling scream.

"MONSTER? MONSTER! I KNOW WHO THAT DAMN MONSTER IS, I'M GONNA FUCKING FIND HER IF ITS THE LAST THING I DO!" Pencil growled, running towards the door as she forcefully pulled at the handle to open it.

"PENCIL, WAIT!" Pen called out loudly before being ignored, watching in silence as Pencil walked into the corridor.

After a minute of straight silence, the noise of shouting and arguing could be heard, echoing through the room as the shouts only became louder.

"Pencil..." he muttered, opening the door and hastily exiting before worriedly looking through the hallway only to find her engaged in a heated argument with none other than... Golf Ball...

...

This is going exactly as planned.

"STOP BLAMING ME FOR YOUR LOSS PENCIL! GET OVER IT, JUST GET OVER IT! REMEMBER WHEN MATCH WAS IN THE TLC?" Golf Ball shouted defensively, grunting as she tried her best to wriggle out of Pencil's painful grip.

"ITS NOT LIKE WHEN SHE WAS IN THE TLC, YOU STUPID IDIOT! SHE'S GONE! SHE CAN'T COME BACK!" Pencil snapped, grabbing tightly onto her small and fragile body as she began to violently shake it.

"O-OW! STOP, PLEASE! I GET HOW YOU FEEL OKAY? I LOST TB TOO! I DID, I REALLY DID, JUST PUT ME DOWN PLEASE!!" Golf Ball cried, tears filling her eyes as Pencil grunted and threw her against the hard wall.

"SHUT UP, LIKE, JUST SHUT UP! ITS ALL YOUR FAULT, YOU WANTED EVERYONE TO FOLLOW YOUR STUPID PLAN AND MATCH TRIED TO FOLLOW ALONG!"

"SHE DIDNT HAVE TO FOLLOW MY PLAN! I-, I DIDN'T EVEN MAKE A PLAN!" GB yelled back loudly, beginning to cry.

"WELL WHAT WOULD SHE DO GOLF BALL? ITS HER AGAINST THE WORLD." Pencil was so close to smacking GB. Her everlasting grief for her best friend Match was masked by rage, and deceit, and a horrid mixture of lies, and it hurt more than anything. She didn't want her best friend to go. It hurts to lose someone so close to you, to watch them get taken right before your very eyes...

"WHY ARE YOU LYING PENCIL?" GB cried out, her breaths going rickety and fast as her small body began to shake and tremble.

"WHA- NO I'M NOT!" She snapped angrily.

The loud arguing of the two attracted some unwanted attention and soon people started to come over and watch.

"WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY FOR YOURSELF? HUH?!"

GB was so scared. She didn't cause Match's death, she knew deep down. She already lost TB, to the monster...
She didn't want to be blamed for this. She didn't want anxiety, she didn't want to be worried again. Like last time.

"YOU KNOW GB, I WISH IT WOULD'VE GOTTEN RID OF YOU ALL THOSE YEARS AGO IN YOYLE CITY, THEN YOU'D BE GONE FOREVER!"

A loud gasp could be heard, the contestants watching the argument going silent as GB began to sob silently. GB didn't ever want to be reminded of Yoyle City, or it... She felt tears stream down her face. This wasn't fair. Why is everyone always ganging up on her? It happened in BFB, BFDIA, BFDI..., she hadn't ever let go of it, and now it was all happening again...

That thing... the shadow... shadow... shadow...

"Kill me then." Golf Ball uttered silently, a soft smile forming on her face as she looked up to Pencil, who fearfully backed away.

"What...?"

"Stab me. Destroy me. Rip me apart into bloody pieces. I don't wanna be here anymore. I don't have TB, so what's the point of me?" Golf Ball continued to stare into Pencil, her face blank and her eyes so dark and lifeless.

"Stop it you freak!" Pencil shivered.

"You all always enjoyed doing that anyways, SO WHY WON'T YOU DO IT NOW HUH, WHY, WHY?!" Golf Ball immediately switched, screaming loudly to Pencil as she got back up on her two feet.

"Go on, go on, go on, GO ON, FUCKING GO ON!"

"I... I- I DON'T GET IT!" Pencil cried, holding her face as tears began to pour out of her once fierce eyes.

"See... See, SEE, SEE, SEE, SEE!" Golf Ball exclaimed, an angered look on her face as she watched Pencil break down and fall on her knees.

"YOUR WORDS ARE YOUR ONLY WEAPON! Other than that, you're just as plain and as emotional as they can be... aren't you Pence Pence?" She continued as her attitude began to change, mocking the life out of Pencil as she continued to sob relentlessly on the ground.

"Match felt that way too. People like you always picked her apart, that's why she lied all the time."

Pencil went silent for a moment, wiping her face as she stopped to look at the now overly confident Golf Ball.

"What?"

"Okay, let's just take this somewhere else shall we?" Pen laughed nervously, grabbing onto the two conflicted girls before taking them to an empty bedroom, locking the door behind him before turning back to face the two.

"Pen, tell me what she means... Why's she saying all of this? This shit!"

"Shit? That's how you made me feel like, you overly selfish assertive bitch." Golf Ball rolled her eyes as she gave the girl an extremely rude once over.

"Shut up!" Pencil snapped, wiping the tears off her face and acting like she never even cried to start with.

"She's just mad because I used reverse psychology on her, don't act like you weren't crying a minute ago, imbecile!" GB obnoxiously laughed before being shushed by Pen.

"L-Let's just um... talk? Resolve?" Pen nervously laughed as the two turned to him with disgruntled looks on their faces, as if he was the one who inflicted all this chaos on them to start with.

"What the fuck am I meant to resolve with this arrogant bitch?! SHE KILLED MATCH!!" Pencil yelled angrily, her eyes glowing with angry tears as Pen could feel a raging flame ignite within her.

"Pencil... she died in front of y-"

"Even if I did, I bet it did Match a favour anyways! I would rather die than live a liar who has to battle with two different identities every waking moment of my life while trying my best to shut the voice up in my head which basically controls my every move," Golf Ball added with a bit of a yawn, rubbing her eyes before looking back up to the two who started at her in disbelief.

Pencil held a hand to her mouth, tears soaking her face as she began to shake her head in utter disbelief.

"W-Wait... is that why she argued with me all the time?!" She cried, her heart thumping as she began to doubt everything she ever knew about her mysterious late friend.

"Golf Ball, how the hell do you even know this about her?!" Pen added in shock as Golf Ball began to continue.

"We were once very best friends..." she sighed, a frown growing on her face as she looked to the side.

"I knew how her true self was like, how she acted, talked, presented herself. And yes Pencil, it was drastically different to the Match that YOU knew."

Pencil's eyes widened, her mouth dropping to the floor as she began to go utterly speechless.

"She was so very insecure of herself, always shy and had her head down. She wouldn't even look you in the eye properly unless it was for something super important. It was like she was an everlasting outsider. A spectator, an outcast even! She would just refuse to speak. Not like the Match you all knew, who was sassy, straightforward, dimwitted. Match was actually really intelligent, probably more than me even, I just think she was scared to show you two and everyone else her true self, her smarts, her skills, all because of some stupid insecurity... AND THAT BROKE HER APART!"

"But, how-"

"I know what you'll say. I haven't even talked to her since before Season 0*, but if you've known someone for so long that you have

already grasped a clear hold of what their personality was like... well..."

"I don't get it though, I don't, I REALLY DON'T!" Pencil sobbed, wiping her tears as she continued to question the authenticity of their whole friendship from start to end.

"Why would she never tell me? WHY, WHY! I COULD'VE HELPED HER!"

"Because she was scared of what you'd think of h-"

"I WOULDN'T THINK ANYTHING THOUGH! SHE'S MY BEST FUCKING FRIEND, GOSH!" Pencil irritably screamed, continuing to cry as she slammed her fist against the wall in anger and slight shock.

"She kinda... told me..." Pen admitted, looking to the side in guilt as she continued.

"Before you..."

"No... no, no, no, no she didn't... no..." Pencil incredulously muttered , holding her face as her body began to go numb with shock.

"She loved you Pencil, I swear on it! She always saw you as her best friend!" Pen insisted, grabbing onto her arm in a weak attempt to convince her only to be pushed away after.

"If she really wanted to protect me why would she keep this much of a secret from me..." She muttered quietly, her hands trembling as she struggled to keep herself together.

"I-"

"Did I even... have a friendship with her?!"

"...Sure you did, I-"

"Even I can tell she really wanted to be your friend, Pencil." Golf Ball added solemnly with a slight nod.

"She lied because it was the only way she felt she could get closer to

you, to be your friend... she was just so afraid that if you know how she was really like behind her mask, you would immediately drop her."

Pencil sat there, letting out gasps of disbelief as she held a weary hand to her mouth.

"I-I... I wouldn't drop her.... She w-was... lying...?" She stammered, utterly stunned as she continued to silently cry.

"B-Bubble wasn't scared to be herself... Ruby wasn't either,.., Book and Icy weren't afraid, so why was Match?!"

The other two stayed silent, unable to forge a clear answer as Pencil only grew more and more confused than ever before.

"I'm so stupid... NOW SHE'S GONE FOR GOOD!"

"Hey, I mean at least at least you're still alive? You can keep Match's spirit alive!" Pen encouraged her with a nervous smile before receiving the most confused glare he'd ever seen in his life.

"She... what?! You confuse me Pen, gosh. I'm just gonna... go I guess..." Pencil sighed, shaking her head as she wiped her damp face clean.

"Wai-"

"I mean it Pen, no following me okay?!" Pencil snapped, looking him in the eye as he gave her a reluctant nod.

And with that, she closed the door, leaving Pen and GB still inside the somewhat abandoned bedroom.

"You should follow her." Golf Ball added as Pen nodded in agreement.

"Yeah. Yeah I should." He muttered, shooting GB a thumbs up as he walked towards the door.

...

Pencil stayed silent, putting a hand to her throbbing headache as she

felt her vision go fuzzy.

"Where's my bedroom again..." She murmured, blinking her swollen eyes as she walked forward. Her heart quickly pumped, her hands going shaky with worry as she began to feel the sensation she was dreading her entire life.

Loneliness.

Pencil sighed, too tired to cry. She just wanted to-

"AGH!" She suddenly yelped as she felt an unfamiliar liquid splash onto her, its strong and contaminating smell beginning to sting at her eyes as she let out a painful scream.

"W-WHAT IS THIS! WHO IS THIS?!" She continued to scream, rubbing her eyes at rapid speeds as she blindly walked forward to find the person who would do this.

"Okay, whatever Leafy! Spoiled bitch!" Another voice hissed as Pencil continued to walk forward, the loud door slam causing her to let out a soft shriek as she just kept continuing to blindly walk.

"Erm, why are you getting close to me Pencil?" The voice continued to speak as Pencil let out a painful groan, her left arm over the both of her eyes as her right arm stretched out to feel for the person in front, her palm going extremely warm as she got closer.

"Pencil! You okay?" Pen questioned, walking out the door with an unknowing grin as he looked for his friend.

"Huh... why is it so warm..." Pencil uttered, still seeing black as she took a step forward, her body shaking as she quickly began to lose balance.

She slipped, her fingers barely gliding on the person before her as she fell to the floor, letting out a painful scream as she began to feel a deathly hot sensation travel up her spine.

"W-WHAT'S THIS?!" Pencil screamed, her voice going raspy as she felt the pain of a thousand spears right into her limbs. To put it simply, she was burning.

She let out a blood-curdling scream, slamming her blazing fist on the ground as the sound of cracking and burning wood only began to intensify.

"PENCIL!" Pen screamed on the top of his lungs, his eyes widening in shock as he ran over to the flame that engulfed his only remaining friend in this hellhole.

"I-I'LL JUST... BURN UP YOUR FUCKING HOTEL BITCH!" Pencil wheezed out, crawling forward amidst the flames as she continued to slam and kick at the floor like a flopping fish on the pavement.

She continued, letting out shrill screams and quiet whimpers of pain as she continued to slam.

Live.

Just live.

...

FUCK, PLEASE?!

"The hotel is fireproof." The speaker straightforwardly admitted with a laugh as they mercilessly watched Pencil burn in a pit of flames.

"PEN... P...LEASE... S...UR...VIVE..." Pencil gasped out, her eyes so wide they looked like they were gonna pop out of their sockets. She began to go silent, her body slowly charring and breaking apart amidst the hell of flames as the open and pouring wounds on her arms and legs began to leak out, creating a dark red pool on the ground that was slowly mixing in with the fire.

"Fuck, fuck... FUCK, WHAT THE FUCK?! WHERE'S FUCKING TEARDROP!" Pen yelled distraughtly, anxiously holding onto his cap as he ran over to each and every door he could get to in the hallway, banging the doors open with violent kicks and forceful punches.

But alas... it was hopeless.

She was gone.

Both of them.

But what hurt the most...

"I never got to tell her... that I..."

...

16/42 left.

_____

Chapter 14 comes to a close now, how was that?

Word Count: 10,692

Definitions

*Season 0 - Total Firey Island

~

Anyways make sure to have a great day, and as usual... one more scene left ;)

Dean, out!

_____

"So I, um... what's your escape plan thing?" Foldy questioned, looking at Lollipop skeptically as her eyes glowed with a motivation.

"Okay, so..." She smiled excitedly, clearing her throat as she continued. Teardrop sighed, shaking her head as she simply turned her vision back to the Rubik's cube that she had been occupied with for the past few days.

"What I told you that I've actually found a way to recover?!" Lollipop added, an excited grin growing on her face as Foldy gasped in shock. Teardrop simply facepalmed.

"Wait, so-"

"Hold your horses girl!" Lollipop snapped, rolling her eyes as Foldy scoffed.

"I barely even said anything..."

"We're only gonna be able to recover one person, though,"

Foldy stayed silent for a second, turning her vision to the barren red walls next to the door as she began to think.

"Why don't we recover Stapy then?" Foldy smiled, swinging her feet as she felt her excitement levels go up at the sheer thought of him.

"Eh, whatever. But we do it tomorrow, okay?" Lollipop affirmed as Foldy gave her an extremely enthusiastic nod.

"Right!"

"Anyways, whatever goodnight." Lollipop muttered as she climbed up to the top bunk.

"Stapy... Stapy..." Foldy grinned as she tucked herself into the blankets, turning her head as she began to giggle quietly.

FIN.

fireflies. - chapter 15

2/1/2019 - The Final Two Episodes.

EXITor Interviews - 65th Placer.

...

"Well, honestly... I never found Match that *needy*, she was just... over the top at times!" Pencil laughed nervously, scratching her head and looking to the side away from the huge and intimidatingly high-tech camera that was peering right back at her, a reminder that she was, in fact, still in a reality show. That she still couldn't speak her mind.

"Why do you always push everyone else away, including Match? Are you like... nervous, upset, timid?" The green number asked with an interested look on their face as they adjusted the camera to zoom into Pencil and closely capture her facial expressions during the interview.

"W-Why are you asking me all these weird questions like you know me?!" Pencil nervously stuttered, furrowing her eyebrows as she backed away defensively.

"It's so that us, me, Four and X can get a better view of you and the rest of the contestants' personalities! It helps... individualise you and it sets you apart from the others, ya'know!" Two cheekily winked, clicking their fingers as they let out a friendly laugh only to be returned with a tense silence from Pencil.

"Okay..." She sighed, not wanting to drag the interview along any further than it was already.

"Marvellous, anyways let's give you a different question!" Two smiled, adjusting the camera a bit more so it could focus onto

Pencil properly.

Pencil stayed silent, holding her hands together nervously as she began to expect the worst out of Two's next question.

"Do you think that throughout your time on BFDI through to BFB, you've made any friends? Excluding the alliance or the ones you talked to in the EXIT."

"I... well..." Pencil stammered, a little embarrassed.

If she really thought about it...

Always argued with Match outside competitions.

She belittled Book and Ice Cube.

Hurt Bubble and Ruby.

Pester Liy in the EXIT.

Tease Bracelety.

Push away Leafy.

And yell at anyone else that tried to ever come near her...

Especially...

"No. I didn't..." She uttered quietly, tearing up a little at the thought.

Out of all 64 contestants. And you've only ever became friends with about 5 excluding Match? How pathetic!

"Why do you think that is Pencil?" Two asked, becoming increasingly interested in the topic.

"Um..." Pencil stuttered again, her voice shaky and sore as she nervously wiped the tears that were slowly trailing down her face.

"I think I've been kinda... hostile towards others... I-IT'S NOT MY

FAULT THOUGH, I SWEAR! I just act like that for the... competition, yeah! I really wish I could befriend more contestants on this show, but I'm just so scared they still see me as a mean person."

Two nodded understandingly, grabbing a notepad as they wrote some unintelligible words onto the paper.

"I get that! So... anyways, I have one more question for you! It's a little complicated but try to answer it to the best of your ability, ok?"

"Alright..." Pencil agreed, a little suspicious as Two held a notepad to their face, watching as they began to read aloud from it.

"How do you think Freesmart and the rest of the cast would react if you died permanently, like, you couldn't be recovered EVER!" Two exclaimed in a dramatic tone in a weird attempt to scare Pencil.

"W-What?!" Pencil yelped, a bit frightened by the sheer darkness of the question.

She scratched her chin a bit curiously, looking around the room as her mind began to wander.

"Hm... I've heard this case about a contestant from this show called Inanimate Insanity called Bow. She, um, ended up in a fatal accident along with the host MePhone4 which caused both him and her to brutally die! Well, they were able to get the host back, but they weren't exactly able to get Bow back... I watched one episode of the second season though, and turns out she's actually a ghost who lives in a mansion with her brother, Dough! Using that example, I wouldn't truly be dead, I'd still be alive! Just... stranded in some weird house... Match and the others could still be able to talk to me though, which is cool and stuff! So, I don't think they would be sad because I would still be able to speak with them! I hope that was, erm, the answer you were looking for...!"

Two frowned a little, expecting a more dramatic answer. But it was an alright answer regardless.

.

"Right then, this is the end of your interview! Your rejoiner interview will be in two days!" Two exclaimed, switching off the camera as Pencil got up from the soft yellow couch and towards the door.

"Okay, cya Two!" Pencil smiled genuinely at them - one of the first times she'd done that in a while - as she opened the wooden door to leave.

"Bye-bye!" They waved back at her as she gently closed the door, the smile immediately wiping off their face as they turned back to face the camera.

"Okay... next three are Leafy, Bracelety, then... Liy..." Two shuddered at the sheer mention of the lightswitch's name.

Liy was always eerily quiet every time they had tried to initiate simple conversation with her. She would always back away, her eyes glued to the floor. When she would decide to look at you, which would be rarely, she always had a cold and bitter stare as if she was plotting to end you, or something.

"Gotta brace myself..." Two uttered a little more bravely, despite the thought of Liy chilling them to their very core.

...

"What an odd final question..." Pencil uttered, still confused by the spontaneity of Two.

"Why would there be no chance of recovery..."

"I wouldn't just DIE..."

"Would... I...?"

"...Die?"

...

Oh, these sweet, innocent contestants. Blissfully unaware of what I've long prepared to unleash on all of them...

All it takes is one slip up from GB & TB, and the fates of all these unknowing contestants would already be sealed...

_____

How does one catch a firefly?

...

Well, for starters, you usually take a close look at it. The way it flies, which direction it takes...

Then, you pull out the big guns. When it begins to slow down, that's when you prepare to catch it in the nick of time.

This may usually take a few tries, but as soon as you've grabbed hold of the glowing insect then make sure not to let go!

As soon as you've enough hold over the glowing insect, place it in a jar and make it your new friend!

...

Hm... I'll try that on this fluffy pink firefly right here.

'Puffball', She calls herself.

Cheeky, mischievous, and somewhat sweet.

Though lately... she's been drained, so drained... It's like she's... missing someone... and the only thing that seems to be motivating her enough to wake up each day...

Revenge.

Though, she doesn't exactly know how to enact it.

You can just tell from the moment you look into her eyes that

there's an underlying desire to rip that horrible, horrible Book into shreds!

So, I want to help her... in my own way.

First, I'll capture her. And then, I'll offer her my services. If she declines, well... let's just say, it wouldn't exactly be a choice in her favour...

...

I'm so clever aren't I! What can I say? Lightswitches are just bright, hehe!

FIREFLIES - CHAPTER 15.
15/5/2015

"Hm, I wonder what we should do..." Foldy uttered, tapping her feet silently on the ground as she swayed back and forth in boredom.

Pink, sparkly, cute. It's every girl's dream. A luxury sleepover with your best friends! Though, best friends is certainly a stretch in this case.

Foldy diverted her attention to the three other girls sitting beside her.

Pastel Highlighter, who always had a smile on her innocent face. Her only ACTUAL best friend in this. Although, there was always a lingering feeling that maybe that cute grin is hiding some not so innocent secrets behind it...

She then turned her vision to Glass Cup, usually silent yet assertive when she truly feels like it.

The one Foldy never liked to talk about. Well... because...

And then there's Makeup Brush. Your stereotypical popular girl who always posts selfies of her obnoxious self onto her public story, to beefing with others on group chats. Though this time, she looked bored out of her head, mindlessly scrolling through her phone just so

she could keep herself awake.

Suddenly though, a grin perked up on her face. One so mischievous and full of ideas....

This could mean one of two things.

1: Makeup Brush wants to ask the others to do something extremely embarrassing so she can post it on her socials.

Or,

2: She wants to do something that can benefit herself in the long run.

She cleared her throat, giggling a little before going on.

"I have a fun game we can all play!" She smiled, leaning her face onto one palm as she placed her phone in the middle of the white table the four were all sitting around.

The remaining three exchanged odd glances, raising eyebrows and awkwardly coughing as Makeup Brush simply smiled.

"I think that we should all place our phones in the middle of the table, and whoever receives a notification, or a call, or anything has to read it out loud in front of us all!"

Foldy sighed, facepalming with her nonexistent hands as she looked to the side.

It was indeed Option 2. This girl is extremely predictable.

"Uhm, sure! I'm in!" Glass Cup nodded, pulling out her phone before gently placing it on the center of the table next to MB's.

Of course she would listen to anything MB says. What a bootlicker.

Pastel and Foldy exchanged confused and anxious glances, looking down at their phones before slowly looking back up towards Makeup Brush, who stared daggers back at them.

"We're waiting..." Makeup Brush hissed, giving the two an extremely

forced smile as Pastel shakily held her phone up to her chest, still clutching onto it tightly as she began to anxiously shake.

Makeup Brush began to laugh, putting a hand over her mouth as her obnoxious chuckles began to echo in the girl's ears, repeatedly overlapping as it just got louder, and louder.

"Why are you being such a bitch all of a sudden?!" Foldy snapped at her, rolling her eyes as the laughter halted. Makeup Brush turned to her, looking her up and down before cracking a smirk.

"Okay fine then bossy boots!" Makeup Brush smirked before turning back to Pastel, still holding up that snobby expression as she continued.

"Put your phone in the middle and no one will complain!"

Pastel blinked, looking back at her as she began to clench her fists.

"Fine then, are you happy now?!" Pastel angrily burst out, slamming her phone into the middle so hard that the table began to shake. She then crossed her arms, giving MB a dark stare before turning back to Foldy, who too placed her phone in the middle.

"Yay, we can begin!" Makeup Brush beamed, clapping her hands excitedly before going awkwardly silent.

Foldy looked around silently, swaying her body back and forth as she began to quietly hum to herself for time to pass.

Even though the only thing she wanted to pass was this extremely obnoxious game.

Finally, after a solid few minutes of silent waiting the girls could hear a loud ding sound come from one of the phones.

"Let's see whose it i-"

"It's mine." Foldy snapped, picking up the phone with her foot before quietly reading the notification.

"Well go on then, READ IT OUT LOUD!" Makeup Brush yelled loudly

as Foldy rolled her eyes.

"Oh my gosh, I was! Anyways, it's from Pin."

"Pin? Since when-"

"'Do you have the ingredients for tommorow's lesson? I don't have yeast or flour.'" Foldy read out in a nonchalant tone before placing her phone back down to the table.

"Since when were you friends with that outcast?!" Makeup Brush as Foldy simply sighed.

"Are you dense or something?! IT SAID LESSON."

"Plus why would I be friends with some weirdo like her, I don't even like her! She can kiss my ass for all I care!" Foldy fibbed out loudly back to her, forcing out a few laughs as MB nodded with a smile.

I don't actually hate Pin.

I hate YOU.

"Doesn't explain why you're in a group with her, if you wanna stop being friends with us then you can say so, no hard feelings!" Makeup Brush smirked as Foldy sighed, shaking her head as she spoke again.

"Our cooking class teacher chose the groups for us for like 'learning to get along' or some stupid shit. The only reason they're doing this is because that stupid freak Liy got into another fight with someone and boxed them up!" Foldy exclaimed in annoyance.

"Boxed up? She's built like a fucking box!" Makeup Brush laughed as her and Glass Cup exchanged obnoxious snickers.

"Let's just continue the game..." Foldy sighed, tapping her feet on the ground as she attempted to pass time once more.

Though yet again, another loud buzz could be heard as the girls scrambled to find out whose phone it was.

"M-Mine!" Glass Cup stuttered, holding her phone anxiously to her

face as she began to read through it.

"Let's see!" MB smiled, staring into her face in a snarky manner as she peered towards the girl's phone.

"Oh my gosh, girl wait!" Glass Cup yelled back at her, backing away as she typed, pulling the phone closer to her face.

"WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU EVEN TEXTING?! GIVE IT!" Makeup Brush angrily burst, snapping as she grasped onto her best friend's arm, yanking her wrist hard enough for her to let out a loud shriek, the phone bouncing off her palm and onto the ground for grabs.

Foldy stared back at her in disbelief, in shocked silence as she watched Makeup Brush open up the message, before bursting out into that forced laugh of hers.

"What now?" Foldy interjected, utterly bored at her stupid game.

"Sorry, but you're not my type, I wouldn't want to be with someone as odd-looking as you! HAAH! OH MY GOSH!" Makeup Brush giggled obnoxiously, a tear dripping down her friend's face as she snatched the phone back from her hand.

Makeup Brush turned to her, the laughter dying down as she took a second to simply look at the broken and shocked look on Glass Cup's face as she began to cover the tears welling up in her eyes with her left hand.

"Don't think you're on the top of the world just because you have a boyfriend and I don't." She uttered to MB, her voice trembling as Makeup Brush felt the slightest bit of guilt run through her.

"Anyways, let's just play anoth-"

There was another vibration.

"Let's see who it belongs to now!" Makeup Brush smirked, scouring through the pile of phones before laying her hands on a glittery purple one. There was simply only one person it could've belonged to.

"I-... I'll take that thank you very much!" Pastel exclaimed, already knowing what the message was going to be before it was even read out, reaching out her arms to grab back her device before being pushed so hard she fell to the ground with a loud thud.

"Wait, who the hell is Saw? She doesn't go to our school...?" Makeup Brush raised an eyebrow, clicking on the notification before opening up the messages app on her phone.

"No, DON'T-"

"I know what you're feeling, y'know. I'm just... surprised you haven't told anyone else but me...? I don't know when we'll meet again since I moved cities but I'm always available to talk if you need it?"

Pastel froze in shock, smacking her hands onto her face before digging her nails painfully into her skin so hard that you could see blood dripping down her finger and onto her palms.

"PASTEL, ARE YOU OKAY?! YOU DON'T HAVE TO LISTEN TO ANYTHING SHE SAYS!" Foldy cried, running towards her as fast as possible as soon as she saw the painful sight of red.

Fear ran through her body as she observed the dystopian state that her best friend was now in. Dystopian simply because, well, she'd never ever seen her like that before in her life. Usually it was just a glowing grin on her face, or at the very least a smile. No one, absolutely no one was ever able to see Pastel like this. Until now...

Pastel let out a loud and fearful gasp, her breaths shaky and scared as she simply began to cry, her cold tears mixing in with the warm blood as it rolled down her face before dripping right on the ground.

"What's... w-wrong...? You can always tell me Pastel! Unlike a certain scoundrel here, I won't judge you!" Foldy exclaimed, forcing a smile, but it was in vain. She wouldn't get her hands off her face.

Foldy's body tensed and trembled with anger; turning right back to Makeup Brush with a look on her face so deathly and dark that MB herself felt a shiver down her spine.

"GIVE ME THE DAMN PHONE, WILL YOU?! I'M NEVER GONNA

FORGIVE YOU FOR THIS YOU OBNOXIOUS BITCH!" She screamed with anger, leaping right onto MB before stamping on her arm so hard that she let out a gut-wrenching scream. Foldy stayed silent, pulling away the purple phone from her before going back and grabbing her own too.

"We're going." Foldy uttered coldly, Pastel Highlighter standing up with her before walking towards the front door of the house.

As the two walked out of the door, a chilling breeze ran down Foldy's spine accompanied by a few shivers. She shook her head, looking down to the ground as the cold wind calmly blew onto her face.

"Thanks for that Foldy..." Pastel thanked her quietly, wiping her face with a tissue as she looked right into Foldy's eyes, a sombre smile as the look in her glistening eyes tugged right at her heartstrings.

Foldy gasped a little, trembling in fear at the sheer creepiness of her smile.

The way she keeps smiling I'll never understand.

Even if she was to bleed out of a thousand wounds. She would... still smile...

Her smile. It glows like a star. A star that always glows brighter than the others.

Always...

...

That's why I wonder why she had to die the way she did.

Did her bright smile really hurt someone that badly?

Did her being happy and positive really affect someone so badly to the point where her life had to be taken?

I wonder if they're simply jealous or just deranged.

Or... if they weren't.

And they just hated... her happiness.

Wait...

...

Blue...

...

BLUE...

PRESENT.

Foldy woke up in a cold sweat, her frail heart thumping quickly as her fragile paper body began to slightly tremble.

"Flashback... just a flashback..." Foldy shuddered quietly, letting out a quiet sigh of relief as she began to slowly wake up.

She blinked, looking around in the room that she had been invited to stay in by Lollipop - that one girl she was supposedly forced into an alliance with.

"Another day..." Foldy sighed, turning her vision towards the silent Teardrop.

What was wrong with TD anyways? Besides the fact that she couldn't speak like everyone else, which wasn't really even a problem to Foldy to even begin with.

Teardrop was bright, strategic, quick thinking.... She had even seen it for herself while they were competing together in that BFB show thing.

Foldy took a closer glance towards the silent girl, watching as she frowned and swung her legs in the air, before... tearing up?

She wanted to intervene, to say something, to calm her down. But instead, Foldy simply stayed silent, for... observation purposes. She

watched as TD began to sob silently, the only sounds coming out of her being the heavy breaths and the silent sounds of wiping tears as she began to shake and tremble.

Foldy watched as she held her hands over her eyes, breathing heavily as she opened her mouth wide in a vain attempt to let out a pained scream, to even utter anything.

"What... happened to you...?" Foldy thought a bit too loud, for she watched as TD silently looked up to her, wiping her tears and closing her mouth shut before facing her with swollen eyes, her eye-bags darkened and stretching down to her cheeks as she held onto her face.

"Shit, s-sorry! I didn't mean to say that... so l-loudly..." Foldy blurted out nervously and a little embarrassed as she looked back at the little water droplet, watching as she opened her mouth again, and, beginning to mouth... something...?

...

H...

E...

L...

P...

...

M...

E...

...

She took my voice away.

...

"Who... is she? Who did that to you TD?!" Foldy replied nervously as

Teardrop continued to quietly mouth the words.

…

I…

WON'T…

DIE…

UNTIL…

I…

KILL…

HER…

…

"KILL... WHO?! TD, YOU'RE SCARING ME!"

…

They all ask me why I can't talk.

Ask her.

…

One day I came home from school too late. And she got mad at me… so, so mad…

…

"W-Who is *she*?" Foldy uttered silently as Teardrop put a somber hand to her other arm.

Mom.

Foldy went eerily silent, her eyes widening with pure shock as she blinked rapidly as if to wake herself up from an endless dream. But this was no dream. This was as real as could be...

"Morning Foldy..." Lollipop yawned, snapping Foldy out of her shock as she began to blink.

Lollipop sighed, climbing down the top bunk and back onto the ground just to find Foldy communicating with none other than...

"Seriously? HER?!" Lollipop scoffed, grabbing ruthlessly onto Teardrop's wrist before facing Foldy with a deathly stare on her face.

"What the fuck is your problem with her?!" Foldy exclaimed, utterly shocked at the whole thing as Lollipop rolled her eyes, shaking onto Teardrop violently as if she was a ragdoll.

"SHE'S SO FUCKING WEIRD! SERIOUSLY, I DON'T GET IT! SHE DOESN'T TALK ON PURPOSE YET SHE EXPECTS PEOPLE TO BE HER FRIEND?!" She screeched, tightening her controlling hold on the girl as she began to forcefully bend her wrist.

Teardrop shut her eyes in pain, swinging her legs at rapid speeds as Lollipop held her up into the air as if to inspect her.

"SAY SOMETHING ALREADY WILL YOU?!" Lollipop screamed into her face, her voice croaking with anger as Teardrop began to quietly cough.

"Look what you've done... WHY ARE YOU EVEN DOING THIS? LEAVE HER ALONE SO WE CAN RECOVER STAPY ALREADY, CAN WE!" Foldy screamed loudly to Lollipop, though she held back for a second, her heart dropping right onto to the cold floor as she watched Teardrop silently cough out what looked like thick drops of blood...

Lollipop shrieked at the sight, immediately dropping TD to the floor, fearfully watching as she continued to cough out the substance, her fist balled up and slamming onto the carpet as she continued to cry.

"Look... Teardrop... I'll get help ASAP! I'm not letting anyone else die anymore! J-Just stay calm, please!!" Foldy exclaimed worriedly, running for the door before taking a glance towards Teardrop once more.

Foldy shook her head, looking right back to Lollipop with a solemn

stare.

"You're coming with me." Foldy said to Lollipop as firmly as possible.

"W-What? No I'm-"

"NOW, LOLLIPOP!"

"Fine..."

_____

...

..

.

Silence...

It really makes you feel something, doesn't it?

.

No innocent laughter... No friendly banter.

No nothing.

..

Just the faint sound of your beating heart as you contemplate all of your decisions that led you up to this very moment.

Just your quiet sobs as you wander why you would do such a thing.

Why you would... abandon... HER?

...

Eyes closed and watery tears trickling down your cold face as the vacuum of silence begins to suck you into its eternal whirlpool.

The silence... is so foreign to you, isn't it?

A very charismatic and bright contestant you are? A confident yet somewhat dimwitted one with a long history of being sociable and being yourself, despite being in a more macho group of friends who prefer to bully their peers rather than create long-lasting relationships with them.

Hm... to think the metal box would've permanently silenced you. If anything, it made you more willing to speak!

What a shame...

...

I want you to take in as much silence as possible.

I want you to feel what I fucking did because of the likes of you.

And when your time is nearing it's end...

I'll make sure it's as slow and as painful as possible.

...

Because of you...

I never got to be happy during my time on Death P.A.C.T., ever.

For the five... not even five, FOUR FUCKING EPISODES WHERE I DID ABSOLUTELY NOTHING BECAUSE YOU ALL HOGGED MY SPOTLIGHT...

Because of you, no one supported me.

You sided with them...

Pen...

...

You'd think burning his best friend right before his eyes would be enough?

Watching her slowly suffer and break into utter insanity would be enough for him?

You think Pencil quite literally losing her mind would be enough of a punishment for him?

No... this is just the beginning Pen...

Just... the beginning...

Beginning... beginning...

Beginning. Of your suffering.

.

..

...

"Pen! We need your help, NOW!" Foldy yelled loudly, barging into his room just to find him wrapped in a blanket crying to himself quietly.

Foldy raised a skeptical eyebrow, walking closer to him as she began to wander what was going on.

"Pen...? What happened to you?" She uttered quietly, watching as his somber and tear-filled eyes gave her a quick glance before quickly turning to the ground.

"Let's just find someone else, please! I can't wait for this depressed bitch for too long!" Lollipop scoffed as she rolled her eyes, slamming the door shut with as much force as humanly possible just to gain Foldy's attention.

"Keep in mind this is YOUR FAULT, OKAY?"

Lollipop stayed silent, looking Foldy up and down rudely before sighing. She walked closer to the scene, looking at Pen and his sorry state before letting out a halfhearted yawn, stretching her arms up to the air as she swayed back and forth for a quick second.

She then paused for a moment, looking down to the floor as her blank mind began to wander. Holding a hand to her arm, she let out a somewhat guilty sigh, looking back up at Foldy with a somewhat saddened look on her face.

"I'm sorry okay. All my friends are dead and I have nothing left in this stupid place!" Lollipop cried exaggeratedly, wiping her eyes before peering back to Foldy, who glanced back at her with a straight face, not a streak of guilt to be found.

"This is your problem. You're so self-centred to the point that you don't stop to think that others could be going through the same thing as you just because of how immersed in yourself you are! Get your head out of your ass and look around Lollipop, I lost Stapy and Marker, Pen here lost Pencil and Eraser, and I'm very sure everyone else lost a friend or two by now!"

She stayed silent, wiping the tears off her purple face before looking back at Foldy, whose expression slightly softened at her reaction.

"Lollipop, I-"

"You're right Foldy!" Lollipop exclaimed with a tearful smile, nodding her purple head as she continued.

"I'm just an asshole and all my friends are dead anyways so what's the point, right?!"

Foldy blinked for a second, trying to interpret what the hell Lollipop even meant in the first place, but before she could even get anywhere at all, Lollipop pulled out a sharp dagger out of what seemed to be thin air, grinning at it before looking back at Foldy, whose pupils began to shrink in utter disbelief.

"I'll just go like all of them! It's what you want, right?"

"No... NO, NO, NO, SHIT, LOLLIPOP, NO!!"

Suffering, suffering.

It's all what they dread.

.

It's what I dreaded too.

But you all had to inflict it on me and me only...

I bet I don't even exist to you all... I'm just a shadow... that no one seems to notice.

That you all push away and disregard.

Right?

...

Foldy... I've quite literally given you immunity from all of this.

Why the fuck don't you use your opportunity rightly?

Y'know...

...

.

"I was only kidding, you i... d..."

Lollipop paused, letting out a loud yet raspy gasp as she shakily looked down to see that the dagger that was once in her hand... was now being held by Foldy, the sharp yet merciless blade digging right into her chest as it began to twist in so deep that the end of the blade had protruded out of her back...

Foldy blinked, her mind slightly blank as she turned her vision towards the scene before her, which was as real as can be...

She stayed silent, letting go of the blood-soaked blade as she stepped back to get a clearer look at what she had inflicted.

But before the origami could even register anything, before she could even utter a single word... She let out a blood-curdling scream, her eyes welling up with tears as she watched Lollipop topple back and forth before landing into a growing pool of her own blood.

"No... no, no, no, fuck no..." She continued to utter quietly, her eyes closed as she began to murmur unintelligible words.

"They all keep dying don't they?" The somber Pen added quietly, watching the scene unfold from the distance with an unsurprised look on his face. It was as if witnessing his own best friend burn in a hellish pit of flames... burned away the last of his motivation too, for as she disappeared from this horrible world, so did his will to live.

"Each day is the same thing. Someone dies, we all will in here eventually and no one will ever remember to recover us."

Pen looked Foldy in her traumatised eyes, watching as she slowly began to lose herself amidst the splatter of nauseating red blood the room was now filled with.

He then turned to Lollipop, who was eerily silent as she seemed to quietly be slumbering in a blanket of her vital fluid. To put it simply... the girl was dead.

Whether Foldy liked it, or not...

"Why did I even come here...?" Foldy uttered quietly, her voice aching with guilt as she turned to Pen.

Those tearful eyes...

THOSE... TEARFUL-

"Y'know... now that I think about it, I haven't spoken to Teardrop, in ages!" Pin blinked in realisation, smiling curiously as she scratched her chin.

That smile isn't even genuine. I just don't want to be sad. Coiny would want me to be happy, right?

"I dunno... I don't really feel like dying today." Needle replied sarcastically in a glum voice, leaning back against the large pillow on her bed as she let out a yawn.

"Come on Needle!" Pin persuaded, getting up onto her feet as she walked over to the unenthusiastic sewing needle.

"She was a Woah-Buncher too! Don't you... remember?" Her eyes watered at the thought of forgetting about the carefree times of 2015, even if she didn't enjoy the second season as much as the others might've did.
She just hated to see her once carefree and athletic friend now chained to her bed with a dull look on her usually smiley face.

Pin just wanted... the old times back again.

"I just... I'm worried about her okay Needle! Gosh, w-why do you have to be so arrogant! Why instead of getting up and helping me fix this mess do you just want to lay down and stare at the wall until you die!!" Pin burst out angrily, her heart pumping with rage as Needle looked back at her, a sort of... guilt in her eyes as she sighed.

"Fine... but if you get injured I won't help you!" Needle fibbed with a bit of a laugh, getting up on her feet before stretching her arms into the air.

Pin smiled, her eyes filling with tears as she nodded her head slightly.

"Let's go!!" She beamed, reaching for the door before unlocking it open, shivering as she felt the cold air of the corridor brush against her face.

She sniffed the air, scrunching her nose before suddenly letting out a loud and disgusted cough.

"Why does it smell so smoky in here, did something burn?!" Pin coughed out, holding her nose as she suddenly heard something power on.

"Well, now that you mention it... a very fatal... hm... accident, I'll call it, happened here! Someone died, how sad... I'll let you find out who it is though since I love mysteries!" The speaker giggled, their careless voice sending shivers down both Needle and Pin's spines as they continued to shakily trot through the ominous corridor.

Pin grumbled a little, her eyes glued to the red carpet as she began to

wonder how many deaths have been swept under it.

How many problems have been swept under it...

How much blood has spilled and seeped into the red colouring that had seemed to be filled to the brim with secrets.

The sheer thought of it made her feet sting and throb every time they pressed against the carpet, her heart thumping loudly in her ears as she tried her best to swallow down the growing lump in her throat.

"We're here... I think this is her room..." Needle gulped, a drop of sweat trickling down her metal face as she shakily reached for the door handle.

The two girls entered silently, blissfully unaware of the gruesome situation that had just unfolded in this very room just over fifteen minutes earlier...

Pin put a hand to her face, gagging as she closed her eyes shut.

"E-Eugh, why does it smell like someone burned their breakfast in here!" Pin coughed out a little obnoxiously, wiping her closed eyes before opening then just to see the friend they were looking for.

Except in the state that they had dreaded to witness her in.

Teardrop was utterly motionless, her face plunged into a dark pool of her own blood as the fluid began to slowly mix in with the water she was made of, creating a deathly maroon colour.

"TEARDROP?!" Needle shrieked loudly, her jaw dropping down to her feet as she quickly ran over to attend to the unconscious droplet.

Pin simply stood still, a dark grimace painted over her bright red face as she walked slightly back towards the door.

Do you want me to be honest with you?

Her eyebrows furrowed, letting out a shaky breath as she tapped her feet against the scratchy red rug on the floor.

I don't actually care about Teardrop at all. Needle's shaky cries and loud shrieks are simply just music to my ears.

I just needed a desperate excuse to get out of that damned room. So I don't think about... him...

Coiny... why was he so... dazed? What did he find in this place that made him act the way he did...?

I remember what Puffball did to me a bit ago. And now that I'm really thinking about it, she had the exact same symptoms as him as far as I've witnessed.

Dazed... sick... out of character... not understanding your surroundings...

I wonder if she consumed the exact same thing. Or maybe something a little different.

What if... someone planted it to specifically target Coiny, but didn't expect Puffball to be caught in the crossfire too.

Or if they planned to target as many people as they could.

That's the only thing I care about. And honestly?

Teardrop can die for all I care. Not like I ever liked her in the first place.

"PIN, HELP!! I THINK SHE'S... DEAD!!" Needle cried out, cradling her unconscious friend in her arms as she let out painful sobs.

Pin looked around the room, crossing her arms and frowning somewhat pathetically as she walked forward to inspect the situation.

"I'm so stupid... why didn't I just go to check on her earlier?!" Needle uttered quietly, her voice dripping with guilt as she felt cold tears run down her face and then onto the hard ground.

She then turned to Pin, who she then realised was somewhat... smirking?!

"Pin? WHAT THE HELL!!" Needle immediately placed TD back on the ground, getting up on her two feet before giving Pin a hard slap on her face.

Pin scoffed, rubbing the area of where she got slapped before turning back to Needle.

"What the fuck is your problem?!" She rolled her eyes, a bit of a laugh slipping out in her speech.

"WHAT'S FUNNY PIN?!" Needle clenched her fists angrily, utterly offended that Pin wouldn't even stop for a second.

"I didn't even call you Needy, Needy!" Pin continued to laugh, her voice as loud and as obnoxious as can be.

But really and truly, those laughs were just there to cover up how broken and damaged she had really become ever since... Coiny...

"Either you read the fucking room Pin, OR YOU GET OUT!"

Pin giggled, putting a hand over her mouth as her other hand reached for the door handle, pushing it down before opening the door up.

"Well then, Toodles!" Pin waved obnoxiously before pulling the door back as hard as she possibly could, causing the door to slam back into the frame so loudly that some of the wall above began to crumble and tatter.

Y'know what... where did Pencil even find that gun? I think I know what t-

Pin abruptly paused in her thoughts, wincing a little as she felt her foot bump into something...

She blinked, looking down to her feet before finding... a handgun?

Who could've planted this?

Eh, whatever.

Pin shrugged to herself, picking up the ominous gun before holding it up to her face.

Can't expect fourteen people to escape can you? Gotta decrease the number. Then, it'll be easier for me to narrow down who the mastermind behind all of this is.

Hm... which room should I go into first?

"Just say sorry will you? Why do you have to be so difficult... LIKE ALL THE DAMN TIME!!" Firey yelled into the green leaf's face in an attempt to get her to understand.

Fanny groaned loudly. Yet another one of their stupid arguments that she had to put up with being in the same room as them.

It seemed that their pointless arguments had also manage to suck up all the happy excitement that Bottle had too, for she hadn't even smiled once since they had entered this cursed place.

"Why should I say sorry for something I didn't do?" Leafy blinked, playing dumb simply to piss Firey off.

"Ugh!" Firey groaned loudly, holding his hands to his face as he began to utter unintelligible words under his breath.

Leafy smirked, rolling her eyes playfully before turning to the door, which for some reason began to rattle and shake loudly more than it usually did.

"That's odd, i-"

"I'll get it." Firey said coldly, walking over to the door before opening it up just to be met with a familiar face.

"Hi Firey!" Pin smiled, her right arm behind her back as she waved with her other hand.

"What do you want?" Firey rolled his eyes before angrily tapping his feet on the ground.

Pin grimaced, clenching her left fist before looking Firey deep in the eye with a glare so wicked he began to shudder and step back.

"You know that's not nice to say to an old friend, right Firey?" Pin pouted, watching as the room went dead silent with suspicion and fear.

But before Firey could utter another word, Pin cocked out a gun, holding it against his face while grinning brightly.

"W-WHAT ARE YOU-"

"Pow!" Pin smiled, pulling the trigger and watching with a soulless stare as Firey began to bleed his guts out.

"Guys, I just blew his brains out!" She giggled, laughing maniacally before pointing the weapon towards Fanny and Bottle, who weren't even given a second to spare.

Leafy watched in pure horror, staring at the bloodied pieces of glass that scattered across the floor before looking back up at Pin, blood dripping down her face as she smiled and waved.

"Don't worry Leafy, I remember our alliance." Pin stated, her eyes dark and filling with sheer **bloodlust.**

Bloodlust. Hm...

"Just kidding! Pow!" Pin laughed, pretending to shoot at Leafy and watching gleefully as she cowered down to the ground.

Before Leafy could utter a single word, Pin slammed the door shut, leaving her to reminisce quietly with the bodies of the contestants that were once alive and breathing about a minute ago.

Tears filled her eyes, guilt washing over her as she walked towards Firey.

Her best friend...

Leafy watched with a tearful frown as Firey began to dim and turn... metal?

"I'm sorry... I'm so fucking sorry, please... I'm so fucking selfish and I just liked to piss you off for my own self gain. I don't even deserve you or anything..."

She held in her tears, her body utterly trembling as she began to smile once more.

"Smiling? I-It's my coping mechanism, y'know... people stop questioning how you really feel when you smile."

Leafy paused, the tears finally flying out of her eyes as she quickly began to scream and break down, clawing tightly onto her face as she began to loudly sob.

"You were the only reason I was holding on. But now that you're gone? Well..."

...

Insane, insane. They're all going insane...

Insane...

Now you all can begin to understand my inner feelings. Not that your little brains could ever comprehend how I feel anyways.

Let's just call what's happening...

The Awakening.

...

ONE HOUR AGO.

"Oh gosh... that was so embarrassing!" Puffball muttered to herself, teary-eyed as she nervously floated back and forth around the empty corridor in an attempt to wash away her putrid vomiting sensation.

Her stomach weakly churned, twisting back and forth as PB let out an uncomfortable groan as if to ease the tremendous amounts of pain that she had felt ever since she had a taste of that wretched purple drink.

Pain.

That's all she could feel now.

Her revenge?

She forgot about that a long time ago...

At this point? She just wanted to survive.

The blazing flame of vengefulness in her soul was long put to rest. But something, just something in the back of her mind sensed that somehow... it would reignite once more.

"Just a matter of before I-"

Before Puffball could utter the final words of her sentence, she felt a suffocating hand to her mouth, a white cloth being held and tightly pressing onto her as if to shut her up once and for all.

She let out a loud and vocoded scream, the high-pitched sound muffling under the thick cloth as she fought just to stay conscious.

Blinking profusely, she attempted to bite onto the hand of her sudden and anonymous attacker, though that would soon only prove to be in vain as after two seemingly long minutes of struggle, PB's vision began to blur, her breaths going quiet as she lost all control of herself, falling onto the ground in a shaky thud as her attacker simply tossed the cloth onto the floor before coming closer.

Liy looked up at the fallen girl, not saying a word. Yet the wretched smile that was quickly forming on her face could tell you a thousand stories.

...

...

...

"Humble beginnings... huh?"

The grin on Liy's face still remained, a few giggles slipping out of her mouth as she rested her arm on the rusted metal cage.

Puffball blinked her eyes a little woozily, looking around just to find herself trapped behind rusty bars. She trembled, silently looking up just to see Liy staring right back at her, her face beaming and her eyes glowing as she mockingly waved at her.

"J-Jokes on you... I can just shrink and fly out of here!" Puffball blurted out as Liy immediately burst out laughing.

"Go on then, try!" Liy replied, silently watching as Puffball squirmed around, trying her best to change sizes or at the very least fly, but it was all in vain.

"WHAT DID YOU DO TO M-"

"Let's see... hm... how cute!" Liy smirked, reading through a sheet of lined paper that was filled to the absolute brim with words.

"You and Fries met in high school about a month before BFDIA, and then you became friends, which explains why you two immediately spoke in BFDIA. After the events of BFDIA 5, he was the first one to actually forgive you and become your actual best friend, consistently standing up for you whenever someone brought up that very episode. During the gap between BFDIA and BFB, he'd always come to visit you in the LOL, and you two would always sit there for hours talking to each other through the singular window in the back of the LOL up until everyone was freed by Tennis Ball and fled to the grasslands. In BFB, the only person he wanted to invite to come along and join Free Food was you! He loved you very much, always joining the same team as you in every season you two have been in! Though your 4 year old friendship was somewhat short lived, you two grew a very tight knit bond up until the point he was mercilessly killed by that absolute MONSTER!"

Puffball stayed silent, shaking her head as Liy began to exaggeratedly shudder and force out a tear.

"Who would kill Fries like that..." She put her hands over her face, sulks mixed with slight laughter as she suddenly paused, looking

Puffball right in the eye with a solemn stare, her fists clenching hard as she began to grumble and tear up.

"Book. She took him away from you... SHE FUCKING TOOK HIM AWAY! AND SHE'S OFF TO GET MORE! THE PSYCHOPATH ALREADY KILLED ICE CUBE, TACO AND PENCIL! HER OWN FRIENDS!"

"What makes you think that I'm gonna believe anything you say when you trapped me in a FUCKING CAGE?!" Puffball snapped with a look of disbelief as Liy cleared her throat.

"She killed Fries, right? She's the reason for your pain..."

"..."

"Look Puffball, I know you've been conspiring for revenge against her ever since the moment you saw her escape back to her room with the blood of your best friend on her hands!"

Liy rolled her eyes, crouching down for a second before standing back up to face Puffball, a sharp and blood covered dagger in her hand as she pulled closer.

"You're lucky I'm helping you, you spoiled rotten bitch. Now, kill Book like you've desperately been plotting to, or else I'll end you instead."

"I was... revenge...?" Puffball's mind went numb, blinking slowly as she tried to remember everything that had happened prior to now.

Perhaps the drink had more adverse side effects than she previously thought.

Or maybe, just maybe. She was blocking out her flaming desire of revenge... on purpose...?

It all started to slip back into her mind.

Fries...

How hurt he looked, how devastated, how terrified. But when he

finally smiled again, it was all for nothing.

It was HER...

BOOK...

"Y-Y'know what..." Puffball uttered quietly, tears beginning to pour down her face as she took a deep breath. She could feel it. That burning flame of revenge reigniting.

Once more...

"I'll kill her if it's the last thing I do..."

"Good, good..." Liy nodded, placing down the dagger as a smirk grew on her face.

"Don't you have any mercy on her... KEEP DESTROYING HER UNTIL SHE CAN'T UTTER A WORD! DON'T YOU HAVE ANY MERCY ON THAT PATHETIC FOOL WHO DOESN'T DESERVE TO EVEN BREATHE!!"

Liy nodded, a deranged smile growing on her face the more she looked into Puffball's now vengeful eyes.

"...You know what happens if you mess up though, right?"

Puffball's eyebrows slanted slightly, huffing at the sheer thought. Groaning, she gave in and nodded, as to which Liy returned her with a large and enthusiastic grin.

"Great, awesome sauce!!" She giggled, clapping her hands childishly before abruptly pausing, her eyes dark and filling with a sensation so contaminating that Puffball felt herself shudder even looking at them for a split second.

"Such a bag of shit, now I know why I'm a year older than her..." Puffball uttered coldly under her breath, rolling her eyes before turning back to Liy with a fake smile.

Liy silently grabbed a rusty key, placing it into the padlock that was hanging onto the large cage before opening the doors open for

Puffball to fly out.

PB gasped, smiling a little as she quickly realised she was able to levitate in the air once more.

"Finally, I-"

Liy quickly shut her up, showing the handle of a kitchen knife right into her mouth before pointing towards the door.

"Quickly do your job then come back!"

Puffball blink-

"NOW!!!"

...

PRESENT.

"GB, GB... BFDI's mad scientist. Mad is definitely an understatement though..." Pin shook her head with a smile, tapping on her gun before looking back at Golf Ball, her eyes wide and traumatised as the blood of her former teammates dripped down her cold face like tears.

The bright red thumbtack walked closer to the mangled and lifeless bodies of 8-Ball and Grassy as she continued to shake her head.

"It's sad, really! But how do you think we would possibly be able to shove that many people out of here without being caught?" Pin sighed, her eyebrows slightly slanting before happily raising again.

"Why did you do this Pin, y-you were normal a few days ago!" Golf Ball stammered in disbelief as she felt the words she was once able to speak out boldly now dripping down her tongue like melted drops of butter, "Why don't you kill me too then if you're so murderous?!"

"Because I want to find the damn bitch behind this thing so I can kill them and then get out once and for all! And I'll kill as many people as it takes to escape from them!" Pin exclaimed, crossing her arms as her

tone quickly began to go stern and serious. "The only reason you're staying alive is because you have wits and I need you to help me forge an escape plan!"

"And what'll happen once you escape, you'll blow my face off with that little gun of yours?!" Golf Ball scoffed, her voice laced with distrust and anger as Pin blinked.

"Well you'd be out by then, so what would be the point, huh?"

Golf Ball blinked, utterly confused by her unique way of thinking, but she sighed, shrugging her imaginary arms before being tightly grabbed onto by Pin.

"Come on, best friend! Let's swing together once we escape too!"

"Only one person and one person only can refer to me as that." Golf Ball coldly stated, frowning as Pin continued to drag her against the rough floor like wheels of a suitcase on the ground.

"You definitely want to be more than his best friend, don't you!"

"ZIP IT AND GET ON WITH THE DARN PLAN!" Golf Ball screeched, her cheeks pink with embarrassment as she began to blush profusely, grumbling as Pin began to laugh to herself.

"Teehee!"

I don't think there's a point in adding more doors anymore, really.

The sheer amount of turmoil in here is enough for me to sit back and watch as the remaining contestants self-destruct without the need of my interference! It's foolproof!

It's... what I wanted this whole time...

...

Now, im one step closer to saving the world from this terror!

Thank Liy~!

_____

Book yawned quietly, rubbing her eyes as she shuffled around the sheets of her bed tiredly before sitting up straight.

"Another day..." She sighed, her voice filled with sorrow as she got up on her feet.

The two-toned book shuddered, wobbling back and forth before standing up straight, rubbing her aching head in an attempt to numb the extreme amount of pain that was flowing through her veins.

"Maybe I need some fresh air." Book uttered quietly, agreeing with herself as she reached for the door.

Without a second thought, she opened it. Though what she wouldn't expect to see this early into the day...

The wretched look on her face...

"Oh. So you think you can get away with shit, HUH?!"

"W-WHAT?!"

9/42 left.

_____

Hey y'all! Hope you enjoy the chapter, and sorry for the long wait!! lol

as per usual, tell me what you think and make sure to leave a vote and stay tuned for bloodlust 16!!

word count: 10,026

Cya next time people!

Dean, out!!

(wait wait wait don't leave yet!!!!! one more scene to read >:D)

EXITor Interviews - 60th Placer.

"Tell me about yourself!" Two focused the camera onto the bright red stapler, a large smile on his green face as his interviewee began to speak.

"Well, if I have to tell you about myself," Stapy smiled, the enthusiasm glowing in his eyes as he continued, "I also have to tell you about my cool best friend Foldy, she's so awesome, we've been friends since we were kids, and-"

"No, I literally meant tell me about yourself." Two cut him off in his speech with a bit of a laugh.

"Hm..." Stapy sank into his thoughts for a second, thinking of how he could possibly describe himself as a person without including his lifelong best friend.

"I guess... I could say I'm a strategic player! The voters were so amazed by my awesome totally-not-cheating idea in BFB 8, up until Match, that annoying OG, snaked on us! We deserved the win! But anyways, I guess I can also say that I can be cheeky at times, Foldy pointed that out a lot to me herself, hah, but it's all good fun!!"

"Good! Now, first question, and I don't intend to make this too spicy yet... but what are your thoughts on your Free Food teammates, what do you think of each of them? Starting with the ones most relevant to you! Tell me about three!"

"Well, obviously we'd have to start with Foldy! Now... how do I describe her without rambling about how pretty and kind she is?" Stapy smirked, blushing a little as he continued.

"She's my bestest, bestest friend of all time! We've been through thick and thin together and we match personalities pretty perfectly, not to mention we're polar opposites at the same time! She's blue, armless, made out of paper, and I'm red, legless and made to staple paper! But y'know what they say, opposites

attract! I actually love her a lot and I'm sure she knows that well enough! A relationship didn't really work out for us though... let's just say that a lot happened at that point and we weren't exactly stable, but now I'm working on it!" He winked cheekily, clicking his fingers as Two nodded affirmatively.

"Very descriptive... have you ever thought of becoming an author?"

"Oh, HELL NO!" Stapy snapped, making a large cross with his arms as he shook his head multiple times.

"I like the art of spoken word more!"

"Interesting, interesting, now moving on, which teammate would you like to talk about next?" Two asked him with a curious look on their face.

"Marker! He's my bro! We always game in the secret room of the EXIT! He's super funny and cool and I'm so glad to be one of his best friends! For some reason, he doesn't understand RPS but that's alright just because he's Marker. Don't tell him I said this, but I'm way better at FPS games than him! Even though he beat me once... we don't talk about that, but yeah!! Overall he's awesome!"

Two nodded, holding the camera still as Stapy continued.

"Now who do we have next... hm..." He scratched his chin, thinking carefully before a familiar face popped into his head.

"Fries! Erm... he's cool and stuff, but I'm totally cooler! He just likes to analyse people and that's so whack! For some odd reason he doesn't even like to game either! What does he even do in his freetime then? Read boring old newspapers about Goiky politics like a boomer? Lame! Anyways, if you ever see us arguing over stupid things - which is basically all the time - it's mostly just sarcastic. We made this little inside joke that not even Foldy or PB understand. It's funny to see them annoyed when we argue! LOL! In conclusion, he's a good friend of mine! Just a little, old-fashioned I guess..."

"Understandable!" Two added with a thumbs up.

"Moving on, a more interesting question... What is it with you and Liy?"

Stapy's eyes widened, letting out a quiet gasp before nervously scratching his head.

"Well, it's been... very complicated, but it's getting a bit better! We... well, I used to hate Liy quite a lot back in our school days... and she hated me too. We used to get into physical fights so bad that teachers had to pull us away from eachother. I stapled her arm pretty badly one time, and she pierced my finger with glass... yeah... but after the death of my classmate... well, I guess we found solace in each-other! She was still uncomfortable around me and Foldy, you've seen in on screen for yourselves, but during our shared months in the EXIT, we became mates! She's very, very smiley, I think to a dangerous extent sometimes but she's quite cool to talk to! We're friends, I guess...!"

"Very well! Now... what do you think of the competition overall? How do you think we can improve?"

"Well, for starters, please, PLEASE tell Four to pipe down, their challenges are so weird and they always screech people for no good reason! Also, please just make the hosts normal, I don't need any flying or zapping or mutilating! Other than than, it's good!" Stapy held a thumbs up, despite being slightly angry at the Four part.

Two grinned, nodding multiple times at the Four criticism, after all, they were trapped in a cage in the Fourest for several months, as well as being fined millions of dollars for 'disrupting the show'.

"Now, final question since we're nearing the end of our time today..."

They flicked through several small sheets, the skeptical expression on their face only growing larger, until...

"Aha! Hm... how do you think Foldy and the rest of the cast would react if you *died* without the chance of recovery...?"

"T-That's oddly specific!" Stapy laughed it off nervously, despite the sudden randomness of the question chilling him to his very core.

"I know Foldy would be sad... extremely... sad..." He uttered quietly, tears filling his eyes at the sheer thought of the devestation that would be on her face, his body trembling as he began to imagine it in more depth.

"I... um... I don't really feel comfortable answering this question if I'm really honest, can we conclude t-this?"

"Of course! Though it's a shame, would've been an interesting one, but it's okay, that's it for the interview Stapy, you are free to go!" Two warmly smiled, switching off the camera and giving their interviewee a farewell wave as they watched him get up and hop towards the door, waving back before shutting it softly.

"Good grief, that wasn't as enticing or enjoyable as Liy's..."

"Hm... what's a more scarier question I can ask them?"

FIN.

just a waste. - chapter 16

A glittery envelope, containing a love letter with your whole heart poured into it.

The sweat, tears, smiles and anxiety attacks that this piece of paper has given you is beyond repair, but still with a smile you're confident enough to even hold it in your hands.

You look into the mirror, staring at yourself for minutes, picking your appearance apart before sticking it all back together with that somewhat wobbly smile of yours.

All your friends have left you behind to bite the dust, yet you're still confident enough to give him that damned letter because of how madly in love you are with him.

You're so head over heels to the point you've completely forget what they all think of you. How they look at you constantly with those stupid sneers and whispers. Yet for some reason, it doesn't register. Not now at least.

.

The letter reads, in neat and overly elegant cursive writing...

'Dear Stapy, I've kept this in for a long time, longer than you could ever believe. You've never seemed to notice me, but that's okay. After all, we're literally polar opposites! You're so unbelievably popular that I can never seem to come near you, I could only love you from a distance, and it hurt so much. We're two birds on a wire, heartstrings intertwined for one another, I can feel it from deep within. I've loved you for so long, and I feel like today is the day. You know what they say anyway, that opposites attract? So Dear Stapy, will you be my valentine?'

———

2014.

Today. Today was the day. The day that Liy would finally confess her feelings to the boy in class that she'd been head over heels about for as long as time. Liy finally got over her nerves once and for all, her eyes shimmering with glee and excitement. But even though she felt all confident, there was a question in her mind which wouldn't fade away, no matter how much she tried to distract herself from it.

It lingered.

'Should I really do this? '

She thought about it one more time before forcefully laughing it off, convincing herself it was just some measly inner panic.

That isn't really a big deal! Haha! Ha...

Liy grabbed her bag and walked out of her house without a word to her parents. Not like they'd even care to say anything anyways.

The only thing on her mind was Stapy. Just thinking about him gave her a surge of energy as the butterflies in her stomach began to fly around faster.

She was gonna tell him how she felt!

.

She was gonna tell him how she felt...

"Eh, whatever! What's the worst that could happen anyways?"

Foldy.

Did your stupid self think for a second?

You were once her friend after all, you should've seen the way they

were always around each other, laughing, hugging, sharing secrets. Now if only you weren't so ignorant, maybe you can open your eyes and see.

He's not meant to be.

Oh how I wish I realised this earlier.

Enough flashbacks though, let's save this shit for another day. Back to what you all were waiting for.

JUST A WASTE - CHAPTER 16.

Book let out a shrill scream, holding her hands tightly around the open and bleeding wound on her stomach as she weakly fell to her knees.

She blinked in shock, looking up to see her attacker, more confused and bewildered than ever.

"What... THE HELL... WHAT MADE YOU THINK I WAS JUST GONNA LEAVE YOU AFTER WHAT YOU DID TO FRIES, HUH?!" Puffball screamed loudly, the blood-covered knife dropping out of her mouth before hitting the ground.

Book paused, shaking in fear as she stared into Puffball's menacing eyes. They weren't shining and optimistic anymore. No... she didn't look like herself. The glistening stars and rainbow sparkles of joy that were once in her eyes were long gone, being replaced with a menacing darkness that made her sick just looking at them.

"I... it hurts..." Book weakly uttered, sweat trickling down her face as she looked down to the ground, holding a hand to her throbbing headache as the pain just seemed to get worse, and worse.

"Now you know how it feels, don't you?" Puffball said to her in a low tone, watching as the life in her eyes slowly but surely began to dim and fade out.

"I-I'm sorry, I-"

"YOU THINK APOLOGIES WILL HELP WITH ANYTHING?! You clearly don't understand everything that I've been through do you?! You clearly don't understand what it feels to lose the ONLY PERSON WHO EVER UNDERSTOOD ME! THE ONLY ONE WHO EVER BOTHERED TO LISTEN TO HOW I FUCKING FEEL AND DIDN'T MOCK THE LIVING HELL OUT OF ME LIKE YOU ALL DID IN BFDIA!!"

"I didn't... know, I'm sorry okay! I didn't know it would hurt your feelings PB, we were only joking!!"

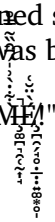
"YOUR FAKE ASS APOLOGIES W-"

Puffball suddenly paused, her pupils quickly shrinking as her face began to scrunch in discomfort.

She let out a pained scream, shaking her head as if to close off the loud noise that was being emitted in the background.

"H-HELP— M... ME!"

Remote.

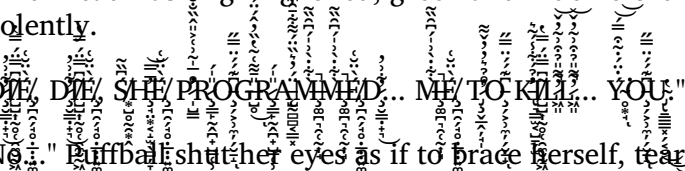


As distraught as could be.

"How did she get here..." Puffball's blood ran cold, her small heart beginning to thump irregularly out of fear as she realised how large of a gun Remote was armed with in her shaky hands.

"LIY IS THE... the..."

Remote paused in her glitchy words, the red button on the very top of her head flashing bright red, green and blue before zapping her violently.



"DIE, DIE, SHE PROGRAMMED... ME TO KILL... YOU."

"NO..." Puffball shut her eyes as if to brace herself, tears filling her eyes as Remote aimed the large weapon right at her.

Book gasped quietly, her eyes watering as she watched Puffball get mercilessly obliterated into smithereens, before succumbing to her

own wounds.

Remote toppled back and forth, her glitches mixing in with the odd and eerie silence of the hotel hallway.

"Mission complete... I completed Pillow's bidding." Liy filled in the chilling silence, her door creaking open as she walked over to Remote.

"I must say... that Pillow was extremely smart."

Why'd you eliminate her then?

"Pillow had to go eventually, it's part of the process. She just shortened her stay deliberately. If she didn't try to enact my revenge for me, then she would've still been here!"

Whatever.

Liy blinked, standing silently as she began to observe her surroundings.

"What if I was a pretty purple highlighter with a loving group of friends and absolutely no problems in her life?"

You're obsessed with that girl to a dangerous extent.

"What?"

Why do you bring her up all the time? Each moment you get, she's always the first person that pops into your head. SHE'S. DEAD.

"To you she is. To me... she's standing... right in front of me... Waving at me... with that signature smile of hers... that starry glint in her eyes... feet tapping on the floor as if she's ready to break into song..."

You're not okay.

"Is it possible to like and hate someone at the same time?"

Mate... I'm a voice in your head, not a therapist. On the contrary, you should go and seek one!!

"Are ghosts real?" Liy uttered with a stupid grin on her face, holding a hand to her cheek as she let out a few carefree laughs.

I think you're insane.

"You're sounding a lot like Stapy right now..." Liy giggled while blushing, her smile as large as can be. She stopped for a second, her face going cold and blank as her mind suddenly began to sink back into her murky past.

School. Home. Town.

And the one person she was yet to eliminate.

The reason behind all her misery.

The real mastermind.

Foldy.

And whether out of pure coincidence, or not. She was now standing face to face with her.

Foldy looked right at her, the contaminating darkness in Liy's eyes that seemed to completely cancel out the shimmer of motivation and happiness that was once glistening brightly.

"You're hurting too... aren't you?" She uttered out to the blue lightswitch, who backed away in disgust and fear at the sheer sound of her voice.

Liy stayed silent, screwing up her face as Foldy came closer.

"I'd say I'm sorry, but you wouldn't believe me. So I'm just gonna say this."

...

"I know it's you."

Liy froze, utterly dumbfounded as her mind began to go fuzzy.

"Wh-"

The world shakes, each brick detaching and falling apart before plummeting right onto the ground.

You look to the red coloured sky, disoriented. The thunder striking just inches close to your face.

Clawing onto the scaly, damp ground, your fingers trail across the bloodied surface, a shiver of unfamiliarity travelling down your spine as you let out a soft gasp.

Where... am I...? Could this be... home?

-/-

"Oh..." Liy opened her eyes, clawing tightly onto the sheets of her bed as she got back up on her feet.

What was that?

"I dunno. It looked like... Bloodlust."

Bloodlust?! How could you even picture what Bloodlust even looks like? Or feels like, or anything!

"I just... closed my eyes and suddenly I felt my soul transport there. Like, all the dead ones..."

That doesn't make any sense, YOU'RE NOT DEAD.

.

Well, not yet at least, but still!

"I shouldn't be distracted right now, gosh darn it. I still have like six people left."

Liy blinked for a second, rubbing her eyes with her hands before the shrill sound of screaming filled the air.

They're massacring each other. It's what you wanted, right?

"I dunno... I'll just go see, I guess."

She silently made her way to the door, a shiver travelling through her veins as she opened it up just to see Leafy and Needle... fighting? In a struggle? No, wait.

"STOP, JUST STOP! THIS IS WHY WE ALL STOPPED SPEAKING TO YOU LEAFY! YOU'RE UTTERLY INSANE!" Needle's ear-piercing screams filled the atmosphere with tension, letting out a pained grunt as Leafy pushed her to the ground.

"Kill... kill... kill..." Leafy uttered robotically, holding a blade up into the air as Needle shrieked in fear.

"Please... PLEASE!!"

Pin stood to the side, watching with a blank face and a slightly twitching eye as Leafy began to brutally kill her best friend right before her.

"You're not gonna do anything?!" Golf Ball whispered to Pin, a gobsmacked look on her face as a singular tear dropped down the red thumbtack's eye, trailing down her cold and emotionless face before hitting the ground.

"If I'm going down, I won't stop until I take someone with me..." Leafy proclaimed in a manic tone as she got back up on her feet. She looked at the blade, furrowing her eyebrow as she held it close to her face. Before...

"I can't take this anymore... I-... I JUST CAN'T!" Golf Ball yelled out in tears, one of the first times she actually began to cry in so long.

Her heart sank all the way down to her feet, a horrible sensation making its way to her gut as she began to rethink everything once more.

"Let's just make this plan quickly, okay?" Pin muttered in cold and slightly nonchalant tone before grabbing Golf Ball by her foot.

Golf Ball grumbled, frowning as she was dragged carelessly against the ground once more. She wanted to complain, to yell at Pin like she usually did with everyone else, but for some gut-wrenching reason, as soon as she took a glance back to the nightmare that had just

unfolded with Needle and Leafy, she bit her tounge, staying quiet out of pure guilt and nothing else.

Pin sighed, dragging herself and GB into an empty room before slamming the door shut and flinging the sports ball off her hands.

"Ouch!" Golf Ball winced, rolling across the floor before crashing into a cabinet.

"Ugh, you'll live! Anyways, what do we start off with?" Pin rolled her eyes, pulling out a black marker and a large sheet of A5 paper before placing it on the ground.

Golf Ball blinked in utter confusion, tapping her trembling foot on the ground as she tried her best to wrap her mind around the delusion that she now found herself in.

"I.... don't... really care..." She uttered out tiredly, furrowing her eyebrows angrily as tired wrinkles began to show up on her face.

"Wha- you have to! You know what happens if you don't!!" Pin exclaimed angrily, squeezing the marker she had in her hand so tightly that the plastic began to bend inwards.

They were simply tired.

Of the death.

Of the endless mysteries.

Of the wishing and wishing that they'd escape, though it would be in vain.

Especially Golf Ball. She just stopped caring. Whatsoever...

"Okay, fine. Erm... you go through to the ventilation up on the ceiling and then you climb into the thingymabob... and then... you go to sleep on a comfortable bed with your well trusted lab partner by your side.... and then... sleep... I wanna sleep... can I sleep...?" Golf Ball looked to the floor, her eyes half-open as her mind began to float up into the stars.

Pin folded her arms, her eyebrows slanting with the slightest bit of remorse left for Golf Ball.

Sighing somewhat in annoyance, she reluctantly nodded her head.

"Fine you can nap, we can look at this in a bit okay?" Pin smiled halfheartedly to her friend, who quickly climbed into the bunk bed before falling deep asleep.

The red pushpin grimaced, her eye manically twitching once more as she felt her hands drag back towards that pistol of hers, her fingers wrapping around the weapon before grabbing tightly onto it.

"NO, STOP!" Pin screeched in tears, pulling one hand away before using it to smack herself extremely hard on the face.

"Stop... stop... I can't, I JUST CAN'T, FUCK OFF!!" She cried loudly, her voice shrill and dripping with anger and what seemed to be guilt.

But it wouldn't stop. Something just compelled her. To keep going...

Her hand continued to stay around the gun, clawing onto the handle tightly before pulling it up to face right at Golf Ball.

Who was coincidentally napping.

"Stop... I can't... I cant..." Pin trembled, dropping to her knees as she placed her empty hand over the gun, softly pushing it down to face the floor before lifting it back up.

Kill.

Kill her.

Needle and Coiny are gone.

There's no hope...

No... hope...

"I'm sorry..." Pin uttered, her face wet with tears as her finger began to slowly push at the trigger.

Closing her eyes, she dropped her head down to the ground, shaking in pure and utter fear as she heard the gun shoot out a bullet loudly.

Pin let out a horrified gasp, holding onto her chest as if it was her who was fatally and near-deathly wounded by the gunshot.

"I... can't be here anymore!" She sobbed, holding her tearful face as she got back up on her feet, dropping the gun and quickly running towards the door before holding onto the doorknob with such agony as if it was a long lost friend of hers.

"J-Just open... OPEN UP! I NEED TO FIND THE REMAINING TWO!!"

She clawed tightly onto the rusting handle, letting out a painful scream as she pulled the door back so hard that it flew back and banged onto the wall.

"Shit... shit, SHIT!" Pin cried, trying to open every bedroom door only to find nothing but the air that blew back in her face.

It chilled her to her very core. Remembering when they first came. How full and bustling the bus was. The excited chatter of her fellow contestants as they prepared for what they initially thought was the trip of their lives.

Only for that trip of a lifetime to turn out to be the end of their lifetimes instead.

Finally, after knocking down what seemed to be 15 different bedroom doors, she had made it to where Foldy and Pen was. Though to her dismay, the bedroom was in tatters, and right in the center...

Lollipop.

Though she was unresponsive, it sent a deathly shiver down Pin's spine just seeing her there.

"Pin!" Foldy exclaimed, not expecting to see her. ",where's Golf-"

Before Foldy could finish her statement, Pin ran up to her, pulling her into a tearful hug so tight that the two dropped to the ground.

"I... I can't take this anymore Foldy... I CAN'T!" She cried out to the blue origami, letting out tearful sobs and cries of grief and agony as Foldy simply shivered in fear.

Fear of what this stupid game had turned them into.

"Me and Pen... think we know who is behind this..." Foldy stated with a bitterness to her tone as Pin pulled out of the hug, shuffling away a bit as Foldy continued.

"We're led to believe that the only one who could've done all of this is Liy..."

Pin blinked, a little unsurprised, but still shocked.

Liy was usually nice... **right?**

"There's just too many coincidences, the first one that pushed me to even consider her is the brutal attack she inflicted on Pillow! Don't get me wrong, she kinda deserved to die... but that was totally gruesome! And then Liy and Pillow went on about a plan... or something. It was so obvious at that point that I was starting to doubt her innocence!"

Pen observed the two from the distance, still as sluggish and as demotivated as can be. But suddenly, as if it was fate... he felt a memory slip back into his mind which caused his eyes to widen in such shock and realisation.

.

"Day 5... she is such a horrible person I want to rip... my face off? Pastel Highlighter, I wish that you never even existed in the first place so that way I wouldn't have had to get my hands dirty by getting rid of you from this-"

"DON'T READ THAT!" Pencil yelled in fear, snatching the book back from him before flinging it across the room so speedily that the pages fell out as it hit the wall and then the floor.

Pencil. Oh how he missed her cheeky smiles, and her pointless banter with Match, the challenges they had faced together in this hotel, which had

brought them even closer than ever before.

Eraser... then Match...

Then Pencil.

It was now all down to him. To prevail justice. To avenge those three and everyone else. To preserve their memory. To put an end to Liy's madness...

.

And so Pen got up, a look on his face so dead set and serious.

He was determined to take Liy down.

At all costs.

"Where are you going Pen?!" Pin exclaimed with a worried look on his face as she watched Pen walk over to the door.

"To end this once and for all." He replied solemnly before closing the door shut on both of them.

"I hope he'll be okay..." Foldy sighed, a sickly feeling lingering in her stomach.

_____

Pen sighed, biting his lip somewhat anxiously as he opened the door to Liy's room.

It was the last straw. He was going to gather enough evidence, then bring Liy back down to her place once and for all.

He walked in, a somewhat fearful yet determined look on his face as he began to look through each drawer and cabinet for enough proof. Especially that damned diary.

Containing all of Liy's dark and dirty secrets...

She would definitely surrender if it was read out loud... after all... it is personal.

It was heartless, sure. But do you think that everything she inflicted on them was good either?

"Now, where did she put the thing?!" Pen whispered to himself, looking under the cabinet to see if she hid it there.

He grumbled, getting back up on his feet before turning to face her bed.

"Wait... I swear she put the diary here last time... lemme remember..."

...

"Not fair, how does she get one bed all to herself?!" Pencil scoffed, her eyes scouring the room as she quickly let her curiosity get the best of her.

Despite all the atrocities committed in the room, - unbeknownst to them, of course - it was somehow sparkling and spotless, not a drop of blood spotted anywhere. Pencil raised an eyebrow at the oddly clean room, her eyes continuing to look around the room curiously before a blue hardback book cover nestled within the thick bed blanket caught her eye.

"Hey, Pen! Come look at this..." Pencil uttered curiously as she grabbed the book, crumpled up pictures leaking out of the pages as she took a look at the front and back cover.

...

"Right..." He scurried over to her bed, searching behind each and every pillow, looking inside pillowcases, rustling the blankets. But still... nothing.

"I'll just-"

The door creaked open.

Shit.

Pen's heart dropped to the ground, his body trembling and sweating as he heard the footsteps and the quiet breaths become louder... and

louder.

He teared up, biting his lip anxiously as he felt himself claw onto the blankets of her bed for dear life.

"Oh Pen..." Liy blushed, putting a hand to her cheek as she began to act mesmerised.

"I didn't know that you were so interested in my bed!"

"Damn you... damn you... I won't fall for it... I won't fall for it..." Pen trembled under his breath, trying his best not to make eye contact with her as she just came closer... and closer...

"You could've just told me, y'know?" Liy smiled, holding onto a sharp knife before looking back at him.

Pen let out a gasp, immediately noticing the shining weapon from his peripheral vision.

He let go of the blanket, hastily running over to the drawer he remembered Pencil had found out about last time they were here.

The weapons drawer...

"Hey- WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING, HUH?!" Liy yelped, immediately dropping her act. Her hands trembled, the sheer thought of someone looking through her stuff making her want to scream and destroy something.

Pen trembled, opening the drawer before scrambling to find something to defend himself against the monster that was Liy.

"DON'T TOUCH MY SHIT!" She screamed, running over to him as fast as she could before tackling him.

Pen let out a shout amidst his struggle, holding onto the cabinet drawer so tightly that it all came crashing onto the ground.

"YOU BEAST! YOU KILLED MY TWO BEST FRIENDS, WHAT DO YOU WANT HUH?! DO YOU WANT SOME KIND OF APPROVAL OR WHAT? TELL ME THE FUCK WHAT!!" Pen screamed on the top of his

lungs so loudly that Liy went silent.

"You wouldn't know a thing." She uttered coldly to him, shrugging.

"I'D BE BETTER OFF THAT WAY!" Pen yelled, grabbing tightly onto a handgun before shooting Liy three times in the arm.

He gasped, the guilt rushing to him as Liy fell right to her knees.

"Look, I'm sorry... I-"

"I wanna show you a trick!" Liy's face immediately brightened up, horrifying Pen to his very core.

He shook his head, shuffling back so far that he crashed right into the cabinet behind him.

Liy laughed loudly, putting a hand to her face before pressing at it so hard that her switch began to flip backwards to reveal her other switch. A brown, wooden base with a small, cream coloured switch in the middle. Much to Pen's dismay.

Though he had already seen this side of her once before, it was still an extremely unsettling sight to witness.

Liy pressed at the switch, her bloodied wounds immediately fading into nothingness.

"H-How... w-wh..."

"Huh? Wha? It's magic, dumbass!" Liy exclaimed sarcastically, rolling her eyes as she flipped her switch back to normal.

"You see, as much as you all try to take me down... you just have to accept that you can't! It's all my trusty switch!"

Liy paused in her speech, her eye twitching as Pen simply looked at her with a doubtful gaze.

"You absolute monster, you should be tormented by all the innocent lives you've taken!"

"Including... yours?" Liy smiled as she lifted up the blade before slashing him deep in the leg.

And with that, Pen succumbed to his deadly wound, and was soon gone like the rest of them...

Liy stepped back, dropping the knife as she let out a manic laugh, one so, so loud that it began to echo in her room and across the hallway.

...

Pin got up on her feet, the screams and laughs echoing in her blank mind and spreading like wildfire as she clenched her fists.

"Pin, w-where are you going?!" Foldy blurted out, watching as Pin murmured a few unintelligible words under her breath before opening the door.

Foldy blinked, utterly gobsmacked but still curious to know what was going on.

"What are you doing?! TELL ME!!" She yelled, running over to Pin as fast as her little legs could possibly take her.

Her body trembled, her head throbbing in pain as she tried her best just to hold her disoriented self together for just a little longer...

"IT'S LIY, SHE DID SOMETHING TO PEN! WE NEED TO SAVE HIM, NOW!!" Pin screamed, stamping her feet in a loud and abrasive attempt to get Foldy to cooperate.

"I dunno... I just..." Foldy paused for a moment, her legs trembling as she tumbled onto the wall, keeping her face down to the floor as she felt her weak self sink into a whirlpool of despair.

"Please, PLEASE FOLDY! PLEASE, P-PLEASE! JUST.... j...ust..."

Pin gasped loudly, her eyes welling up with tears of shock as she realised... Liy was right behind her, pushing a knife right into her back...

"I... I-..."

The red pin went motionless, her body freezing still before tumbling to the ground with a loud, gut-wrenching slam.

Foldy looked up, her eyes glistening with tears as she realised her fate. Death... death...

"You wouldn't spare me, would you?" She chuckled ironically, shaking her head as she looked back to Liy, whose face was blanker than an empty art canvas.

Liy dropped her knife, a sinister look on her face as she walked closer and closer towards Foldy before abruptly pausing. And soon, for some odd reason, she clapped, the somewhat loud sound of her palms clasping together enough to echo across the now empty hallways of the mysterious hotel.

"Finally, I can get out of here, gosh!" Liy stopped clapping, scoffing somewhat pathetically as she pulled out what looked like to be a kid's toy princess wand in her hand...

Foldy stared in utter confusion, the fear and anxiety she had soon being replaced with pure confusion.

"What the actual-"

"No, shut up!" Liy snapped, shushing her before holding the plastic toy to her face, snapping the cheap material in half before dropping it to the ground and watching as a thick red, gaseous substance arose from the crevices of the toy and into the air.

Foldy shrieked loudly, accidentally inhaling the substance before letting out a violent cough. She shuddered, her body trembling with pain as she could begin to hear the structure of the hotel crumble and crackle.

"What's happening, t-tell me Liy!" She screamed loudly, shutting her eyes in fear as the hotel continued to crash down into pieces, before fading away into nothingness...

Liy grunted, holding her face as the two began to feel a lightheaded sensation before quickly blacking out and falling to the ground

What's... happening?! Can anyone hear me? Liy...? Marker...? Stapy? Anyone?

I feel... off... I wonder what could possibly be going on...

...

Foldy soon began to feel a surge of energy run through her again, opening her eyes as she sat up tiredly.

She looked around, eyeing her surroundings fearfully as she began to shiver out of pure confusion and shock.

Foldy shuddered, placing her hand on the-

Wait, HANDS?!

"Eep!" Foldy shrieked, pulling her newfound arm away as she felt goosebumps of unfamiliarity travel up her spine.

Foldy blinked, raising an eyebrow as she began to observe her new self more carefully, by first grabbing onto her arm.

"Woah..." She uttered, kind of fascinated to finally have what the others did. A sense of touch...

She got up on her feet, looking down to the ground just to see that she was wearing, school shoes?

"I don't get it, why am I wearing this?! Why am I... human..." She quickly realised, cringing at the sheer mention of that word. She never imagined being human to feel or look like this. Her concept of a human was nothing more than a Davidian.

"Now if only there was a mirror somewhere..." Foldy thought to herself, sighing before hearing a loud pop right infront of her eyes.

A mirror, so conveniently...

"Ah... I look so, pretty!" She smiled, peering closer to the mirror as

she looked into her turquoise coloured eyes, and then her chocolate-brown curly hair, before looking down to her clothes.

A black and red school uniform.

More specifically, a neat black blazer that was worn over a bright red pullover and a white revere-collar blouse, and a grey and red checkered school skirt, paired with white socks and beautifully polished school shoes.

"Why... am I wearing this though?!" Foldy asked to herself in confusion as the mirror span and poofed out of sight cartoonishly.

More importantly, what was she doing... on a purple terrain, in a world so unfamiliar to her... so new...

Something she had never in her life imagined...

"W-What did Liy do to me?" She stammered, putting a hand to her aching head before looking around, her eyes locking onto a bridge off the coast of the purple patch of rocks she was standing on, before noticing a schoolboy leaning against the edge, slouched onto the rail of the bridge and staring into the distance as if he was deep in thought.

Foldy stood there for a second, observing him. His red hair with a dark gray streak at the front and mesmerising dark purple eyes which glowed so beautifully in the light.

"S...Stapy?" She uttered quietly, holding a hand to her mouth as the boy turned to her, his red school tie blowing in the cool breeze.

"Huh, did someone say my name?" He replied, his voice as familiar as could be.

Foldy stood stunned, tears welling up in her eyes as she stared into his eyes.

That voice, THAT VOICE, IT HAS TO BE HIM, IT HAS TO BE!!

"Who are y-"

"STAPY!!" She screamed in tears, running over to him as fast as she possibly could before jumping into his arms so hard that the two tripped and knocked right off the bridge.

"Wait, wait, wait, FOLDY?!" The boy rubbed his eyes in disbelief, staring right back at her with a surprised look on his face.

"I thought I would... never find you again..." Foldy cried, hugging him tightly as she laid her head against his shoulder as she began to hear his pulse once more.

"I miss you too but, we're kinda plummeting down at rapid speeds right now, so, uhh... hold tight okay!!" Stapy exclaimed, grumbling as the cold air blew right onto his face.

He smiled to himself, tightly wrapping his arms around his beloved best friend as he looked to the side, staring into the obscure atmosphere, the purpley-green skies, the red clouds, and the somewhat pungent smell that the air gave off.

Then he looked back at Foldy, finally in his arms once more... after all this time... he placed his hand on her head protectively before looking back down to the landscape below him, realising they were getting closer and closer to the ground.

"Stapy, where are we?" Foldy uttered quietly, a little frightened but feeling somewhat relaxed in the tight embrace of her best friend.

"I... I dunno! But just stay with me okay? I'll figure something out!" He held onto her tightly, closing his eyes in fear before the two landed right onto a concrete pavement with a loud and somewhat bewildering thud.

Stapy blinked in shock, surprised he even survived the deadly fall in the first place. He shook his head, grabbing Foldy's soft hands before pulling her up from the floor and back onto her feet.

"I can't believe I'm seeing you again Stapy... e-even like this, I just wanted to see your cute face, ya'know!!" Foldy giggled, jokingly pinching his cheek as the two burst into laughter.

"And, I'm sorry I was so horrible to you back at the hotel... I really

am! That was so immature of me to not hear you out!" She continued tearfully, rubbing her eyes before looking back to Stapy who looked as confused as ever.

"W-What hotel?"

"What..."

"The last thing I remember with you is being on the bus... before holding onto a suitcase, and then everything else went fuzzy!" Stapy exclaimed, his mind going blank and misty just remembering it again.

"Oh... I..." Foldy paused in her speech, not wanting him to re-remember everything once more, but instead turning around to face everything behind her, before looking right up at a screen which displayed times for... buses and trains?

"Wait... are we at a station?!" She shrieked, walking back in disbelief before knocking into Stapy, who picked her back up with a smile.

She peered closer, looking at the destinations, the only one being abruptly familiar to her being...

Rosemead.

Her old town.

"Ah..." She sighed in realisation, her face dropping before turning back to Stapy with a somewhat forced smile.

"I'm pretty sure we're at... Goiky station, right? I wonder why it's so deserted and empty..." Stapy said, his voice tinged with curiosity and slight fear before looking back at Foldy, her warm face immediately making him feel at home once more.

"L-Let's just get this bus, okay?" Foldy replied with haste, grabbing onto Stapy's hand before running over to the yellow double-decker bus that had stopped right before them.

"Alright!" Stapy blurted out before being dragged into the bus by Foldy.

He looked around, getting the creeps from the sheer silence and emptiness and how many seats were empty, pretty much the whole bus. And even the driver. Eerily silent and eyes locked onto the road without looking back to the two for even a second.

"Yeesh..." He murmured silently as he walked over to the stairs and up to the top, holding his hands together with unease as the two sat down at the very back.

Foldy looked towards the big window at the front as the bus began to move, the surroundings of the outside making her feel weirdly unfamiliar. She shuffled closer to Stapy, leaning her head against his shoulder before interlocking her hands with his, feeling as his cold and trembling hands began to warm up with her touch.

"Why are you trembling...?" Foldy turned to him with a worried look on her face, watching as he nervously looked around before turning back to her.

"I dunno... I just didn't think that I would see you. I don't even know anything about here, I just remember blacking out after holding onto that weird blue suitcase and waking up in some purple place in this human form, and a school uniform... I just kept walking, and walking until my feet began to go utterly sore with exhaustion. I had you on the back of my mind, just hoping that you would show up again! And after what felt like 2 weeks, you did... and I'm happy! Just... startled about everything I guess..."

Foldy looked up to him with emotional turquoise eyes, cracking a smile before hugging him tightly.

"I love you... do you know that?" She said quietly to him, a bright smile on her face as her cheeks began to go red and blushing.

Stapy blushed, caught off guard by Foldy's sudden confession before smiling back at her.

He returned the hug, gently embracing her before pulling back to look at her once more.

"I love you too, y'know? I always have, and no one, and I mean no

one, no matter how pretty or funny they are, will ever come between my love for you..." He replied, a small smile playing on his lips as he looked into her fluorescent turquoise eyes before running his fingers through her thick, brown hair.

"W-Where are we now?!" Foldy nervously blurted out, backing away from Stapy before standing up to check the stop they were at.

"Goiky Station... HAVE WE NOT MOVED AT ALL?!" She yelled, clearly pissed off.

"We have!" Stapy replied, getting up on his feet to look outside.

"No... I don't think we have actually. Why are we on this bus again?"

"SO I CAN FIND THAT LITTLE BITCH LIY AND GET HER TO STOP HER MADNESS!" Foldy yelled, turning to him with a stressed look on her face.

"Liy? She's so nice though!"

Foldy turned to Stapy, giving him a disgruntled look as her eyes began to flicker and burn with rage.

"ARE YOU KIDDING ME, ARE YOU KIDDING ME!! IF ANYTHING, LIY IS THE WORST PERSON, EVER-"

"L-Let's just head down, alright?!" He laughed nervously, grabbing onto her hand before pulling her to the bottom deck of the bus.

"I seriously can't believe you right now Stapy, Liy of all people?! You might as well run away and get married with her if you like her that much!" Foldy exclaimed, extremely flustered as Stapy looked back at her with a glum expression.

"I just told you I loved you though..."

"Whatever! Let's just get this over with, please?! She's murderous, MURDEROUS! You don't realise how badly she wants to rip us into pieces!"

Stapy stayed silent, watching as Foldy began to walk up to the empty

casket of a bus driver that was simply sitting there in silence.

"SAY SOMETHING, JUST SAY SOMETHING ALREADY!!" Foldy yelled, slamming her fist angrily against the plastic barrier that blocked her from the bus driver as hard as she could.

Foldy bit her lip with hesitation, huffing and puffing with anger as she began to dig her hands into her pockets for something.

"Foldy, what're you doing?!" Stapy asked her agitatedly as she pulled a sharp metal blade out from her left pocket before running up to the plastic barrier, slamming the weapon in as hard as she could while screaming.

Stapy gasped in shock, tapping his feet onto the floor before running into Foldy so hard that they dropped right back onto the ground.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!" He screamed to Foldy as she put her hands over her face before bursting into tears.

"Liy killed them all... I HAD TO WATCH AS EACH OF THEM WERE KILLED, YOU, MARKER, AND EVERYONE ELSE!" She sobbed, getting back up on her two feet as she continued to cry.

"Why would she... kill?" Stapy uttered quietly to her as he stood back up too.

"How do you not remember? WHAT SHE DID TO YOU WAS PROBABLY THE WORST OUT OF THEM ALL! JUST REMEMBER, PLEASE!!" Foldy yelled in agony, gripping onto his shoulders as she began to forcefully shake his body just to knock some sense back into his mind.

Stapy simply blinked, brushing his messy red hair back from his face before looking back to her with purple eyes of disbelief.

"The last I remember of Liy is when she asked me to help her with her suitcases, when we were boarding the bus to go to the hotel right?" Stapy asked somewhat dumbfoundedly as Foldy nodded.

"I remember grabbing the handle, then my brain just went all mushy and stuff... I couldn't even hear what anyone was saying, or doing... it

was like someone took control of my body! Or... just manually wiped away everything I saw past that point anyways." He added.

"If you wanna find Liy though... I doubt she would be back home... you know she hated that place, right?"

"Right..." Foldy looked down to the ground, awkwardly placing her hands back into the pockets of her blazer as they walked out of the bus and back to square one.

A sort of... guilt filled her, tears welling up in her turquoise eyes as she quickly began to realise why Liy even hated home in the first place...

Her...

"So... what do we do now?" Stapy folded his arms, looking around the deserted Goiky station somewhat nonchalantly before turning back to Foldy, who for some reason began to become increasingly more exhausted, watching as her body began to sway back and forth tiredly as if someone was forcing her to walk.

"I feel weird..." Foldy admitted with a somewhat sickly tone, holding her stomach as she abruptly paused, coughing violently as her world began to desaturate and go dark.

"FOLDY!!" Stapy shrieked, patting her back in an attempt to stop the coughing, though it would soon prove to be in vain, as Foldy began to close her eyes shut, then proceed to tumble onto the cold, hard pavement floor, her hands twitching before going cold and lifeless.

Not this feeling again... I hate it.

He screams my name loudly, the agony becoming apparent in his tone of voice.

I wanna get up, tell him that I'm okay... but I can't bring myself to...

I feel like I'm dying...

Is this all... just a waste?

Should I surrender to Liy and let her destroy the world...?

Maybe... I...

Might.

---

aaaand that concludes the end of the Hotel Stage! I hope you all enjoyed reading this chapter, and there's definitely more to come!!

Word count: 7196

cya next time, Dean!! :)

(One more scene wait!!!!!)

ONE WEEK AGO.

"TWO, TWO!!" The noisy brown object cried on the top of her lungs as she swung over to him, her friend Eggy following suit.

"What do you need? I was just watering my plants!" Two smiled, placing down their watering can and awing at the sight of their wonderfully grown sunflowers before turning over to Bell, whose facial expression of desperation and agony immediately caused them to frown.

"I-IT'S FRIES, AND EVERYONE ELSE! THEY WON'T RECOVER NO MATTER HOW HARD WE TRY! WE THINK LIY DID SOMETHING! PLEASE HELP, PLEASE TWO!" Bell pleaded as Eggy silently nodded in agreement, Two gasping and putting a hand to their mouth in shock.

"What shall we do?!" They replied in shock before Bell angrily began to ring so loud that Two held their ears.

"THAT'S WHY WE ASKED YOU!!!"

"I actually, cant recover... sorry... but, why's the sky going bright

red?" Two uttered in shock, looking up as the sky began to dramatically change colour.

"Oh no..." Bell uttered in fear, tears welling up in her eyes as she quickly began to realise that fate had caught onto them... sooner than they realised...

FIN.

world building. - chapter 17

⚠ TW: THIS CHAPTER CONTAINS DARK TOPICS SUCH AS SELF-HARM, GRAPHIC VIOLENCE, GORE AND BULLYING. PROCEED WITH CAUTION. ⚠

2/42 LEFT.

...

...

..

..

.

.

So... uhm... how did you manage to do all of this?

"Well... Hm..."

How did you manage to wipe everyone out of the hotel?

"Smarts, of course! But I have a secret weapon... one so powerful, so dark, yet so innocent at the same time..."

She turned to face the very voice that was confronting her, a crooked smile on her face as her indigo blue eyes began to glow with twisted excitement.

"Lying, of course!"

Oh, Liy...

YOU'VE DESTROYED THE ENTIRE FUCKING WORLD BECAUSE OF SOME STUPID HIGH SCHOOL REVENGE!!

I... I THOUGHT THIS KILLING THING WAS ALL BECAUSE YOU FOUND IT FUN OR SOMETHING!

This... T-This isn't fun anymore. PLEASE!! WAKE UP!!!

PASTEL'S DEAD, STAPY, MAKEUP BRUSH AND SO IS EVERYONE ELSE, SO WHAT COULD YOU POSSIBLY WANT?!

WHAT... JUST WHAT STILL TRAUMATISES YOU IF ALL OF THEM ARE NOW DEAD!!

"You... can't possibly be serious, can you?"

Wha...

"Y-You... can't... POSSIBLY BE SERIOUS CAN YOU?!"

WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU MEAN? GOSH, YOU NEVER EVER MAKE SENSE, Y-

"I've been through hell... pure... flaming hell... and you wanna downplay my trauma?"

WHAT ELSE CAN I S-SAY...?!

What could possibly traumatise you...

YOU KILLED YOUR OWN DAD FOR CRYING OUT LOUD! IF ANYTHING, EVERYONE ELSE AROUND YOU IS MORE TRAUMATISED THAN YOU'BE EVER BEEN!

"Wait."

Liy gasped, her eyes widening with realisation as yet another twisted idea began to form in her mind.

Don't do what I think you're d-

"MOM!!"

...

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WORLD BUILDING - CHAPTER 17.

I feel as if someone forcefully stuck something deep into my throat, causing me to choke my guts out before slamming me onto the ground.

Everything feels mushy.

For starters, the air smells funky... like some cheap air conditioner from a garage sale, or something.

My palms slowly brush against the floor, the sudden drop in temperature causing my heart to immediately sink.

All I can hear now is the faint sounds of clinking glasses... open taps, and a loud whistle, blasting through the hall as I felt myself shiver.

And about a split second after that...

"Hello...?"

Foldy's eyes slowly reopened, an obscure aura immediately surrounding her as she got on her knees.

"A-Are you okay? You were just laying in the middle of the hallway! Quick, get up before a teacher finds us!"

Hallway...? Teacher...?!

Putting a hand to her head, Foldy slowly rose up from the ground, her body shaking with unease as her shining turquoise eyes locked onto the person before her.

"Stapy... WHERE'S STAPY?!" Foldy shrieked, reality slipping back into her mind as she observed her surroundings before looking back to the girl who was impatiently tapping her feet on the ground.

I could've sworn I was just at a train station.

"What are you talking about? LET'S GO ALREADY, OKAY!" The girl shouted with haste as she clutched onto Foldy's shaky human arm, the sound of walkie-talkies and keys clanging together filling the atmosphere of the obscure hallway.

"PENCIL GET BACK HERE, YOU'RE IN BIG TROUBLE YOUNG LADY!!"

"Shit... erm... LET'S GO IN HERE OKAY!!" The girl gasped before shoving herself and Foldy into an empty classroom before nervously locking the door shut.

Foldy crossed her arms nervously, looking around the dilapidated classroom before shoving herself into a corner right where the tattered teacher's desk was.

She cowered on the ground, her body trembling nervously as the schoolgirl quickly approached her.

"That's close, he won't find us now!" She smiled, getting on the floor to sit next to Foldy before curiously examining her.

"Red and black uniform...? That's weird, our uniform is blue and white?" She pondered, fiddling with her somewhat messy blonde hair before looking back to Foldy, her light hazel eyes filling with confusion.

"He said Pencil... y-your name is Pencil?!" Foldy uttered, looking her up and down with shock.

"Yeah... How'd you know what my name w-"

"But you..."

Pencil looked at her, a dumbfounded look on her face as Foldy let out a somewhat unsurprised sigh.

"You're... not from here, are you?" Pencil pondered, fiddling with the sleeve of her cream-coloured jumper, fixing her dark blue blazer before looking back up at the girl.

"I... uh... no. Not really..." Foldy sighed, looking to the side before looking back.

"W-Why are you by yourself though?!" She added, her turquoise eyes widening with shock.

"I thought you with Match, you're always by her side no matter what!!"

"Match? Who's... Match...?!"

Foldy froze in shock, blinking a few times before shaking her head.

"Y'know, YOUR BEST FRIEND! The slightly taller, assertive and extremely annoy- I mean pushy one!!"

"I dunno her. I don't... really have a best friend... or any friends really..." Pencil admitted with a bit of embarrassment to her tone.

"I just spend my days in this hellhole running away from trouble... hiding from teachers who want to put me in isolation... I never do anything wrong! They just don't understand... They always come up with a bunch of random crap, like how they put me in there for a week just because I went to the bathroom during class, or because I wore my coat in the building! I fucking hate this place, it sucks! Everyone here is a two-faced lying bitch and the teachers encourage it all the time! They call my mom, even though they know she's sick and can't even reach her arm out to hold the phone, sometimes they even call my older brothers or my dad... it's so stupid... I HATE IT! I WISH I COULD JUST RUN AWAY TO A PLACE WHERE NO ONE KNOWS MY NAME!"

Foldy stared in disbelief, blinking before her expression began to suddenly fill with an uncontrollable amount of rage.

She slammed her fist against the wooden desk they were cowered under, a slam so hard that the rotting desk began to tumble, a pile of papers and stationery popping out of the drawers before abruptly

pausing.

"Are... are you KIDDING ME RIGHT NOW?!" Foldy yelled with all her might.

"W-What?" Pencil uttered quietly in response, backing away from the angered girl before she began to tremble anxiously.

"You've been so horrible to so many people, ruined so many friendships, HURT BASICALLY EVERYONE!! And still... you STILL WANT TO HAVE FEELINGS?!" Foldy yelled, her pent up anger slowly unfolding to reveal a monster.

"WHAT ARE YOU EVEN TALKING ABOUT? I SHOULD'VE LISTENED TO THE SAYING STRANGER DANG-"

"THIS ISN'T THE PENCIL I COMPETED WITH! YOU WOULDN'T BE SO WEAK A-AND VULNERABLE WITH ME, OR ANYONE!! AND IF ANYONE DID THAT WITH YOU, YOU'D JUST PICK THEM APART WITHOUT A CARE IN THE WORLD!"

...

"Geez, did the fire burn away your brain cells too?!"

"Fire... fire... fire... fire..." Pencil's eyes widened, her pupils unnaturally expanding as she clawed onto her face. A wretched look filled her face, tears streaming down her eyes as she just kept repeating the word over and over again.

"Oh shit... I shouldn't have said that..." Foldy gulped, a wave of dread filling her as she slowly got up on her feet, backing away so far that she bashed right onto the wall behind her.

"Fire... fire... fire..." Pencil continuously repeated, her hands scouring across the desk before being met with a sharp pair of scissors, to which she quickly grabbed.

Suddenly the door rattled, a desperate and somewhat unknowing voice echoing through the thin barriers of the door and quietly into the room as Pencil got closer.

"NO PENCIL, DON'T DO ANYTHING!!" Foldy screamed, looking at the unknowing blue-haired student at the door before looking back Pencil.

Foldy ran as fast as she possibly could, using her newfound arm to grip tightly onto Pencil's shoulder.

"Fire... You like fire... don't you... DON'T YOU!" She screamed maniacally, pushing Foldy to the ground and watching mercilessly as her head bashed against the edge of the table before thudding on the ground.

"Ow..." Foldy groaned, her head spinning and throbbing as she put a hand to numb the pain, although it didn't really help.

"Hey, is it okay if I use this classroom? I kinda forgot something in here..." The girl behind the door spoke out, pushing her dark blue hair behind her ears awkwardly before looking back at Pencil, whose wretched face sent a deathly shiver down her spine.

Pencil's eye twitched, her shaky hands aggressively meddling with the door lock before opening the wooden and poorly painted door with such might that it bashed back against the wall.

"I... uh..."

"Death... fire... YOU SHOULD ALL DIE! DIE!" Pencil screamed out maniacally before striking the blue-haired girl deep in the abdomen with the scissors in her hand.

Foldy shivered quietly, the painful screams of the girl echoing through her mind as she let out a shaky sigh.

Stupid! You're not meant to remind them of their past, otherwise you lose the game!!

"W-Wha... LIY?!"

If they've any clue of how they died, you lose a point! Lucky for you though, this is just a demo!

Don't let your stupid anger get the best of you, these guys have

no mercy!!

"Of course it would all be a game to you..."

However though, you lose all of those points... well...! I don't feel like giving out any spoilers right now! Toodles!

And before Foldy could do anything else, her surroundings quickly changed once more.

Groaning, she clutched against what now seemed to be... grass?

"Where... did you get all of this power from... so suddenly..."

No answer.

Of course... Where the hell did she put me this time...?!

Foldy blinked, rubbing her eyes as the world around her began to glitch and break apart.

She screamed, standing up and walking back in shock before tumbling back onto the ground.

And in what felt like a matter of seconds...

She was in a room.

Not any room...

One all too familiar.

Why don't I give you a glimpse of your beloved best friend's actual life, huh?

"Wha- NO!" Foldy screamed, clawing onto the lavender-coloured carpet in agony as Liy simply laughed and continued.

You wouldn't believe it, but it was all a stupid lie! That's what you get for trusting people, stupid!

And with that, Liy's voice faded out, leaving Foldy to reminisce those final words.

Standing up, she dusted herself off before looking around in the colourful and bright bedroom.

Something she'd soon enough come to realise was an inaccurate representation of her friend...

"W-Wait, where's her shoe rack?! It was right over..."

Foldy paused, her face dropping as she soon noticed a crippling and somewhat aging pile of trash blanketing over it.

"Oh... oh my gosh... why wouldn't she tell me a thing..." She uttered sadly before turning to face her bed, just to see a girl with strawberry blonde hair slouching on it tiredly.

"HEY, WHO ARE Y-"

"They all hate me... I'm just a dirty liar who destroys everyone's happiness..." The girl uttered, her purple eyes glimmering with tears as she held her arm, all bruised and purple.

Keep in mind that none of this is fabricated and it's all as real as can be! Teehee!

"Fuck, this actually is her..." Foldy shook her head with utter guilt and dismay.

"Could this be... a week before... she..."

She can't see you, hear you or talk to you! Anything your beloved Pastel Highlighter says here is all merely things of the past...~

Foldy nodded her head somewhat reluctantly, walking closer to the tearful girl with a somewhat perplexed look on her face.

"I hate everything. I HATE THEM ALL! Screw everyone... What did I even do in the first place. Should I just go bury myself alive so they all feel better?!"

"Pastel, no...!" Foldy yelled despite knowing that her voice would be unheard anyway.

Pastel looked to the side, digging her head into a pillow before turning to the window, watching as the birds flapped around in the sky, how the branches would swish back and forth.

Everything was in order. Peaceful. Problem-free. Except... her.

"I... wouldn't complain if it came to that... I'm pretty-"

Suddenly, a loud knock in the door caused Pastel to shudder, grabbing her blanket before throwing it over the heap of trash that had accumulated by the shelf of shoes.

She sighed, jumping back on her bed and playing dumb on her phone as her mom walked in.

"Pastel? Honey why is the blanket on the floor? And are you okay, you never come downstairs anymore!" Her mom cried, her face distraught.

"Wha? Oh, I'm just... tidying up my room! Y'know how it is, right?" Pastel gave her a crooked smile, pushing her strawberry blonde hair behind her ears as she patted the tears off her face with her sleeve.

"You say that everyday, a-and were you crying?!" Her mom persisted, walking closer to her daughter and watching with shock as Pastel backed away.

"No, fuck off!" She snapped, her face going red with genuine anger as she rolled her eyes.

"W-What...?"

Her mom sighed, clearing her throat before lunging towards Pastel, snatching her phone out of her hands before walking back towards the door.

"Oh my gosh, GIVE IT BACK!!" Pastel screamed, getting back up on her feet before clawing onto her mother's arm in an attempt to throw her off.

"TELL ME WHAT'S WRONG!"

"I'M NOT TELLING YOU JACK SHIT!!"

"YOU TELL ME WHAT'S WRONG OR I'LL CALL THE SCHOOL AND TELL THEM ABOUT HOW YOUR ROOM'S ALL TRASHED AND HOW YOU REFUSE TO TELL ANYONE ANYTHING! I'LL TELL THEM ABOUT YOUR SELF-DEPRECATING HABITS!! YOU'RE HORRIBLE AT HIDING THINGS AND YOU'RE NOT ABOUT TO HIDE FROM ME TOO!"

Pastel gasped, her eyes filling with tears of anger and fear as she raised her hand up, her palms trembling before giving her mom an angered slap on the face.

"I told you... I'M NOT GONNA TELL YOU ANYTHING SO GO PISS OFF BACK DOWNSTAIRS!!" Pastel screamed, reaching for her phone as much as she could.

"DON'T YOU USE YOUR FUCKING HANDS ON ME, YOU WANT ME TO TELL THE SCHOOL ABOUT THAT TOO?!"

"WHAT THE FUCK, NO! STOP YOU PSYCHO!"

"IF ANYTHING, YOU'RE THE PSYCHO! TELL ME WHAT'S WRONG, JUST TELL ME! WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO HIDE FROM YOUR OWN MOM, HUH?!"

"I-... You... YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND!"

"I'm 22 fucking years older than you, what would you understand that I wouldn't?!"

"I DON'T CARE HOW OLD YOU ARE, MOM! GIVE ME MY DAMN PHONE BACK ALREADY!!"

Foldy watched in silence, holding a hand to her mouth as she watched her best friend angrily argue back and forth with her mom.

"Pastel, was our friendship... just a lie? Just like... everything else..."

Yep, precisely! The poor girl was a compulsive liar who just couldn't stop! She thought she was so slick but her mom found her out straight away, how funny to watch!

Foldy shook her head, Liy's malicious and careless words echoing in her mind as she witnessed Pastel suddenly grab onto a bottle of medication.

"You think you're better than me, HUH?! You think I don't matter? You think that you can just take everything from me?" She trembled, opening the lid of the bottle before looking her mom in the eye.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING PASTEL, THAT'S NOT FOR YOUR AGE!!" Her mom screamed, sprinting over to Pastel as she aggressively chugged the liquid, letting out a gasp as her body began to go numb.

"I... just... can't stop... ly...ing..." Pastel uttered, the bottle slipping out of her hand as she wobbled back and forth before violently dropping onto the floor.

"NO, WAKE UP! PLEASE HONEY, PLEASE!!" Her mom screamed, quickly running over to her and rapidly shaking her body in an attempt to wake her up again. But alas, she was simply knocked unconscious.

"No... FUCK, WHERE'S THE PHONE?!"

"Honey, what's going on?" A man with brown hair and light purple eyes walked up to the door, looking around before noticing the scene.

"She's so stupid... SHE TOOK MY MEDICATION AND KNOCKED HERSELF OUT JUST SO SHE WOULDN'T HAVE TO DEAL WITH EVERYTHING!"

"Why... would she do that? There's nothing wrong with her? Pastel's a good student, she gets amazing grades on everything, she's always coming home with a smile on her face..." He sighed, looking towards his daughter and towards her hand, where the bottle of medication rolled on the carpet beside her before leaking out and seeping into the fabric.

"GOSH DAMNIT, JUST CALL 9-1-1 ALREADY! I'M NOT READY TO LOSE ANOTHER ONE OF MY CHILDREN!!" Her mom snapped, red in the face.

Foldy froze, utterly shocked. But soon, it all began to piece together,

and make sense...

"That's why... she didn't come into school for so long. Her supposed cold was actually a brutal life-or-death trip to the hospital, wasn't it..."

"And the moment she came back to school, it ended up being all for nothing... because someone had the nerve to just take it all from her."

I wonder who would do an oh so horrible thing to an already horrible, undeserving girl...! Maybe it was the consequences of her actions, or maybe... she did it to herself! We'll never know, will we?

"No, that's wrong! I know now... after 3 years of doubt and fear... THAT YOU KILLED HER, DIDN'T YOU LIY!"

Hah... HAHAHAH! BINGO, BULLS EYE, RIGHT ON THE MONEY!!!!

"HOW COULD YOU BE SO HEARTLESS!"

Is it even surprising at this point?

"H-Hello? Yes... I need an ambulance, my daughter just overdosed on medication and went unconscious... no, she's still breathing a bit, she isn't responsive. What, Y-YES!! I NEED ONE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!!"

"What's happening?" A boy walked into the scene, brushing his brown hair back before looking around just to find his sister laying on the ground in a pool of medicine.

"Your stupid sister overdosed on fucking medication..." Her mom sobbed quietly, her hands over her face as she continued to cry.

"I don't... get it..." The tall boy muttered, shaking his head before turning towards the window, sighing as he began to see red and blue flashes in the distance.

And so sweet little Pastel Highlighter was taken to the hospital, where she faced the worst nightmare in her life.

Waking up to the faces of those who loved her, despite the atrocity she put herself through.

I think we should all learn something from this...

"What..." Foldy sighed.

Always check labels!!!

"Wha... where am I..." Pastel groaned, opening her eyes to several wires clinging against her skin.

"Oh my gosh, SHE'S AWAKE!!" Her mom yelled in excitement, running over to her daughter in tears before embracing her tightly.

"S-Stop!" Pastel suddenly yelled, pushing her mom off her before rubbing her eyes.

"What now..."

"I don't need everyone fawning over me, really... I'm fine! I'm awake now... okay? Now can you just get out, please? I want time to myself..."

Her mom looked her in the face, her blue eyes filling with doubt as she backed away towards the door.

"Your dad and brother are outside in the waiting room, by the way..." Her mom stated with a hurt look on her face, pushing her blonde hair back before shutting the door.

Pastel shook her head, violently ripping all the wires off her body before walking over to the door to lock it shut.

"Shit, I can't think straight... not without... a pill or two..." She uttered, a shocking revelation that not even Foldy herself would predict in a million years.

"N-NO!! HOW DO I STOP HER?!" Foldy yelled, tears filling her eyes as she watched her best friend scour through the cabinets of the hospital room before finding a box stuffed with prescribed medicines.

I told you, ya can't! Because this is the past not the present! The sweet little Pastel Highlighter who you thought couldn't hurt a fly is actually a monster! A disgusting... ugly one.

"I'm just a liar... a disgusting, ugly liar and I'm a burden to everyone. No wonder everyone has a go on me at school now, I'm horrible. I don't deserve to live among these elites. I'm simply a monster. I'm below everyone else. My mom, dad and brother don't deserve me to be in their lives. I'd rather be the black and white image that they all mourn over for a day then forget about afterwards. Foldy and Stapy don't deserve me. No one deserves me..."

And with that, Pastel grabbed a box of painkillers, kneeling down onto the cold ground before opening it up.

"WHAT THE HELL, STOP! JUST STOP, PLEASE, I CAN'T WATCH THIS ANYMORE!!" Foldy screamed, bursting into tears as she held her hands to her face.

I will make you watch every single fucking second of it and you have nowhere to run. YOU HEAR ME?!

"N-NO! I- I'M SORRY!!" Foldy screamed, the sound of Liy's laughter stinging like a fresh wound.

Pastel sighed, her hands trembling as she began to slightly regret her decision, but she shook her head, closing her eyes and opening each and everyone one before shoving it in her mouth.

She let out a cough as she swallowed it all down with water, her eye twitching as she looked towards the now rattling doorknob.

"UNLOCK THE DAMN DOOR!" A voice screamed through the window of the door as loud bangs of agony could be heard.

Pastel furrowed her eyebrows, tying back her soft, strawberry blonde hair with an elastic band before looking back towards the door just to see her mom and a nurse at the window, the lock rattling before opening up door.

"WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?!" Her mom screamed loudly in tears, her voice echoing loudly through the concrete room as she

pulled Pastel by the arm as tightly as she could.

Pastel stayed silent, her mind going fuzzy as her purple eyes began to water with tears.

"Oh, fuck..." Her mom uttered in shock, looking down to the ground to see a box of painkillers open with pills scattered across the floor next to where her daughter lay, motionless with shock.

"I-... I'LL GET HELP!!" The young nurse looked back towards the two with fear, her eyes widening before she hesitated and ran for the door, closing it shut before running off into the distance.

"I'm... sorry..." Pastel uttered silently, tearing up as her mom dragged her across the floor.

"I won't take your sorries anymore Pastel... THIS HAS GONE WAY TOO FAR! JUST TELL ME WHAT'S WRONG ALREADY, PLEASE!"

No answer. Just the loud gasps and cries of her daughter as she was pulled across the floor.

"I-... I lost your older sister too... I don't wanna lose another daughter. You see why your brother's always silent all the time, right? He was a twin..."

...

"It's funny... because she looked exactly like you. Strawberry blonde hair, purple eyes, and a dream. Can you make me proud? Go, live your dream as a singer for the both of us please... this is all not worth it darling."

Pastel Highlighter got back up on her feet, trembling as she wrapped her arms around her body.

"Here, let me get a bucket for you in case you throw up, okay?" Her mom smiled, her voice breaking with sadness as she went over to the back of the room.

Pastel blinked, stumbling against the wall as the effects of her actions began to painfully hit through a sharp headache.

"What the hell is she talking about... I don't have a dream anymore. I don't have the drive for anything anymore..."

Though poor little Pastel seemed dead set on giving up, the words of her mother continued to linger in her mind, each and every word that came out of her mouth striking her each and every time.

"Maybe I... still have a dream...!"

Boo, hoo, hoo... watching her hope and pine over something makes me laugh.

Why would you hope for something that's nothing? Anyways...!!!

Eventually after a week of cleaning up her mind, and her room... she finally built up the courage to retry. To put her dangerous and self-destructive habits behind her, and to live life again! Even though she continued to lie, she simply accepted that those lies were a part of who she was...

After all, lies are how we get through our life. Pastel Highlighter would know better than anyone else!

Then comes the day, she finally builds up the courage to return to school, despite the violent drama between her classmates that had resulted in multiple afterschool fights!

After all, she had you and Stapy...

Though, what she didn't realise is that the moment she'd come into that building, she'd never, ever come out!

"NOO!!!!" Foldy screamed, her eyes widening as she began to go blue in the face.

Not again, not again, not again, not again, NOT AGAIN, NOT AGAIN!!!!!!

"F-Foldy?"

"Wha..?!"

"I'm going to watch the basketball game this break, wanna come?"

It's all repeating, isn't it...

"Oh, it's okay! I feel a bit tired today, I'll be in our form room with Glassy and Makeup Brush okay?"

W-Why... WHY DIDN'T COME WITH HER?

"Oh, alright! Cya in music okay?"

That bright smile. Those glowing purple eyes. Her radiating aura.

That was the last time I... s-saw her... ever again...

Time for a rewind back to your favourite moment!!

Her last moments...

"The Sports Cupboard... freaky..." Pastel Highlighter shuddered as she remembered the long sets of stairs and dimly lit room in the far corner of the school.

"But I have to do this for the basketball coach. Even if it's the teachers, I'll try and look good for them. I'll gain back my reputation, I'll be as good as I can be. I won't let anyone get fooled by that stupid fight."

Pastel approached the slightly tattered brown door, a rusted and slightly loose sign reading 'P.E. Cupboard'.

"Well... here goes nothing." Pastel muttered quietly as she placed the key the teacher entrusted her with into the keyhole, shivering as she twisted it.

The door opened loudly with a slam on the wall as Pastel stepped back fearfully, not registering the pair of hands roughly grabbing onto her back before violently pushing her down the steep flight stairs.

All that could be heard from that point on was the echoed screams of the girl and the crack of a bone as she was knocked down the steps.

"OW! SHIT!" Pastel yelled as she tumbled down the cold stairs before reaching the bottom, her back gruesomely slamming on the wall.

"How did... I survive... wait..." She muttered, holding her moist and now bloodied head before hearing the quiet steps of someone follow her down the stairs.

Almost immediately, Pastel weakly reached for whatever she could find to defend herself against whoever was coming down.

"Ow... this headache is strong..." She murmured weakly as she held onto her head, which was moist and sopping with blood from the hard blow when she was pushed down the stairs. She scattered around before finding a somewhat tattered tennis racket in her hands.

The footsteps got louder, and soon enough Pastel could recognise a figure amidst the darkness. Clutching onto the cold and crinkly walls, Pastel attempted lifted up her sickly body before feeling a pain in her ankle so strong, it radiated and throbbed in her throat.

"Shit..." She grunted quietly, her eyes watering up as she witnessed the figure come closer and closer.

"You're so fucking stupid..." The figure chuckled manically as they came closer and closer into view.

But Pastel wouldn't let this person come any further towards her. Clutching onto her tennis racket, she fiercely and courageously ran forward, letting out a sort of... battle cry?... as she courageously swung the tennis racket in an attempt to knock out whoever was approaching her. But her quick and instinctual move ultimately backfired as she felt herself slip, her already injured ankle twisting into an even more dangerous position as she fell to the ground with a loud thud.

"Who... are..." But before Pastel could utter another word, the figure revealed herself amidst the darkness. And it turned it to be none other than...

"L-LIY?!" The girl yelled in shock as she tried to pick herself up from

the ground before being violently getting kicked back onto the wall, her back slamming loudly onto the concrete once more, this time with a loud shriek. But miraculously though, she still managed to survive...

"P-Please... don't hurt me... PLEASE!" She shrieked loudly, grabbing tightly onto her legs as she shuffled back.

"WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'M GONNA SPARE YOU, HUH?!" Liy yelled back, her voice throbbing with disgust and aggression as she quickly grabbed a baseball bat from the basket beside her.

Liy clutched onto the baseball bat tightly, the pent-up anger bubbling within her more and more intensely as the loud cries and gasps of Pastel flooded her troubled mind.

She was quickly reaching her edge, and everyone knew what would happen when you eventually made Liy angry...

"This pain going through your body... it's horrible isn't it? You know, THAT'S THE SHIT I HAD TO GO THROUGH EVERY SINGLE DAY, WITH YOU AND YOUR POSSE OF FRIENDS AND MY PARENTS! IT HURTS, DOESN'T IT?"

"S-Stop... Please!" Pastel mumbled weakly, holding onto her legs as blood slowly began to drip down from her lips.

Liy slowly lifted up her arm, ready to swing at Pastel.

But as she was about to land a blow, she felt something hold her back.

Why can't I do it... why can't I swing at her... I... I...

Liy lost herself in her thoughts, the dark fog that filled her mind slowly contaminating her whole body. But suddenly, there was a voice. A weak cry, loudly vocalising for help. Her desperate pleas rang loud in Liy's head as the fog began to fade away. Not all of it disappeared though.

"Don't to anything to me... PLEASE, I'M BEGGING YOU!"

Deja... Vu?

Pastel never spared Liy when she was getting attacked, the blood dripping down her face along with Pastel's sickly laughs. Heck, the best she could do was take a snap and send it to her mates while Liy lay unconscious in her own blood.

And then it dawned. A memory so strong it pierced through Liy like a knife. Why should she care for Pastel when she never did the same. All those months of bullying and all those threats, all the moments she was ridiculed in class, all the moments where she was pushed down the stairs, all the moments where they poured water on her... all of those moments...

GET... YOUR... REVENGE...

"Deja Vu, Pastel Highlighter?" She laughed mercilessly as she delivered three gruesome blows on the head with the baseball bat.

Pastel gasped loudly for air, shrieking as she rolled onto her back, looking up towards Liy with a slight smile as she soaked in her own blood.

The end was nearing.

"I guess... this is my fate, isn't it?" Pastel murmured quietly, the bright white stars once shining in her eyes fading away and shrinking by the second.

"Tell Foldy, Stapy and everyone else that I'm sorry, okay? Just tell them that I'm sorry I couldn't feel their love for me... I'm sorry for being a liar..." Pastel murmured out before taking one last breath, thick drops of blood pouring down her face as she managed to form a final smile.

The silence pierced through Liy's ears after that moment, before she suddenly broke into loud laughter.

"Yes... I'm saving the world..." She giggled maniacally, holding her hands to her face as blood trickled down her body.

She walked up to the unresponsive girl, staring at her dead in the

face before laughing loudly.

"What a cute sob story, makes everyone automatically love and forgive you now, doesn't it?!" Liy giggled without a care in the world.

Liy's laughter echoed through the dimly lit room, creating an eerie atmosphere that seemed to resonate with the darkness within her. As she stared down at Pastel's lifeless form, a twisted smile formed on her lips before suddenly disappearing as the room quickly filled with the footsteps of an individual walking down the stairs.

"S...SHIT!" Liy screeched hesitantly under her breath before rushing to hide behind the random wardrobe at the corner of the sports cupboard.

"Pastel...? C-Can you hear me? It's Foldy!"

Of course... FOLDY. Oh wait, she could snitch on me, and I could get arrested! Better keep quiet...

Foldy hesitantly walked down the creaky stairs, her nervous breaths filling the eerie and now bloodstained room.

"Hopefully she's okay..." Foldy stuttered before reaching the bottom.

Oh... The Irony.

Foldy quickly blinked before discovering her best friend's body soaking in a pool of FRESH BLOOD...

"P-PASTEL?!" Foldy yelped as she looked into Pastel's open-wide eyes, the life desaturated out of them.

Foldy laughed nervously as she walked back, still trying to register everything she just witnessed.

"T-This is a joke, right?" She stuttered as tears welled up in her eyes, her legs visibly trembling more and more with each step she took.

This. Was. Not. A. Joke.

"FUCK! SHE'S DEAD, NO, FUCK, PLEASE, STOP!" Foldy screeched

manically as she squirmed around like a spider trying to run away from it's death.

Liy watched as Foldy was foiling her scheme more and more. She clutched tightly onto her bat, her blood-drenched knuckles going white as she trembled closer behind Foldy.

I've got to get rid of her, incapacitate her. She's foiling my plans.

Liy reluctantly lifted up the stained bat as she shut her eyes, and before she knew it... THUD.

Folly's shrieks quickly died down as she fell to the ground, being reduced to nothing but a mere incapacitated body, incapable of moving. aka. she was unconscious.

Liy stood there for a good second before thinking, and suddenly, she started pressing hardly at her switch, taking a good few seconds before it flipped around. Liy moved her hand around her face nervously before finding the switch. Without another second, she pressed it down hard before switching back to her normal switch.

And out of nowhere, all the blood on her body faded away, as if it were a mere hallucination.

"Well, there goes that." Liy shrugged with little emotion as she reached for the cupboard keys she left on the floor and then Foldy's leg.

And without any hesitation or guilt, she began to drag Foldy's unconscious body back up the stairs, the fresh blood seeping out of her head staining the surface of which she was being dragged across.

"The awakening is near. You are all awakening." Liy uttered maniacally, her body trembling with manic anger as she walked up the stairs.

The awakening, already happened, oopsies! Congrats on surviving though!!

"You're so corrupt... WHY WOULD YOU DO ALL OF THIS! WHY! WHY..." Foldy cried, her vision going blurry with tears as she fought

to keep herself together in one piece.

This is your reality, and now there's nothing you can do to escape it. Like I said, you have three lives in this game, you waste them, you're dead and rotting like everyone else.

"What did I do to deserve this..." Foldy uttered quietly under her breath as she sank down to the ground, holding her knees as she began to tremble.

Just consider everything you've witnessed, as your world building. Consistently developing your surroundings so you have an idea of how your new life is gonna be like.

"Consider it game on then, Liy..."

---

and that is the end of chapter 17! I hope you enjoyed, and make sure to stay tuned for the release of chapter 18!!

word count: 6617

other than that, have a good day and make sure to drink water and stay safe!!

Dean, out!!

BUT WAIT!!!1!1!

one more scene

"Hm... you need watering too, don't you!" A sweet voice smiled, holding a large can against a large pot of aloe veras before pouring water into the soil.

She giggled, looking at her plants with a loving smile before suddenly being put off by a loud and desperate knock on her door.

"HUH? COME IN!!!" She yelled back as the door quickly opened.

In came a blue lightswitch, desperately running into the living room before grabbing the woman tightly by the arm.

"LIY?! I- WHAT ARE YOU-"

"JUST COME, OKAY! PLEASE, I DON'T NEED YOU TO BE A DISTRACTION TOO!" Liy snapped loudly as her mom blinked in confusion.

Liy huffed, opening up the massive window of the living room before clutching tightly onto her arm.

"YOU HOLD ONTO ME AND DON'T LET GO, YOU HEAR ME!" She ordered as she stared down somewhat anxiously at the world below.

"WHAT THE HELL, YOU'RE GONNA KILL US BOTH!" Her mom screamed loudly as Liy leaped off the window of the apartment home and into the atmosphere, the wind blowing onto her face at rapid speeds as her mother held onto her for dear life.

"Just... OH MY GOSH!!!" Liy burst out before closing her eyes and muttering unintelligible words.

"Liy, I know you're mad at me because I mentioned your dad! I- I'M SORRY, OKAY! PLEASE JUST TELL ME YOU FORGIVE ME, YOU SCARED ME SO MUCH LAST TIME!"

"Look mom, I don't even care!" Liy replied, somewhat annoyed.

"You... don't?" Her mom murmured, stunned.

"No, it's just you who keeps exaggerating so much! I'm not stupid, I obviously know you wouldn't do such a thing to yourself! The thing is, he doesn't hurt me anymore... Dad, he doesn't affect me anymore, because he's just history... What affects me is you overthinking so much for no reason. Stop doing that, please?"

"Y-You... really care? I thought you still hated me..." Her mom admitted, tearing up a little.

"I didn't hate you, I hate that you didn't ever acknowledge me! Though now, I've realised that's not your fault..." Liy replied with a

bit of a thoughtful tone, looking towards the now red sky before looking back at her mom, who simply gasped in shock at it all.

"I didn't know you had it in you... I just thought that... y'know... you'd-"

"Just stop, okay?"

...

"I love you mom... I couldn't have asked for a better person in my life."

Liy smiled, her eyes filling with tears as they finally landed on the ground, the gooey red surface becoming abruptly familiar to her.

"I love you too, but what the hell is this place, and why am I so..."

"Human?"

She nodded, quite frightened.

"I dunno, I just don't like being an object, besides, look at my cool blue hair!" Liy giggled, running her fingers through her dark blue hair before looking back at her mom, who was more puzzled than ever.

"I don't know what a human is... nor do I have any idea how it works, but I think my hair looks pretty cool!" Her mom smiled back, observing her light blue hair, and the familiar blonde streak that ran through the front of her hair, a feature which Liy shared with her.

"Interesting... uhm..."

"Yeah, UHM, WHAT THE HELL IS THIS PLACE?!"

Liy put a finger to her chin, looking at her confused mother as she let out a nervous laugh.

"...Bloodlust...?"

FIN.

bullet rebuttal. - chapter 18

...

...

"It's funny that she thought she could kill me that easily."

...

...

He pushed his black hair back, a sort of... red glint that could be seen faintly in his green eyes.

...

...

Before lighting a cigarette, of course.

...

"You can't eliminate the very thing that brought you here."

...

...

"Don't you think?"

.

..

_____

BULLET REBUTTAL - CHAPTER 18.

TWO WEEKS AGO.

Walking through the woods is a peaceful thing. Smiling as the air swiftly glides over your face, watching as the trees sway side to side, watching nature function peacefully.

Not this time though.

No.

...

"Remote has to be here... I just know it!" A familiar green tree uttered with determination, scavenging through the murky woods, the fear in his heart growing more and more as the atmosphere got darker with each step.

Though the forest was familiar enough to Tree - I mean, he is a tree -, something just felt off this time.

Something... didn't click.

And that's when he let out a bloodcurdling scream, putting a hand to his mouth as he stumbled to the ground.

"B-Blood..." Tree stammered, going blue in the face as he stared towards a pool of dried blood that covered the green grass.

Not only blood, a massive and somewhat dented machine that towered before him along with a long string of text on the front that read:

Universe Connection Device

,which was stylised much like a recovery centre would be.

He blinked his eyes, standing back up on his feet before nervously looking around.

"Oh my tree..."

Getting back up on his feet, he nervously reached his hand out towards the large grey box before pressing his fingers against the keyboard that began to glow with his touch.

"What the hell even is this?" Tree uttered with confusion, his eyes darting towards a sort of... mail slot to the left of the keyboard.

Pausing for a second, he quickly turned around to see if anyone was behind him.

...

"No one..." He sighed, the wind blowing softly in his face as he turned back.

Tree's gaze stayed locked onto the keyboard, each button glimmering a soft green hue that reflected onto his face.

"Is this where... Remote disappeared off to?"

Silence. Just silence filled the air as Tree nervously began to type.

"R... E... M... O... T... E..." The plant subconsciously muttered to himself as he slowly typed out the letters of his friend's name into the keyboard before walking back.

"What more is there to do...?" Tree sighed, looking towards the huge blue 'ENTER' button to the right of the keyboard.

Trembling, he shut his eyes, quickly pressing the button before walking back and watching as the mysterious machine slowly began to power on once again.

...

"You're super lucky!" A scarily familiar voice echoed out of the machine.

One so familiar.

"L-LIY?!"

"Silly, don't talk to yourself! This audio is prerecorded! But I have some very special news for you..."

"..."

"You just avoided the Great Killing of the Goikian Grasslands! Well done, give yourself a pat on the back!"

"G-Great... KILLING?!"

"Yes!!! Bull's eye!! That's my new favourite phrase now, BUT ANYWAYS!!!"

,

"Planning this whole thing took even longer than it takes to attain a college degree...
JUST KIDDING! I pulled this idea right out of my ass and it's absolutely amazing! What's more entertaining then watching the people you battled alongside absolutely demolish eachother? Just thinking about it makes me want to run around faster than a toddler on a sugar rush!!!"

"She's insane... has Liy been hiding this whole scheme right under our noses? No wonder she was acting weird!" Tree exclaimed, beginning to slowly realise.

"All these remaining contestants that didn't come to the hotel... they really thought they were safe, weren't they? How... HOW FUNNY!!"

"W-WHAT? NO, I HAVE TO PROTECT BOTTLE AND BLACK HOLE!! MY TEAMATES!!"

"Well, I won't stall you any longer. Let's let you go to wherever you wanna go."

"NO!" Tree yelled agonisingly, running off before abruptly falling onto the floor.

"BLACK HOLE! CAN YOU HEAR ME? HELP!!!" He continued to scream loudly, clawing onto the grass as an unknown force began to pull him by the leg and drag him right back into the box.

"PLEASE! SOMEONE!! BOTTLE! BLACK HOLE! YOU'RE MY LAST HOPE! I DONT WANNA DIIIIEEEEE!!!!!!!" Tree sobbed loudly as his body was violently sucked into the makeshift mail slot.

"NOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

...

And once again, as if nothing occurred in the first place, dead silence fell over the forest.

Tree was... gone.

PRESENT DAY.

...

...

...

...

"Liy!"

...

"Hm...?"

...

"Liy!!"

...

...

Click, click. Not a single care in the world as Liy began to meticulously type into the laptop.

"LIY!"

"What?!" Liy rolled her eyes before turning to her mom with an annoyed expression.

"I need an explanation right now young lady, what is this place and why aren't we home?!"

"Ugh..." The rebellious girl rolled her eyes, flipping her hair back with sass before continuing to type.

"Don't ignore me, have some respect! Have you seriously learnt nothing?" Her mom yelled angrily.

"Dad didn't exactly bother raising me properly anyways, so I don't know why you expect me to be some civilised, law-abiding nerd."

"...Well, can you at least listen to your mom?"

...

"Nah..." Liy replied coldly, not bothering to even make eye contact with her mother as she just continued to stay stuck to the computer.

"DO YOU HAVE NO RESPECT?!"

"OH MY GOSH, MOM! LEAVE ME ALONE! I'M TRYING TO KILL SOMEONE THROUGH A COMPUTER!!!"

"What."

Liy finally turned to her, a confused look on her face as her unknowing mom let out a loud gasp, before once again turning back to the computer.

"I-... I didn't raise my daughter to be... a killer!"

"You didn't even raise me at all! Buzz off!"

"..."

Liy sighed, typing a bit more into that laptop of hers before turning to face her mom once again, who went silent.

"What? Why are you so hurt now? I barely said anything!"

"I just... wanna be a better mom to you." Her mother admitted, looking to the side as a shadow cast over her face.

"You do?" Liy blinked, a little shocked.

"Yes... which is why..."

"...Why...?"

"YOU NEED TO GIVE ME A DAMN EXPLANATION!"

"MOM!!!"

"DON'T SCARE ME!"

...

"Liy..."

"Mom. I have somewhere to be." Liy abruptly admitted, getting up on her feet before folding up her chair and lifting it up.

"Don't leave me here!" Her mom snapped, looking towards her nonchalant daughter with anger as she simply walked past her.

"This is purely his fault and no one else's."

...

...

_____

I never thought someone could love a girl like me.

For as long as I remember, I've always been deemed as basic... or ugly.

I based my entire life around a bunch of petty opinions by everyone that I wasn't able to see through.

It was as if, the clouds were blocking the shining sun.

Which I would soon realise, was all for good reason...

...

Arms crossed, head empty.

Walking amidst the rain as the mist surrounds you.

"When will this end." You quietly plead, mouth filling with rainwater as if mother nature wants to silence you.

Closing your eyes, you trod through the cold and wet pavement, each drop that lands on your head infuriating you more and more.

And, as if it was fate, the rain abruptly came to a stop.

You let out a slight gasp, blinking before turning back just to see a pair of green eyes looking back at you.

"Hey, are you okay? You're soaking wet!" The black-haired boy exclaimed, holding a large umbrella over the unsuspecting girl before smiling.

The girl nodded, somewhat startled as she pushed her light blue hair behind her ears.

She looked back up at him, raising an eyebrow before smiling a little shyly.

"Hey, uh... do you want me to-"

HEY!! Now's not the time for my mom's despairingly sad backstory! We have to get onto the fun part, okay?

I'll let you read it another time.

Patience. Just... patience! PATIENCE!!!!!

...

"Liy, who the hell are you talking to now?" A set of purple eyes looked her up and down before sighing and looking back down to the green grass, which seemed to be quickly desaturating and turning

into a more greyish colour if anything.

"The readers? You gotta have some interaction with the audience otherwise they'll get bored quickly, ya know?" Liy playfully clicked her fingers before smiling somewhat creepily, pushing a familiar pair of sunglasses up onto her face.

"Whatever. Uhm, why are we doing this again? And why am I being dragged into your mess?!"

"Stapy, look okay. I need to exterminate these cockroaches somehow! And what better way to do so then getting them to kill eachother? I have everything set up!" Liy smiled, jumping onto her feet before dragging forward two grey cabinets.

"Hah, okay... here we go! Motives!"

"Why are you doing this..." Stapy looked at her with a grimace as Liy paused to give him a dirty stare.

"Don't make me tie your legs together with handcuffs too, idiot!" She yelled, angrily flicking the shades off her face before pulling out a huge folder full of 'secrets'.

"Yellow Face, huh... Ahem!" Liy cleared her throat before imitating the voice of a stereotypical news reporter.

"Yellow Face, a dedicated and buisness-oriented 19 year old with a successful company that ships products worldwide! He cashes in about $100,000,000 a year! Obviously, a business so big isn't going to have clean hands. Yellow Face has been involved in numerous scandals that violate object laws, such as... destruction of other brands, like Lollipop Fork Repellent, the bombing of rival warehouses, and look, he even killed hundreds of innocent civilians in the process!"

Stapy looked at her with a shocked stare, watching as she closed the folder and slipped it back into the cabinet before opening the other one, which contained a variety of different weapons.

"Stapy, Stapy! Look what I have!!! Pew, pew!!" Liy playfully pulled out a handgun before pointing it towards him with a careless smile.

"Why am I even here!" Stapy snapped, a harsh reminder that he hoped would wake Liy up from her delusions.

"You'll see, okay!" She replied before jumping back onto her chair, opening her laptop as she clicked her fingers.

And before long, the remaining contestants began to teleport onto the grass one by one.

"What is this place?!" A familiar voice called out.

"Bell..." Stapy sighed.

"A-AND WHY AM I HUMAN?"

"I for one like this change. Though I was already a human from the start, I think this suits me quite better." A girl with a brown ponytail and a sophisticated voice replied.

"Aw, seriously- Wait, WHAT? I CAN SPEAK? I CAN... OH MY GOSH! I CAN'T BELIEVE TH-"

"SHUT UP!!!! SHUTUPSHUTUPSHUTUPSHUTUPSHUTUPSHUTUP!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" Liy screamed childishly as all of them went silent.

"YOU ALL ARE SO FUCKING ANNOYING! 'Oh my gosh, I can speak! waaaa!' SHUT THE FUCK UP!!"

"..."

"Anyways, I've invited you all here for once very simple reason!"

"What?" A red-haired boy with a deep voice retorted.

"To kill eachother!!!" Liy squealed, her voice going exaggeratedly high pitched.

"Liy... I KNEW YOU WERE NOTHING BUT PURE EVIL!" Bell screamed, pointing a finger full of rage towards Liy, who simply smiled in response.

"What a nice compliment!!" Liy blushed ironically.

"You're so full of shit."

"Hold on, we can't just do that if there's no recovery centres!" The red-haired boy, Blocky, added.

"Yeah, what he said!" A slightly deeper voice, Snowball, added.

"That's the fun of it!!" Liy playfully encouraged them before kicking the cabinet full of files towards them.

The contestants silently scoured through the folders, each of them picking up the ones with their names on it before reading it out with a gasp.

"HOW DO YOU K-KNOW THAT!!!" Eggy screamed as she quickly shut the folder before dropping it onto the ground in shock.

Liy simply replied with a sarcastic shrug, a grim reminder of how unserious she truly was.

"I... I don't wanna kill! Even though I don't want to reveal my secrets..." Spongy sighed, clutching the folder protectively.

"It's either one of the two! Right Staply?" Liy grinned as Stapy nodded reluctantly, despite the fact that he was so obviously trembling.

"Right..." Stapy shivered as the contestants looked towards the second cabinet that Liy kicked towards them.

"Don't give into traitors like Liy!" A boy with dark trousers and a galaxy hoodie exclaimed as everyone shyly peered at the drawer of weapons.

"Black Hole, I don't wanna die!" Bottle cried, clutching onto her teammate's arm in fear as everyone else silently looked at eachother.

"Eggy, don't give into her please!! I... I'm scared..." Bell admitted with tears as Eggy stayed silent.

Though after a minute, that silence was quickly broken with a loud

and squelchy thud.

"I'LL DO THIS FOR THE SAKE OF MY BUISNESS!!" Yellow Face screamed, pulling out a hammer before striking Spongy down to the ground and watching as he began to slowly bleed out of his head.

"NOOOO!!!!" Eggy screamed, pulling out a gun before shooting YF twice on the arms.

"I'LL KILL YOU TOO!!" He insanely screamed, running after the girl with a look of determination on his face.

"EGGY!" Bell cried, shrieking as Eggy fatally splatted across the ground.

"Guys! We must stick together!" TV called out in his text-to-speech voice.

"SHUT UP!" Robot Flower screamed, picking up a knife before slashing TV with it.

"I DON'T WANNA DIE!!!!!" Bottle cried out loudly before being pushed to the ground and stabbed several times in the stomach by Blocky, who then proceeded to take out Black Hole before he could say anything.

"WIMPS!" Snowball screamed, pulling out a gun before shooting down at least half of the contestants with it.

"Isn't this fun?" Liy smiled at Stapy, who simply stayed silent and annoyed, looking down to his hands only to see them bound together with rusting metal handcuffs.

"What's my purpose here?!" He snapped loudly before receiving a laugh.

"You're my shield, duh! Why else do you think I recovered you for in the first place? If any of them try to attack me, you'll take the hit instead!" Liy replied nonchalantly before once again typing into her laptop.

"You wanna know what I'm doing? It's a plan so intricately

detailed..."

Stapy stayed silent, refusing to look her in the eye for even a second.

"I trapped Foldy in a virtual world where she thinks she's actually talking to the dead contestants, how cute!!"

"F-Foldy?!" Stapy exclaimed, turning to Liy who simply let out a laugh.

"It's so funny, she even thought she was talking to you! Now, tell me. When's the last time YOU remember seeing her in person?" Liy quizzed him somewhat unseriously.

"The... hotel..."

"Exactly! You see, it's a foolproof plan! She'll be so lost in this world of pixels that by the time she actually realises, it'll be too late! All I have to do is control these little characters."

"..."

"Her brain is simply convincing her she's actually there! What's fun is that the backstories are real, but the interactions are not! Good times!!"

"WHERE DID YOU ACTUALLY PUT HER?"

"Cmon! I'm obviously not gonna tell you that, moron!!" Liy shrugged it off with a grin.

"Ugh..."

Foldy... I swear I'll save you if it's the last thing I do!

"Isn't it so fun watching all of these guys fight eachother? It's so cute, I think I'm gonna explode into a pile of confetti~!!"

"What do you actually think you're gaining from this all, huh?!" Stapy yelled with a gobsmacked look on his face.

"I'm saving the world." Liy's expression went blank, a look in her eyes

so stale and blank, a look so lifeless that her shining blue eyes began to desaturate into a grey. You could swear that she'd completely lost it as a whole.

"This world is so despairingly sad that it gives me the hope to create a better one." She stated, looking solemnly towards her laptop as she continued.

"You see, I never, ever wanted to do this. I wanted a peaceful world. But you know who ruined it all for me, huh?"

"...Me."

"Correct! See, this is what I like about you Stapy, you're quick witted!!

Liy looked to the side silently, a look of annoyance appearing on her face as she continued.

"Ew, I was kidding. I fucking hate you!"

"..."

"Mark my words, I won't spare a single one of you. I'll destroy each and every one of you if it's the last thing I do." Liy grumbled as her mood quickly plummeted, her eyes glinting with anger as she continued to type into her computer once more.

"YOU ALL ARE JUST FREAK LOSERS!" Snowball screamed, pulling out a gun before shooting down at least half of the contestants with it.

"Dora, you NEXT!!" He continued to yell, sprinting up towards Dora although she quickly managed to outrun him, snatching his gun before finishing him off.

"Hm, since I suppose this is the only way out of this predicament..." Dora sighed before using her hyperspeed to quickly run around the remaining contestants - Blocky, Robot Flower, Bell, Roboty and David.

Confidently holding up the gun, Dora struck each of them before

halting.

"I won't... I WON'T GIVE UP!" Bell screamed loudly, holding her bloodied arm as she walked forward, her eyes still glowing with determination despite the depressing circumstances.

"There is simply no other way out of this Bell. You must go." Dora sighed, her voice tinged with regret.

Bell refuted her words, quickly pushing her onto the ground before grabbing the gun out of her reach.

"I need to... defeat her..." Bell sobbed, wiping her tears as she aimed the gun towards Dora.

"NO! DON'T DO.... this..."

"...Liy... LIY, I'LL KILL YOU IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!!" Bell screamed, tying her brown hair back as she ran towards Liy, letting out a battle cry as she knocked Stapy onto the ground in the process.

"Meh... I've heard that before. They all want to defeat me! Too bad ya can't!" Liy smirked before throwing a spear towards Bell with such might, the deadly blow caused her to fall right to her knees.

Bell cried quietly, holding her stomach as the wound began to bleed out more, and more...

"Why... why would you do this Liy..." The brown-haired girl uttered, her voice becoming weaker and weaker as the life slowly slipped out of her.

"I dunno... ask yourself!!"

"I NEVER DID ANYTHING TO YOU LIY! IF ANYTHING... I felt bad for you, and I hope you'll feel bad for me too."

Liy paused for a second, her eyes widening as Bell's words floated around her mind.

"Felt... for me... no one's done that. Hm."

She looked towards Bell, the deafening silence ringing in her ears as she suddenly began to laugh.

"People are so good at lying, it almost makes me jealous, hahah!!" Liy laughed it off casually, once again sweeping her feelings under the rug to rot.

Though... it didn't leave her mind that easily this time around.

"Feel bad for me..."

...

"I'll remember that."

_____

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.

You wanna know what happened to Foldy... don't you?

...

I mean, she is the entire reason you stuck around until now.

The eighteenth chapter.

Isn't it?

She served as the gateway to my plans, and without even realising it...

.

You see, as much as you'd love to blame little old me for everything.

That just isn't possible.

Because Foldy is the reason everyone in the BFB cast is dead!

She's the reason that your favourite characters can't be in the story! Can't develop, make friends, be cute, or whatever...

This is all her doing! Now all your favourite characters can never have a happy ending.

I can never have a happy ending.

You can never leave this story knowing that all the characters you know and love are all happy... smiley... or whatever cheesy shit they do.

All because of Foldy.

...

You see, as I've mentioned many times before.

I want to save the world.

Sounds hypocritical coming from me.

Coming from someone who orchestrated a hotel murder game just to catch her in the act.

But, if I don't save the world then this depressing cycle will just continue!

You understand, don't you?

I don't even have bad intentions.

I'm simply here to right the wrongs!

Foldy would never, ever understand that simply because she's a bad person who won't accept the fact that I'M BETTER THAN HER!

.

From here on out, this story will only get more confusing, so try to fit the pieces of the puzzle. Remember this very clearly.

Hold on if you can. This'll be a long journey.

.

And for now...

So sorry.

Sorry I have to cut this chapter short.

We hope that you find it in your hearts to forgive us.

...

F-

"AAAAAAAHHH!"

A shrill scream so loud. Actually, I don't know anymore.

Screw you Liy!

"WHAT THE HELL?!" Liy shrieked, swiftly turning around just to see a familiar pair of dark blue eyes staring right back at her.

"...Mom?"

"JUST DIE ALREADY!" The woman screamed back, pushing Liy to the ground before pinning her down and holding up a rusting blade.

"S-SNAP OUT OF IT MOM! GOSH DAMNIT, WHY DID I LEAVE YOU BY YOURSELF HERE?" Liy yelled, grabbing onto her wrist in an attempt to disarm her mom.

"You... YOU KILLED HER! YOU KILLED MY BEST FRIEND DIDN'T YOU!!"

"Your... MOM, WHAT? I DON'T EVEN KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THAT?!"

"She was the only one who understood me...!" Her mother teared up, wiping her eyes before being suddenly slapped in the face.

"WHO THE FUCK IS SHE?!"

"SHE WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO HELPED ME HIDE YOU FROM EVERYONE ELSE, AND NOW YOU WENT AND ENDED IT ALL!!"

"Hide... m-me...?!" Liy stammered, her voice trembling as she began to tear up.

"She came to you on your way to me that day... She offered to come, to help you! And what did you do... KNOCKED HER OUT AND HID HER IN A STREET CORNER, HUH!! I HATE YOU!!!" Her mom suddenly screamed, grabbing Liy up on her feet by the hair before violently grabbing onto her arm.

"Mom... who... GODDAMNIT! WHO LIED TO YOU? YOU ARE THE MOST GULLIBLE PERSON EVER, HOLY SHIT!!!"

"No one lied to me. I was informed of the truth." Liy's mom replied with a teary grin, letting go of her daughter's arm before suddenly beginning to crack a laugh.

"By who." Liy crossed her arms, holding a firm stance as her mother simply continued to giggle before abruptly pausing.

"Him."

Liy froze in shock, her breaths becoming shorter and shorter as she began to shake her head in disbelief.
She walked back, tears filling her eyes as she simply tried to laugh it all off. A tactic that doesn't usually work too well.

"There's n-no way... HIM? B-But I watched him disappear... right... before... my-"

Before Liy could finish, her mother firmly gripped onto her shoulders, looking into her eyes with malice.

"You can't eliminate the very thing that brought you here."

"....No."

...

"STOP IT! FUCK OFF! STOP! STOP! STOP! STOP! STOP! STOP!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

_____

...

...

...

...

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.

.

I'll just stop.

...

...

"Geez, I sure wonder what's taking this game so long to load..." A certain red-haired boy uttered.

"This is what you get for not playing toss the dirt!" Another purple-haired boy huffed, an annoyed look on his face as Stapy let out a chuckle.

"I told you, I won the last RPS game so it's my turn today!"

"Hmph... that's not fair! I don't understand the game as much as you do!!"

The red-haired boy shrugged, a smug look on his face as he pushed back the silver slip of hair that was dangling above his face.

"It's not my fault if you don't understand the game, y'know Marker! What's most important is that I won!" Stapy smiled, watching with a joking grin as Marker rolled his eyes.

...

"Hey, uh... do ya know where Foldy is?"

Marker shook his head, an unsuspecting look on his face as Stapy got up on his feet.

"I'll go look!" He exclaimed, running over to the door as Marker stood up and quietly followed.

Stapy opened the door of the room, peeking his head out to scour the abnormally dark hallways before stepping back.

"Is Foldy there?" Marker asked quietly only to get a doubtful head shake in response.

"Maybe I should look back in the classroom..." Stapy pondered, scratching his chin before suddenly pausing, his eyes widening as the dark room began to flash blue multiple times.

"WHAT WAS THAT?!" Stapy shrieked, a petrified look on his face before hearing a projectile pierce through the air before slicing right into his eye with such precision you could say it was professional.

Marker went eerily silent, loud gunshots echoing through the room as he fell to his knees.

Blood pouring out of his mouth... like a river...

"AGH, SHIT! MY EYE!" The boy shrieked, stumbling back as a figure began to walk through the shadows and into the room.

He wobbled back and forth, gargling blood out of his mouth as the figure stood right before him.

The girl reached out a hand, her turquoise eyes glowing ever so brightly.

"Shut up..."

"W-What... are you... doing!"

The girl tilted her head slightly, pushing her curly brown hair back before walking closer.

"Doing you and me a favor..." She smirked, tears welling up and pouring out of her eyes as Stapy looked at her in shock.

"Foldy..."

...

"Liy got you too, didn't she."

"What are you talking about? Liy didn't get me."

"..."

"I AM LIY!"

...

The girl's eye began to twitch, continuing to cry as she began to claw onto her head.

"WHA.. NO I'M NOT! I'M NOT LIY, I'M ME! I WON'T LET YOU TAKE OVER MY HEAD!!" Foldy screamed, her eyes bloodshot as she slowly began to break down.

Stapy looked towards his best friend, the tears trickling down his face mixing into the blood that was rapidly gushing out of his eye.

"No... YOU ARE LIY AND YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN!"

"JUST GET OUT OF MY HEAD ALREADY! SHE'S LYING STAPY, SHE'S L-LYING!!!"

Stapy held his head, his vision going fuzzy as the life began to slip out of him.

"Liy and Foldy... ARE THE SAME PERSON!"

"I-I'm sorry...! I love you so much Stapy. She's lurking..."

Stapy teared up, hugging Foldy back as he began to accept his fate.

"I hope I'll see you again, Foldy..." He smiled as Foldy's eye began to twitch again.

She stood there idle and breathing heavily, her heart slowly breaking apart as she fell to her knees.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAA-"

_____

"-AAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!!!"

...

..

.

Foldy blinked in confusion, rubbing her eyes before quickly looking at her hands, which were spotless and sparkling like the rest of her clothes.

"Just... a... dream..." She uttered, observing her surroundings only to find herself sat in an endless field of bright green grass.

...

FOLDY'S VIRTUAL ADVENTURE.

Notes: She doesn't even realise it!

LIVES: 3.

Foldy sighed, laying herself down on the terrain before beginning to tear up.

"I hope you're right, Stapy..." She said quietly, resting her head against the grass before the sound of cries began to fill the quiet atmosphere.

Immediately getting back up on her feet, Foldy quickly began looking around for the source of the noise.

"S-SHOW YOURSELF ALREADY!" She yelled, only to find a girl with pink hair and light purple eyes on her knees.

The girl continued to sob, her eyes red and swollen with tears as she let out a dreadful cry in her vocoded voice.

Foldy walked closer, a look of doubt on her face as she approached her.

"Puffball...?" She yelped, only to find the girl looking back at her, a tinge of embarrassment on her face as she jumped back onto her feet.

"Who- y-... do-..."

"..."

"What do you want..." The girl sighed, a tired look on her face as she put her hands behind her back.

"PB... look, I know that our fight in the-"

Foldy bit her tongue, holding her mouth in pain as the rules of the 'game' began to sink back into her mind.

Shit... I should try not to remind her of everything in the hotel. I don't want her to go insane or anything...

"Fight? You? I think you have the wrong person..."

Foldy blinked, a little dumbfounded.

"I don't fight anyone... I'm just weak, and useless. Not even my own family wants me..."

Pencil said something quite similar... wait. Could this be... their personalities before BFDI?

"Hey, what makes you think that? You're awesome!" Foldy smiled somewhat bitterly, the events of the hotel slipping back into her mind

as she looked towards her former teammate.

PB's purple eyes began to glisten and water, a forced smile forming on her face before breaking the act and quickly bursting into tears again.

"I-I'm sorry! I really am!" The pink-haired girl profusely apologised, something extremely out of character for her.

I wonder what happened to PB for her to be this... upfront.

Foldy stayed silent, looking towards the girl with a look of guilt on her face.

"I... hope I'm not overloading you with my bullshit." PB uttered, looking back to Foldy with a look of sadness on her face.

"What? No! You're not, okay... I'm here, I'm listening... alright?" Foldy quietly replied to PB, patting her shoulder reassuringly as she continued.

"I just... wish I was noticed, y'know? I wish wasn't always outshined by my stupid brother."

"Brother?" Foldy uttered, surprised.

Throughout all her time being teammates with PB, not once did she ever mention a brother, or anything to do with family.

Maybe this was why...

Or maybe Foldy's just extremely stupid! Ahem, I mean, let's just... continue. Ignore me!!!

"Yeah... I hate to even mention it, because as soon as I do, they no longer care about getting to know me! It'll always just be him."

Foldy stayed silent, a look of sadness on her face as the girl quietly continued.

"Before BFDI, it was always about him! My own mom even forgot I existed sometimes because she'd be too busy thinking about him

instead. Even at gatherings, my mom would always talk about how successful my brother was, even though that was a whole load of crap too because he never did anything! He'd just sit on his ass playing video games while I was always grounded just because I missed some homework."

"..."

"It was always about him and not me. Twins that were polar opposites. He basked in the sunlight while I was always shoved into the shadows. It was blatant favouritism and nothing else! No one appreciated me! No one noticed me... I just wanted people to adore me. So that's why I left. I wanted the attention that my mom failed to give. I just wanted to feel what my brother felt! I'd do anything for attention! It sounds selfish, but it's the truth. I sacrificed so many people just for petty fun and prizes. I just felt so overjoyed by how many viewers grew to like me! It was a change."

"I... see..."

The two remained silent for a moment, the tension slowly dissolving between them as she continued.

"I wish I could relate to you, but I didn't really have siblings though..."

...

"Oh. I see..."

Foldy sighed, taking in the saddened girl's words before suddenly raising an eyebrow.

"Wait... why are you suddenly just telling me this out of nowhere?! You never tell anyone anything PB!!" She exclaimed, her voice filled with confusion as Puffball began to scramble for an answer.

"I-... What?!"

"You always keep to yourself! This doesn't sound like something you'd tell anyone about, not even your closest friends!" Foldy continued, a doubtful look on her face. Though she felt bad, this whole thing just

didn't feel right.

"Booyah!! You got me!" The girl suddenly smiled, holding a stun gun to her head as she giggled innocently.

Foldy blinked, unable to forge even a syllable as the girl infront of her began to screech out laughing, so much that her face began to go unnaturally bright red.

"Fair game!" She nodded before triggering the taser, a deafening zap filling the atmosphere before she thudded on the ground.

"That's... it?" Foldy uttered as she watched the girl abnormally sink back into the soil before disappearing.

Like there was nothing at all.

"Huh..."

...

"My life fucking sucks... wonder what's next." She muttered to herself sarcastically before sighing, her eyes locked onto the grass as she began to zone out.

The temporary escape from your problems.

"I wonder if while I'm suffering here, someone else in another universe could just be playing card games..."

...

"What a stupid thought, Foldy..."

.

.

"I miss everyone."

.

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"Aha! Pick up 4 cards!"

"What?! But I just-... ugh! DAMMIT!" An angry and somewhat raspy voice screamed, slamming his fists on the table before flipping it all over to the ground.

"Great! Now I have to pick them all up, AGAIN!!" The girl replied in annoyance as she kneeled to the ground, beginning to pick them up one by one with an annoyed look on her face.

"Fries, you really need to control that temper of yours! This is why I play cards with Liy instead. She knows exactly how to keep composed!" She rolled her eyes, pushing her curly pink hair back as she sorted all the paper cards into a neat pile.

"PB, since when the hell did you talk to Liy?" Fries interjected, blinking with confusion as Puffball simply smiled back at him.

"I was only kidding, I wish to talk to someone as wonderful as her!"

...

"Same..."

"Liy... she's just so magnificent, isn't she? Those wonderful, shining blue eyes of hers... her soft, glowing hair, the way she walks and talks! Oh, I wish to be someone like her..." Puffball awed, blushing with delight as she held a hand to her cheek.

"You really like to fangirl over anyone, don't you?" Fries laughed to himself as Puffball abruptly paused, her demeanour quickly changing as he spoke.

"She isn't anyone. She's our wonderful empress! She's the reason our world is spotless and clean! If it weren't for her, the earth would be crawling with vermin! We must all be grateful to her every single day of our hopeless lives, she's the one who gave us this marvellous world, something greater than the earth itself..."

Fries nodded, his blue eyes going soulless and empty like an endless pit of darkness.

"You're right PB. She's our talented and majestic empress who rules the fine lands of the Earth! Oh... she's so wonderful! Keeping the planet clean and safe while we all roam freely here in the infinite world of our dreams! On Earth, there was so many flaws, technicalities. It was like simply despairful." He uttered out robotically, a crazed look on his face as him and PB began to grow unnaturally large smiles on their faces.

...

"Well, I'm just gonna put these cards away." PB quickly switched back to normal, the colour flowing back into her fluorescent purple eyes as she simply walked off.

Fries stood idle, scratching his head somewhat curiously before simply shrugging.

"What a totally normal day!"

FIN.

———————

Hey guys! It's Dean!! I hope you enjoyed this chapter despite how short it was lol

atp i should honestly rename this book 'BLOODLUST ✧humanised✧' 🤦

I promise that chapter 19 will be longer than this but for now, tell me your thoughts in the comments and don't forget to leave a vote if you enjoyed it!

Word count: 7634

Cya next chapter :)!!

Dean, out.

_____

2015.

"Y'know young lady, you should be pleased that the school is actually still letting you stay, even after what you did."

Police officer.

"Please, they're only keeping me because I get the ratings up!" Liy scoffed, rolling her eyes and crossing her arms as she tapped her feet on the ground.

"I'm like the only reason kids still come to this stupid-ass school anyways, I'm the only smart one! Ever seen a kid with an average of 95% on every test?" She continued, boasting egoistically.

"I think you misunderstood their intentions."

"I think you misunderstood everything! What's the point of you being here?"

The police officer looked at Liy with a stunned expression. Scary...

"You should be ashamed talking to a member of the law enforcement in such a way, miss!"

"Meh..."

The man shook his head, sighing and rubbing his temples before looking back at the blue-haired girl.

"Why did you break her nose...?"

Liy looked him up and down, laughing a little.

"Because she... hm, where do I start?" She tapped a finger on her chin, tilting her head before giving him a somewhat pressed expression.

"Firstly, she is a conniving little bitch with an absolute superiority complex so severe that it has contaminated and completely exterminated away her remaining two brain cells. Bold of me to assume she had braincells to start with, the bitch can't even spell anything correctly! She has the mentality of a five year old, the build of a five year old, and she sends all her little minion friends over to bash my head against a metal pipe every day!"

"...Bash your head against a metal pipe? Are you sure this is true, miss?" The police officer asked in shock, pulling up a notebook as the teenager gave him a fake smile.

"Yep!"

"You look... completely fine."

"..."

He raised an eyebrow.

"Are you serious? Are you actually... FUCKING SERIOUS? DO YOU TAKE ME AS A JOKE? WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF YOU DID! HEY! SO FUNNY! HA... HA!!! FUCK YOU! FUCK YOUR INSTITUTION! Y'KNOW WHAT, FUCK EVERYTHING! I... hate you..."

"Calm down." The officer said in shock, blinking before sighing and shaking his head.

"Be right back, just gonna jump out of a window first!" She smiled ironically, pulling back her chair and turning to the wide open window near the edge of the room.

"MISS, STAY SEATED PLEASE!"

"I'm joking... idiot? Adults these days, just living in an entirely different planet just like my drunkard mom, aren't you all!!" Liy

giggled in a sardonic manner, sitting back down on her chair before promptly pausing.

He sighed, flicking buttons on his walkie-talkie before looking right back at her.

"In the nicest way possible, you seem... disturbed... would you like me to refer you to a counselling group?"

"Is that what they think of me now." Liy facepalmed before continuing.

"What do you think of Foldy?"

"Who?"

"The... erm... girl with brown, shoulder length curly hair and turquoise blue eyes. The prick!"

"Hm..." He thought for a second.

"I've seen her around before outside school, she seems pretty well behaved."

Liy shot a thumbs up, smacking her head before smiling.

"Update notes! They're ALL brainwashed!!!!"

"...So is that a yes, or a no?"

She shook her head with an extremely exaggerated grin.

"Can I go now?"

"No."

"WHY?!"

"You've only been here for 4 minutes!"

Liy groaned, slouching back on her chair before looking back at the man, whose demeanour was seemingly as cold as ice.

"I just need to know your relationship with Makeup Brush and everything that led up to you making such a decision. No matter what has occurred between you two, it's irresponsible and extremely dangerous! You could get a sentence for assaulting another teenager."

"Oh please, you're acting like I chained her against a fence and beat her up! I only tapped her once and the fragile bitch screamed before the blood began to spray out faster than a faucet!! If she didn't want me to do anything, maybe she should've thought about that before continuously bullying me each day, destroying my things and pushing me against concrete floors. I GOT KNOCKED OUT FIVE TIMES, BLOOD DRIPPING DOWN MY HEAD AND MY FACE ALL BRUISED AND SCRATCHED UP AND ONLY NOW IS ANYONE CONCERNED BECAUSE SHE BROKE HER NOSE? DO YOU HAVE ANY FUCKING IDEA HOW MANY TIMES I'VE BEEN HOSPITALISED?!"

"...There's nothing wrong with you."

She went silent with utter shock, blinking multiple times before crossing her arms.

"Were you ever bullied at 14?"

"No... uh, that's not exactly relevant th-"

"THEN SHUT THE FUCK UP AND DO YOUR JOB!"

He sighed, pulling out his notebook before silently scribbling in more sentences.

"Verbally assaulting a member of law enforcement... lying about past experiences in order to twist the narrative even further... keeping the case off track... will contact parents informing them of criminal charges..." He muttered slowly as he wrote into the paper.

"What the fuck are you doing?"

"I have the right to remain silent." He looked back up at Liy, a slight smirk perking up at his face as she continued to blink, her face colourless with shock.

"You're lying on my name now? Fine then. Where's the proof I did any of that to you?"

"Unlike what you claim about Makeup Brush and your peers, everyone saw you injure her. You can't curse your way out of this one."

"..."

"We have 5 more minutes left to this interview. Don't sit there staring, miss."

"How long have you been an officer?" Liy uttered before staring towards his badge and ID card.

"Right to remain silent."

"MARCH? HOLY SHIT, NO WONDER YOU'RE THIS STUPID!" Liy gasped, genuinely shocked that they'd let such an inexperienced member of the law take on a job like this.

Not that it was even a big deal anyways.

"Look, kid. If you're gonna continue to derail the case even further, then I'm afraid I'll have to contact my colleagues to issue you a more severe consequence."

"The world is working against me, isn't it..." Liy sighed, slouching against her chair as the cop continued to scribble into the notepad.

"For now... since your school has requested to keep you in class, you'll be left on a warning. Your parents will be fined about $1000 in compensation and you will also have daily counselling sessions to make sure you're in shape. The school will take it from here." The officer stated, fixing his hat before turning to the girl.

"Fine, whatever floats your boat..." Liy murmured with ironic sarcasm, standing up from the desk before walking towards the door.

The officer simply said nothing, picking up his notepad and walkie-talkie before ominously leaning against the wall and watching as Liy slid out of the room before quickly locking the door.

He let out a cough, rubbing his eyes before dialling a number on his phone.

"Hello?" The cop called.

"What." A deep and sketchy voice replied.

"Where's the $2000 you promised then?!" He snapped to the voice.

...

"Where'd you get all this money from anyways...?"

"Why the fuck do you care? Take your money, take your cigarettes and get lost." A familiar, young looking man with black hair and green eyes snapped harshly, pushing the two items into the cop's hands before watching him quickly scurry off like a squirrel.

"Oh to be tasked with taking care of a daughter... too much work indeed." He sighed, walking out of the dark street corner and into the daylight.

"I still need to make sure she's taught rightly." The man continued, despite the fact he showed absolutely no interest in taking care of his daughter Liy in the first place.

He looked towards the massive and somewhat aged school building, a grin forming on his face as looked towards the very window his daughter was peering out from.

...

"How do I go about killing them all..."

Liy leaned her head against the window of the empty, locked classroom, a look in her blue eyes so stale and dark as her face began to go pale and devoid with emotion.

She blinked, a flicker of thought sparking in her mind as her eyes began to fill with light once again.

"I know!" Liy smiled, a look of motivation on her face as her she

began to glow with excitement.

...

NEXT AFTERNOON.

"This science teacher never gives us a break, it's like she intentionally came to torture us with homework and group projects!" Foldy complained, flicking her curly brown hair back before turning to her friend, who was carefully pacing down the stairs with a look of unease on her face.

"I know right? It's just, ugh..."

"Why are you being so... careful? It's not like you're gonna fall down and crack a bone or something!" Foldy laughed, despite being all the more confused. Though, before she could say anything else, a certain someone began to push her through the crowd of students, a ruthless act that began to stir up some tension.

Liy silently shoved past her peers, an unsettling look of determination as she began to violently grab onto a lock of poorly dyed blonde hair so hard that she could almost hear a rip.

"OW!" The girl yelled before being kicked down the stairs with such force that she immediately began to bleed out.

"Funny..." Liy muttered quietly to herself, smirking before walking back up the stairs as if nothing had occurred.

"GLASSY!!" Foldy screamed, running down the stairs just to see her friend Glass Cup bleeding out of her nose.

"Fuck... who even was that?" The girl murmured, holding her nose as the blood began to smear across her face.

Foldy let out a cry, the blood enough for her to gag and almost throw up at the sight of it all.

"Is this a dream..." She closed her eyes, holding her face before slowly tumbling to the ground.

…

FIN.

temporary escape. - chapter 19

You can't run away from your problems forever.

...

...

...

2001.

...

"You love me, don't you...?"

...

"Yeah!"

"...Oh."

...

"Huh?"

That innocent look in her eyes. It's so enjoyable to manipulate someone who has no idea what's going on at all.

"I mean... I thought you'd say no or something."

"Why would I say no? You're the best!"

And then she smiles.

If you pushed this girl into the real world, she'd get absolutely eaten alive.

How fun.

"You've just been silent lately, y'know? You aren't hiding something from me. Right..."

"Wh-"

"RIGHT..."

"No... What would be benefit in hiding anything from you babe? You're like, my world!"

"Ah. That's good then!"

...

"Y-You really think I'd do something like that do you?"

Her expression immediately goes petrified. She's definitely hiding something.

"I dunno... we're just people. We could do anything. But you... wouldn't do that to me..."

.

"Would... you...?"

She gulps anxiously, letting out a shaky sigh before clutching my hand tightly for comfort.

"N-Never!"

.

"Good."

...

She's a liar.

Just like... our Liy.

.

Her Liy.

I had nothing do with that lost girl.

Until I was dragged back in.

..

I mean, I'm the victim anyways!

Aren't we all in a sense?

...

She had it coming.

.

---

1 WEEK AGO.

"Huh, what?! Why is it so..."

"I recovered you Mr Liy!" A girl with white hair and a creepy glint in her grey eyes smiled towards the man, who blinked in confusion before quickly dusting himself off.

"Don't fucking call me that." He snapped, rolling his green eyes as the girl simply continued to smile.

"Shouldn't you say thank you that I recovered you? Your daughter really gave you a hell of a time didn't she!"

"...You have no idea what you're talking about, kid."

"Liy doesn't think her dad is still alive. She thinks that you're long

gone! Burnt to a crisp!" The girl laughed before punching the man's arm in a joking manner.

"Pillows can make puns too!"

"..."

He looked at the girl with doubt, smirking at the sheer stupidity of it all.

"Where the fuck are your parents?!"

...

"I don't have parents." Pillow replied silently, still holding up that smile of hers despite her chilling admission.

...

...

...

"I noticed something with you sir!"

"..."

No answer. No answer at all.

"You walk, talk and act exactly like Liy! You can lie like Liy, curse like Liy.... She's like a mini version of you!" Pillow exclaimed, leaning back against a tall lightstand on the pavement before looking back at the man with a smug grin on her face.

"The only difference is that she looks nothing like you and exactly like Miss Liy! What a shame indeed... The genes really weren't on your side in this one!"

"..."

"Not the talkative type, huh? What a difference... your Liy always talks like there's no tommorow, y'know?"

Pillow blinked, tapping her feet on the ground before sighing.

"Maybe you don't like me is all... Liy never liked me either! She doesn't like anyone! She never, ever found common ground with the team! It was like she was an alien! A talkative alien!"

"What the fuck are you playing at? Go the hell back to school and stop trying to be Goiky's next feared serial killer." He suddenly decided to snap back, an annoyed look on his face as Pillow paused.

"Oh."

"Kids these days, holy shit... just talk and nothing else."

Pillow huffed, pouting childishly before randomly pulling out a folder full of papers.

"You... woah! This is amazing to add to my research! Your parents are extremely rich lawyers who live in a lavish three-story house by the outskirts of Goiky... well, at least I think that's what it said..."

"WHERE DID YOU GET THAT?"

"Ugh, wait... I'm not done okay! I'm just getting to the good part!!! Okay.... uh.... wait..."

The man blinked, shaking his head before smirking once again.

"Sa famille... mène... u..."

"..."

"I don't... do you understand th-"

"See, this is why you don't pry into other people's lives." The man scoffed at Pillow, snatching back the folder and pushing her to the concrete ground before walking off.

Pillow grunted, rubbing her head painfully before gasping, quickly getting back up on her feet and running back towards him.

"WAIT!!!" She yelled, gripping tightly onto his shoulder with a look of

desperation.

"What now?!" He scoffed, scraping Pillow's cold hand off his shoulder.

"What does your folder say? Can you tell me, I'm curiously curious!!!"

"You never learnt French at school? Geez, you're stupid and annoying."

Pillow batted her eyes, a look of embarrassment on her face as she once again snatched back the sheets of paper.

"Wh-"

"Read it out to me!!" Pillow yelled in a childishly high pitched voice.

"Fine." He sighed, pulling out the sheets of paper and pretending to read through them.

"YAY!!"

"Va te faire foutre et laisse-moi tranquille, espèce de salaud."

"I don't get it..."

"Then figure it out yourself!" The man snapped at Pillow somewhat pathetically.

"I won't go until you tell me!!"

"And I'm not gonna say anything. You won't stand here all day just for a response will you?!" He replied with an obnoxious laugh as Pillow huffed.

Her frustration began to quickly grow at his reluctance, her eyes glinting with anger as she clenched her fists.

"You think you're so clever huh?!" The angered teenager yelled, lifting a firm finger at him.

"It's the papers that are written in French, not like I wrote 'em or anything..." He shrugged, deliberately acting clueless.

Pillow went silent, tapping her feet as she dug her hands into the pockets of her black jacket before pulling out a folded piece of paper.

"The day you were almost caught... huh." She smirked, opening up the paper in his face and looking through it.

"March 20th... 2002."

A date that immediately rang a bell.

"Why would you do something like that!!!" Pillow gawped with a laugh before scrunching the paper back into her pocket and making a run for it.

"HEY! GET BACK HERE!!" The man yelled down the street as Pillow dashed past.

Huffing and puffing, Pillow let out a cheeky laugh before jumping right into a bus that conveniently pulled over right beside her.

"Toodles!!"

And then she was gone.

"Conniving bitch."

...

TEMPORARY ESCAPE - CHAPTER 19.

.

So. Here's a completely unneeded recap on what happened last chapter, just in case you forgot.

Tree discovers my little experiment, and without thinking, begins to activate it. What a rookie mistake!

Afterwards, I casually use my computer like a normal person though my stupid psycho mom had a problem with that. Seriously, she needs to find a job.

...Still love you though mom.

Afterwards, me and Stapy and me and me execute a grandly grand killing game with those pesky survivors who thought they could get off the hook just because they didn't come to the hotel - which was a dead end anyways.

Meanwhile, Foldy is stuck in a virtual world where she is forced to learn the backstories and hidden fears of her fellow contestants! Good fun!

And then I come back, only to discover my already crazy mom went absolutely fucking insane and now suddenly hates me to death.

...

Isn't my life just great!

It's a good thing I'm already deep into my plan.

.

I kinda...

What?

Shut up! You'll... just see.

Can I have a say in all of this, Liy - I mean me, I mean-

What? No, fuck off!

Just because I was kaput for 2 chapters doesn't mean I'm not relevant. I'm a prominent character y'know!

No one even cares about you, they care about me because, y'know, I'm the main antagonist or protagonist or blahblahblah-tagonist, or WHATEVER!!!

...without me, you'd go insane.

What. EVER!!!

You'll regret this.

...

_____

.

.

.

.

"Stapy.... Marker.... C-Can you hear me...?"

Each step hurts more and more.

"J-Just one step... at a time..."

Her words dripping with agony.

Trapped in a barren and endless forest, with only your thoughts to keep you company.

It damages the psyche.

"Oh y-yeah..." She shivered, lifting her hand towards the sky as her turquoise eyes began to water from the cold.

"I remember this... m-me... and Stapy... u-used to play hide and seek in the... t-the woods..."

.

She took back her words, pulling her arm back before letting out a few more cold breaths.

"I d-don't think I was.... e-ever alone like this..."

...

"W-Wouldn't there be some murderous NPC s-showing up by now...?"

She looked down to the ground, letting out a soft sigh as she continued to slowly trek through the dark woods.

"Ah... I see. L-Liy's just trying to trick me again, isn't she?!"

.

"No."

Letting out a gasp, the girl immediately turned around, her body stiff with fear as she froze.

"Foldy, why do you always have to be dreadfully wrong? Gosh... you're even more painful to hear than **the wrong notes on a piano.**"

Foldy stepped back, a look of distrust on her face. Though, before she could even take a second to look at the person before her, she felt herself slip, the floor opening up and throwing her into a deep, dark pit of hopelessness...

...

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.

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"Wait."

.

"Stapy HAS to be on my team!"

.

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"Stapy! Foldy! You're seriously playing rock paper scissors when we've got a basket to save?"

.

.

"Foldy... Why don't you go back to your team with STAPY, where you belong?"

.

.

Maybe I should've went back into a casket instead.

.

"Looks like I've got a streak going!"

.

"Can I join you guys?"

.

.

"Hi Foldy! I'm so glad I made it to the top. Now we just both press the button and our teams are safe!"

...

.

"It's not enough for me to just win. To avenge Stapy, I need to make sure that iance loses."

.

"Don't mess with iance!"

.

"Shouldn't we focus on the challenge?"

.

"How can I trust you to do the challenge if you can't even fold paper correctly?"

.

"But over a year ago, Four said you don't need frills to make a feast for the eyes, so that means he's okay with trash!"

.

"Commits FOR-Dream Island! You really committed to winning Battle For Dream Island!"

.

.

"Help me, Foldy!"

.

Help... you.

.

I can't breathe...

.

.

"With ___ votes, Foldy has been eliminated!"

.

.

"Foldy... it's you!"

.

.

I don't feel like myself anymore...

I.... don't...

really...

.

.

A blinding light, shining over me.

Could this be the end...?

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I'm not real, am I...?

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"Ah, this beach is so relaxing! All the hard work pays off, doesn't it?"

The sun rays soak into your skin. The cool, flowing water washing over you as you let out a relaxed sigh.

"Right? Like, this whole place is so... like..., like..."

"Aesthetic?"

"Yeah!"

...

"I can just lay back on the sand and sleep knowing that Four isn't going to give me algebra homework..." She sighed with a smile, lying down on the warm sand as the breeze softly brushed over her dirty blonde hair.

"I wish we could stay here forever... just forget about our problems, people, leave everything behind and just chill!" Her friend added, brushing her red hair behind her ears before turning back to the girl, who let out a loud scoff.

"Girl, if we forget about people then who do we gossip about?!"

"You're right I guess..." The girl mumbled quietly, her bright green eyes shining in the peachy sunset as she watched the water waves overlap eachother before briefly scattering across the sand.

She let out a sigh, tying her bright red hair into a messy bun before lying against the sand.

"Gonna be honest, the only problem with this place, is that everyone else has to be here too!" The blonde girl scoffed, her words ironically being true as she suddenly began to get sprayed with ice cold water.

"Bro, that was so funny, do it again!!" A deep voice laughed as the girl looked up at them, her hair now soaking wet as she got up on her feet.

"I WON'T LET YOU GET AWAY ERASER! GO PRANK SOMEONE ELSE FOR GOSH SAKES!" She screamed, running towards the boy and his friend before being sprayed by a water-gun once more as if to shut her up.

"Take a joke!!" A boy with brown hair and blue eyes laughed before running off with his friend.

The blonde girl rolled her eyes, walking back to her friend before sitting back down on the grass.

"Boys... they're just, ew!" She yelled, brushing the water off her face before laying back down on the sand.

"They're not all bad Pencil, you just misjudge them sometimes y'know?" Her friend chuckled softly as Pencil yawned.

"Misjudge... mis... smudge! I don't care! All boys are gross and all they do is play football and pull stupid pranks on us girls! You gotta agree with that Match, you just gotta!!"

"What'll happen if I don't?"

...

"Nothing... just... nothing..."

Match laughed it off, patting her friend on the shoulder before looking back towards the sunset.

"Did you even hear that stupid boy anyways?!" Pencil yelled with a flustered look on her face as Match simply smiled.

"No."

"'Take a joke!!!!'" She repeated in a high-pitched and irritating voice as if to mock him.

"Stupid Pen, I'll smush him and his stupid blue cap into pieces!!"

"That's violent, Pencil!" Match continued to chuckle as Pencil turned to her.

"Whatever, who cares! Let's just forget about boys and lemme do hairstyles on you!" The blonde girl declared as she began to part her friend's red hair.

.

"What do you like more? A bun, or pigtails?"

"I mean, my hair's already in a bun... so pigtails?"

.

"Hey, Pencil?"

"Uh-huh..." Pencil murmured as she continued to style her friend's hair.

"Y'know they're doing a party tonight or something... do you wanna come with?"

"Maybe..." She mumbled, a gloomy look on her face as she began to think about it.

"Okay, I'm done!" Pencil forced a smile, pulling a compact mirror from out of her pocket before handing it to Match.

The girl looked at herself in the mirror, a look of disgust peeking up at her face the more she stared back at her reflection.

"You... don't like it?"

Match immediately smacked the mirror shut, blinking before turning back to Pencil with an unnaturally large smile.

"I love it!!" She grinned, her green eyes overflowing with joy as she handed the mirror back to her friend.

"That's good then! So..."

The two shared an awkward silence, their eyes darting around before a loud yelp broke their ambience.

"WHEEEE!!!!!!! WOOO, WOOO, YEAAAAH!!!!!!!!!!!!" A girl with short, red hair screamed, hyperactively running across the beach with a box of gummies wrapped tightly in her arms as a slightly taller, blue-haired girl chased after her.

"RUBY!! THOSE AREN'T FOR YOU, ITS FOR THE POIRTY!!!!!" The blue-haired girl yelled in her thick Yoylese accent as she quickly chased after her friend.

.

"Typical Ruby."

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PROLOUGE - END.

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It's a fantastic beach party! Join your favourite characters from the hit reality show BFB on their island endeavours, where they make new friends, do fun things, and perhaps find out some hidden secrets...

Sunny days and beach waves! You are able to interact and form long-lasting friendships with all 64 characters from Battle For Dream Island, including fan favourites such as Pin, Leafy, Ruby, Coiny and more!

Join them in their amazing adventure today!

Available as an app on Phone, Tablet, Computer and Console!

———————————

CHAPTER 1 - CRYSTAL SEAS.

Woohoo! It's a beach party! Use this event as an opportunity to befriend some characters! Although, please note that these interactions don't correlate with the main story, it's just for some good old fun!

Who would you like to start with first?

-

Coiny

Tree

> Match

Foldy

-

You picked Match, good choice!

.

"Hello, Match!"

She looks towards you with a smile, her demeanour awkward and unknowing as she turned to the side.

Match: "Why are you, like, talking to me newbie! If you wanna, like, talk to me - which I know everyone totally does - then talk to my bestie, like, Pencil first!!"

Woah?! She switched up so quickly, it's like she's a totally different person now!

"I-... wasn't being rude to you or anything, what gives?!"

Match: "Sorry, but rules are, like, rules. I don't make 'em, like, Pencil does!"

Huh... Maybe a gift will cheer her up...

Hey, new feature! You're able to give characters gifts from your inventory which you can buy from the vending machine. Giving gifts can let you learn more about the character by getting on their good side through a good old act of gratitude! Try it!

INVENTORY: 1/103

> Water

???

???

???

-

You chose water!

"Here, this is for you!"

Match: "Thanks, I was kinda thirsty..."

...

Match: "Ugh, y'know what, fine! You can, like, talk to me once! But don't come to me ever again!!"

"Uh... thanks?"

Match: "Look, I'm sorry for being mean and stuff... you're just, like, uncool!"

That's awfully honest...

Match: "Although, ugh... you're also nice. Okay?!"

She blushes, folding her arms before looking back at you with an embarrassed smile.

Match: "A-And you don't look too bad..."

"I-..."

Gosh, she's making me nervous too!!

Match: "Y-.... J-Just go now!!"

You became a little closer with Match today.

...

Who would you like to talk to now?

Coiny

> Tree

Foldy

-

You picked Tree, good choice!

.

"Hey Tree!"

He turns to you, a friendly smile on his face as he walks forward.

Tree: "Hey there! Enjoying the party?"

"Yeah!"

He's pretty nice!

Tree: "What do you think of my suit?"

He gave a 360 of his green suit, a proud look on his face as he fastened his bow-tie.

This isn't exactly a high school prom, no need to wear a suit...

"It looks cool!"

Tree: "Thanks! A special friend made it for me..."

He began to smile, folding his arms as he turned to the side as if to hide his now red face.

"That's so nice!"

Wait.

Why are you talking to Tree?

He isn't even...

Dead, yet.

Who even gave you the option to do that?!

STOP TALKING TO HIM!!

Tree: "Hey... you there?"

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Who would you like to talk to now?

> Coiny

Foldy

-

Good choice!

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"Hey, Coiny!"

He looks towards you, a friendly grin on his face as he ecstatically approached you.

Coiny: "Hey, the name's Coiny! You... you new around here?"

"I guess you could say I am... so, what do you do around here?"

Coiny: "Whaddya mean?"

"..."

Crud... that doesn't make any sense does it?!

-2 Trust Points

Coiny: "You're interesting."

He snickered, a childish smirk on his face as he sipped out of the cup of fruit punch that was in his hand.

*Coiny: "*Gonna go now, bye!"

"..."

That was an awfully brief conversation...

Poor you, you lost trust points! What this means is that when you say something awkward, weirdly out of pocket or extremely offensive, the character you're speaking to feel uncomfortable around you. This is what we call Trust Points! The amount of trust points you have with a character determines how comfortable they feel around you!

I hope that made enough sense, and if that didn't... figure it out yourself.

...

Who would you like to talk to now?

>Foldy

-

...

...

Invalid action

-

>Foldy

-

Invalid action

-

How am I meant to progress through the game? Is it just gonna be stuck like this?!

-

>Foldy

-

Invalid action

-

>Foldy

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Invalid action

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The hell...?

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Fuck this, I didn't buy a horror game!

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This is so cringey, I hate this game! What a waste of twenty-two dollars!

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Sorry, but there has been an error. Please close the game and restart your device.

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"Why did Liy come up with some cheesy beach game?"

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"Maybe it was meant to be ironic."

.

"Whatever. She's dead now, right?"

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"Totally, I bashed her stupid head into the glass so hard that blood started spraying everywhere! She stopped moving after that..."

.

"Huh... well, let's just go back to class, right? Just leave her stupid diary there!"

.

"Alright, geez..."

.

"..."

.

"W-What if they find out..."

.

"They won't, the public will just see us as two clueless schoolgirls with no idea that such a dangerous incident occurred in our precious educational haven! As far as I know, we're off the hook!"

.

"Okay..."

.

"..."

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"You take too many risks y'know, I'm surprised you were never once excluded from school!"

.

"It's just... y'know, me! I have a special charm that not even the teachers can get past!"

.

"Oh..."

.

"I mean, if you were half as pretty as me, then maybe it would work on you too!"

.

"..."

.

"...What?"

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"Nothing, just... nothing."

.

"Geez, it's not that deep! Just forget it!!"

...

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The time I almost died...

...

Now I feel like I'm actually gonna die.

.

I don't mind rotting like this either.

My life serves absolutely no purpose to our ever-changing, ever-evolving society anyways.

Maybe there'll be another Liy who can continue my legacy...

Or maybe I'll just bleed out slowly and become a forgotten memory like everyone else I've killed.

.

Oh how history repeats itself time and time again.

I feel as if the Earth has wrapped me tightly with the tainted ribbons of the underworld, dragging me down slowly, and slowly while cutting off my blood circulation.

Such a satisfying yet draining feeling…

Knowing that everything you worked on for 4 consecutive years of your life all goes down the drain.

.

For everyone else in life…

They can fuck off and rot in hell with me.

I know no one will bother to recover me.

Not like they can anyways.

…

This story.

What was the point of all of this?

What was the point of watching me orchestrate such a successful plan just for it to fall into the hands of the person I least expected it to?

What led up to this moment?

Why did it turn out like this?

iiiii wonderrrrr....

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1 WEEK AGO.

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'C'est un jeune homme riche qui fréquente les meilleures écoles de la région et a une moyenne cumulative de 3,8. Selon les entretiens, il se présente comme un jeune homme intelligent, passionné par l'apprentissage de nouvelles choses et passionné de criminologie et de psychologie, ce qui peut parfois paraître inquiétant, même s'il a de bonnes intentions.'

-

"Interesting... indeed."

She flipped back her white hair, a look of fascination on her face as she began to go through the papers, although she didn't understand a lick of French.

"Crim.... Criminology? That would kinda make sense, considering the 20th March murder. Hm, I remember Liy mentioning an interest in criminology once before..."

Picking up a pen, she began to read through the profile, trying her best to interpret the document all while scribbling on a piece of paper.

"Hah, I knew it!" A young voice suddenly called from behind her.

.

"Knew... what?"

.

"..."

Pillow quickly dropped her pen, swiftly turning her head around just to see a kid sitting on the seat right behind hers with a dumbfounded yet ecstatic look on his face.

She blinked in confusion, a look of cluelessness on her face as the kid began to laugh maniacally.

"You're a big bad scientist!" He laughed before being shushed by the woman next to him.

"Quiet down, don't talk to strangers okay...?"

...

"Psychology...?" Pillow silently turned away, continuing to read the text in front of her despite being blissfully unaware that she was being stared down by everyone on the bus.

"Hey big bad scientist!"

Pillow turned back just to see the very same green eyes of the kid staring back at her.

"You look like my cousin! She has blue hair and blue eyes ya' know!! She's like, super quiet and into books and stuff like you!!! Her name's-"

"S-Sorry about him!!" The woman next to the kid nervously laughed, her identical green eyes glowing in the light as she awkwardly pushed her poorly dyed blonde hair behind her ear.

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'**Sœur aînée - Adresse : _____**'

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"Huh..."

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THE NEXT DAY.

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"Mom! Please can you get me this game, it's so cool and all my friends play it all the time and they want me to join 'em!!!"

"Maybe next week...!" A nervous voice replied while quietly heating up a kettle of water.

"Aw, c'mon... please! Pretty please with a cherry on top?" The kid pleaded with a look of desperation on his face as his mom nervously laughed.

"Ok... how about tommorow then? Your grades have been super good so I have to treat you anyways!"

"Sweet! Thanks mom!!" He grinned before quickly running out of the kitchen.

"Let's hope this isn't more than $20..." The woman sighed before suddenly being startled by a loud knock on the door.

.

"Hello?" She opened the door curiously just to be met with Pillow wearing a black blazer, a white blouse, blue high heels and a tube skirt, her hair formally tied into a bun and a folder clutched in her arm as she pushed up the fake glasses that she bought from a nearby supermarket.

"I'd like to have a chat with you, regarding your... brother?"

.

.

"So... how do you know my brother again?"

"Oh, he's my colleague at work!" Pillow smiled, tapping her feet on the floor as the woman looked at her somewhat suspiciously.

"That's weird, my brother isn't employed right now..."

"I-, I mean at his old job!" The teenager quickly snapped before smiling once again.

"Ah, I see!"

"..."

"I swear I just saw you yesterday... that girl on the bus?"

"Girl... on the bus?" Pillow began to act clueless as she let out a chuckle.

"Sorry, I may have mistaken you for someone else! I do that a lot..."

The girl quietly looked through the folder, trying her best to look like she knew what she was doing despite the fact that she couldn't understand a single word in the files.

"I need to do a background check on you." Pillow coldly uttered before looking back at the folder.

"D-Did I do something wrong?!" The woman shrieked before receiving an obnoxious laugh.

"No, no! I just need to see if the information I'm going to receive from you is trustworthy."

The woman gave her a look of pure confusion, turning back to the

side before looking at the girl.

"That doesn't even make any sense, who do you work with?!" She yelled as Pillow remained eerily silent, as if to spite her.

"The government."

"Couldn't you at least phone me instead of just waltzing into my house then?" She snapped as Pillow calmly cleared her throat.

"Protocol." The girl sternly uttered, staring into the woman's eyes as if to intimidate her into saying something.

"F-Fine! What do you wanna know?" The woman gave in with a stressed look as Pillow began to grin.

"Do you have a history of arrests?"

"No."

"Huh... have you ever been involved in illegal activity?"

"No.."

"Ever withdrawn suspiciously large amounts of money?"

"What, no!"

"What do you do for a living? A job?"

"I-... I sometimes do shifts at the local supermarket but I'm mostly home!"

"Fair enough. What about your kid's dad? What does he do?"

"Why are you asking this? What does this have to do with me?!" The woman snapped loudly, clearly distressed as Pillow cleared her throat.

"I just wanna know so we can update our files." Pillow let out a painfully obvious lie as the woman sighed quietly.

"Alright... my husband works long shifts at an office downtown and

usually comes back at midnight. I still don't see how this is relevant to me, though."

"Thank you!" Pillow smiled, placing her pen back down despite the fact that she didn't even write anything.

The woman looked to the side awkwardly, folding her arms as she softly tapped her foot on the ground.

"Do you know anything about what your brother is doing right now?" Pillow broke the silence, staring right back at the woman with grey eyes full of curiosity.

"Hm... I mean, he told me he was sorting out some paperwork in a new house just a week ago when I last talked to him."

"New house?"

"Yeah, he used to live with his girlfriend, my niece's mom, but she kicked him out."

"Do you know why he got kicked out?" Pillow continued to persist.

"Yeah, I mean, he told me that she was, y'know, done with it all. Like, she wanted to break up with him or something. My brother told me that she was just exaggerating and that she'd get over it in a bit..."

Pillow blinked with a look of intrigue on her face as she began to scribble into a notepad.

"You mentioned you have a niece... her name's Liy, right?"

"...Yeah. Wait, how do you know that?!" The woman gasped, a shiver travelling down her spine as Pillow simply cleared her throat.

"We know a lot of things that you commoners haven't the slightest idea about!" Pillow childishly winked as the woman looked her up and down, a look of fear on her face as the girl continued to speak.

"What's your relationship with her?"

"I'm her aunt..."

Pillow nodded, clenching her fist as she tried her best to hold in her excitement towards it all.

"When's the last time you saw her?" She persisted, tapping her foot energetically on the ground.

"Like, hm... 6 years ago? When my son was just 6 years old. She came to our house along with my brother and she was a really sweet girl! Oddly quiet though, like, she wouldn't utter a word unless it was important ya'know?"

"Huh..."

"She was quite informal... I hope you don't mind me saying this but, she's a really messy eater and sometimes she can come off as really rude... I think she gets it from her mom but I dunno for sure..." The woman added in a whisper as Pillow simply nodded.

"I see... very well!"

"We're done...?"

"No!" Pillow quickly snapped before looking back down at the folder.

"Ah." The woman nodded silently, not wanting to cause anymore trouble.

"..."

"So...?"

"What was your niece's mom like?" Pillow folded her arms with a curious smile as the woman began to think.

"Hm... to be honest, I haven't actually seen her face to face since 2001!"

"Why's that?" Pillow added as she pretended to write in her notepad.

"I dunno... my brother said she works extremely long shifts at the airport so most of the time she's either asleep or out, y'know?" The woman explained, as honest as she could be.

"Alright..."

"The last time I saw her, we were having dinner at my parents' house. My brother was so proud and all the time he'd brag about her like he won the lottery, ya'know? I miss the way he used to smile back then... now he's just moody and always out and about just to clear his mind."

"..."

"I still remember the time I saw her... gosh, she was so silent, I could barely ever see her face under those luscious locks of blue hair! Every time my parents would ask anything she'd just nod and smile! I was like, what are you scared of, y'know?!"

Pillow stayed silent, quite intrigued as the woman continued to speak.

"That was the first time I'd ever met her. The next time she came over, she was a completely different person! Her sudden energy sent shivers down my spine. Not that I hated her or anything! She was just... interesting. Like, she'd smile and chat away, laugh at every single joke that my parents cracked... It almost felt abnormal if you ask me. It's like she borrowed someone else's personality, it was very scary..."

"Uh-huh... go on..." Pillow murmured, really delving into her false detective persona as the woman continued.

"I just... I just wish I got to know her a bit more. She never showed up with my brother when he came over to our place, she was never present when I video-called my brother either, she was just invisible! It was like I did something wrong to her when I know I didn't! Maybe she's just insecure, I dunno... It's just a shame honestly, because when I met her she was so sweet just like her daughter! Even though she was a little odd like a mentioned before... It just, it just hurts! Even though she kicked my brother out, couldn't she come to mine to talk about it? She's associated to us and she knows she'll always be! Plus, my door's always open if she needs a chat or fancies some tea!"

"I see. Do you think her silence could have... how do I word this...

something to do with your brother?" Pillow smirked, watching as the woman let out a soft gasp.

"No, not at all, my brother is so sweet! He'd never, ever do anything like that. I could never picture him as ruthless and controlling, he was so sweet and took care of everyone around him! Him being someone like that is absolutely out of the question!"

"But it doesn't make sense you see? Silence for 17 years without a single word to her extended family? I mean, after all, she is the mother of YOUR niece. She has to speak to you whether she likes it or not. You also mentioned her sweet personality last time you met her, right? Doesn't make sense for someone so nice to suddenly blank you guys."

The woman began to tremble, clenching her fists as her face began to go moist with nervous sweats.

"N-No... don't say something like that! My brother's a sweet guy!" She quickly snapped back at Pillow, who kept a calm expression.

"When you last saw Liy, did you happen to see a scratch-like scar under her left eye?" Pillow persisted, chewing on her pen with anticipation as the woman trembled.

"Y-Yes... my brother told me she fell and hit a rock when she was just around 4 years old."

"You don't happen to think that maybe that scar wasn't an accident? That maybe, just maybe, there's a possibility he could've inflicted that on her?"

"NO! J-JUST STOP!!" The woman shrieked, holding her mouth in disbelief as tears began to well up in her eyes before dripping down her face.

"You said that Liy was eerily silent when she came over to yours, that she could come off as rude at times?"

Silence.

"Maybe that silence was against her will..."

...

"Maybe, just maybe, it had something to do with your brother..."

..

"Maybe... maybe she was..."

.

"Trau-ma-tised...?" Pillow broke down the word slowly, a demented grin on her face as the woman began to hiccup with tears.

"S-Stop... just stop..."

"Huh...?" Pillow tilted her head, pretending to be confused as the woman clawed onto her face.

"H-HE... HE'D NEVER DO ANYTHING LIKE THAT, GODDAMNIT!!!!!"

"Emotions... interesting!"

"W-What if it was the mom?!" The woman snapped, biting her nails as tears flew out of her eyes.

"If it was Liy's mom, why would your brother stay silent? Wouldn't he come to you for help?" Pillow beamed, her smile completely opposite to the tense atmosphere that she'd created.

"..."

"Am I wrong...?" The girl tilted her head, her budget glasses drooping down to her nose as she giggled.

"My brother i-isn't a liar... he would never lie to me, right...?!" The woman gasped, her voice barely intelligible amidst the tears and trembling hiccups.

"Maybe you should talk to him!" Pillow recommended with an enthusiastic smile as the other party went dead silent.

"..."

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_____

THE NEXT DAY.

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Flick. Flick.

.

"Fucking work already!"

.

Flick. Flick. Flick.

.

"This is bullshit! I need a new lighter *again*?!"

.

"HEY!" A voice pierced through the empty streets loud and firm before echoing.

...

"I KNOW YOU CAN HEAR ME!!"

.

What a familiar voice.

"Huh?" He turned towards the voice, holding onto his throbbing head as the world began to spin and vibrate.

"FESS UP!"

And before he know it, there she was.

Big sister.

"I know what you did, you stupid liar..." Her voice screeching harder than chalk against a blackboard as she grabbed onto the man by his shirt collar.

Stop doing that.

Stop flashing those lights in my face.

"ANSWER ME!" The woman continued to scream, the grip on his shirt tightening as the consciousness began to slip back into him.

"Huh..."

"DON'T ACT STUPID ASSHOLE, THAT DOESN'T WORK ON ME!!"

...

..

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"Sis...?"

.

"I'm not your sister anymore!"

.

"Are you going through a phase again, sis?"

He brushed his thick black hair back, the life slipping back into his green eyes as he smirked.

"This isn't a joke!" His sister exclaimed, her tone with hint of embarrassment as the man began to snicker.

"There's a hair stylist in this town y'know, in case you wanna dye your hair black and go emo again like you did in the 90's!"

"STOP IT!"

"No, serious! She trims hair and dyes and everything! You'd look so

sick with half your hair red, cmon!" He mocked his sister, tugging at her sleeve as she reluctantly let go of him.

"SHUT THE FUCK UP AND STOP BEING STUPID!"

"Ah. So you're being serious then. How can I help you?"

The air went thick, the atmosphere becoming more and more solemn.

"Your daughter."

"Oh!" He suddenly laughed, smacking his knee before continuing.

"I kinda forgot I had a daughter, y'know?"

"...What?"

"Oh yeah, she tried burning me alive like a week ago, that was something! I just wanna know how she did it, y'know? The fire and shit, I need that to light my cigarettes!"

His sister looked at him, her face dropping in pure shock as he continued to snicker childishly.

"She kept asking me about shit and I just gave her fake answers to shut her up. Like bitch, do I look like a wiki? Google is free!"

"THIS ISN'T FUNNY! WHAT THE HELL DID YOU DO TO HER?!" She persisted, her voice cracking with pure anger as he abruptly went silent.

"...Nothing."

"You're a LIAR!"

"..."

"I don't believe you anymore..."

He blinked, not a single thought going through his mind as he took a step back.

"OH! YOU MEAN THE LIY GIRL!! Oh... I'm... unfortunately directly

related to her. Damn! I thought you were talking about your daughter, I was like, what? I didn't do anything! Y'know, Y'KNOW!!"

"..."

"Nah, I just... don't like her. She copied her."

His sister blinked, her expression a mix of confusion, shock and anger.

"Liy copied who...?"

"Her."

"..."

"...her."

"WHO'S HER!"

"...her."

"You're so fucking stupid." The woman sighed, folding her arms with a look of disappointment.

"No... No I'm not? I mean HER!"

"WHO THE FUCK IS 'HER'?!"

"...her."

His sister scoffed, grabbing him tightly by the sleeve before dragging him into an empty and slightly claustrophobic street corner.

"Look, if you continue to act stupid, I'm not gonna hesitate to tell mom and dad that YOU'RE FREELOADING OFF THEM!"

"What? C'mon, they're fucking rich! The amount of money I borrow is like a drop in their supersized, super rich, super powerful bucket anyways!" He snickered, not taking anything in the situation seriously.

"Really? Mom called me just last week asking if you got a job yet. I

didn't say anything for your sake, but it won't be so good for you if she finds out."

"I'm fucking 37, almost 38, why do they care?! They should start caring about their retirement date!"

"..."

"Am I wrong?" He shrugged, still holding up a smirk.

"Fucking look at you! You have nothing going on in your life! You were offered a bursary for a prestigious university back in '99 but you rejected it! You speak 3 languages - English, French and Spanish -, was always the top in your classes, you had a 3.8 GPA but you threw that all away for what reason exactly?"

"Cause I was bored."

"You're just unbelievable... what have you even done in your life anyways?!" His sister persisted, gripping onto his shoulders with agony as he looked to the side.

"Took care of her..." The man smiled, holding onto his face as he began to giggle somewhat maniacally.

"Who...?"

"...her."

"Who is 'her'...?!"

...

"I l-love her... m-more than anything..." He continued to chuckle, his eyes filled with tears as he held his mouth.

"Don't tell me..." The woman gasped, her face pale with pure and utter disbelief as her brother continued to maniacally laugh.

"W-We were brought together by the u-universe... and no one c-can get in the way of our love..."

"W-What's wrong with you...?"

"I took care of her... a-all the time... and she r-repays me by kicking me out of the house..."

"..."

"It's all her daughter. She keeps getting in the way of our love."

"WHAT THE HELL? SHE DIDN'T DO ANYTHING!!"

"YES SHE DID! SHE LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE HER, SHE COPIED EVERYTHING! NO ONE CAN COPY HER! NO ONE, FUCKING NO ONE!! SHE'S MINE, AND ALL MINE, GODDAMNIT!!!!"

"What happened to you... WHY ARE YOU SO MAD AT YOUR OWN KID FOR SOMETHING THAT ISN'T EVEN HER FAULT?!"

"IT'S ALL HER FAULT! Liy would serve no purpose regardless... she just proved to us all that she's worth absolutely nothing!" He smiled, tears trickling down his face as he folded his arms tightly.

"WHY CAN'T YOU BE HOW YOU WERE BEFORE? WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO YOU?!!"

"All that effort just to keep her with me... AND YET THAT STUPID GIRL RUINS IT EVERY DAMN TIME! I HATE HER! I HATE IT ALL!"

"..."

"It feels as if the walls are closing in, y'know..."

"Stop... please, just stop..."

"I don't want to feel anything anymore... I just want her... ALL TO MYSELF!"

"STOP IT!!"

.

And so this was ultimately the motive behind the 20th March murder.

20th March 2002 at exactly 4:20pm was she pronounced dead.

The case of a 21 year-old university student found dead in her own home in central Goiky, the deathly blow being a stab wound to her stomach.

This along with 4 other homicides that happened right after.

Funny thing is that they're all connected somehow.

All 4 victims were associated with 1 person in particular.

First, the best friend, who she'd known since they were just 11 years old.

Secondly, the mother of this very person in particular, who had fell victim to a shootout just 2 months after the first murder had occurred.

Thirdly, an older sister, who had been pushed to the limit by immense amounts of online harassment via email and text message, as well as the fact that she was wrongfully accused of a hate crime which led to her being fired from her job. This was 3 months after the second occurrence.

And finally, a brother-in-law, husband of the older sister, who was involved in an assassination which took the lives of two other people as well as himself. 2 months after the third.

This is no coincidence. This all occurred in the same year.

These people were all connected to one person in particular.

A woman. Who, at this point in time, was just 21 years old.

...

—

THE NEXT DAY.

.

.

"Hm... which flower looks the nicest for my kitchen?" She smiled, her light blue hair swishing back and forth in the cool breeze as she pushed a rusty trolley through a local garden center.

Flowers. They hold so much meaning. Some good, some bad, and some...

"A bit of both."

"Huh?" She gasped, turning around just to see a woman with green eyes and blonde hair pointing towards the pot of white and red roses.

"Those roses look good, don't you think, Aria?"

"..."

That name...

"Did you hear me? I said those roses look good, Aria..."

"Why are you calling me that?!" The woman immediately snapped, turning to the other with a look of fear.

"Because I know you! Remember? You came to my parents' house. That girl with a bubbly personality! Let's see if that still reigns true..."

"Your parents' house...? I don't... remember..." She held her head, looking into her familiar green eyes as the her vision began to go fuzzy.

How could I remember...? Sixteen years of my life was erased away.

"Oh, I remember you now! Y-You're my old classmate, right?" She quickly lied with a smile, holding a hand onto her cheek before laughing nervously.

"I'm your daughter's aunt."

"Eh?"

"Your Liy spent the day with my family 6 years ago! I wanna see her

again y'know, such an interesting girl..." The blonde looked to the side, pouting somewhat exaggeratedly before letting out an elongated sigh.

Aria-

Don't call me that...

Fine. The woman looked at the other, inspecting her and paying close attention to her hair before realising that the roots of her blonde hair was actually a pitch black colour.

"You... look different from the last time I saw you!" The woman smiled, pushing her light blue hair behind her ear as the distant memory began to slip back into her mind.

"Oh."

"What happened to your bangs? They suited you y'know?" She laughed before receiving an embarrassed glare.

"W-Why do you remember that..."

"You were hard to forget! Textured haircut... hm, it covered your eye didn't it? And you always, always wore eyeliner religiously!" She smiled as the other woman began to blush out of shame.

"That was a long time ago, j-just forget it!!"

"Okay, I will!" The blue-haired girl smiled as the other woman continued.

"Don't you remember anyone else from the last time we met? Any... stuck out in particular?"

"..."

"Any?"

"Y-You had three brothers, right?"

"Right! What else..." The woman forced a smile, staring into the girl's

blue eyes as if to make her feel uneasy.

"I... don't really remember. I should get going n-"

"Wait! Don't you remember?! My younger brother, I mean, he's the whole reason you met me anyways... right?"

"..."

"Can't you remember? Please, just remember!"

"..."

"Hello...?"

Her green eyes filled with anger, a look of irritated anticipation on her face before the girl finally answered.

"How could I forget? I knew him for a long time anyways..."

"So... you..."

"I... well... y-y'know...!"

"You know what...?"

"Y'know... uh..."

"Well spit it out!" The blonde woman persisted as the girl hesitated.

"He's my ex, isn't he...?"

"Wow, well done! You guessed right...!!" The woman sarcastically clapped while forcing a smile.

"So you hate him, right Aria?"

"W-Why are you calling me that?! Only my mom used to nickname me as that..."

"Because he also called you that. Right? Or are we gonna have trouble remembering this too?"

"N-No, I didnt forget. I never forgot that! I just... I just don't know why my mom called me that, so it's a surprise to me that you suddenly called me by that name too!" The girl smiled, holding her arm as she awkwardly pushed her blue hair back.

"Okay, whatever! Just tell me, you hate my brother, don't you?!"

"What?"

"Why else did you kick him out?! Just tell me! We're like, in-laws or something, right?" The blonde woman continued to fake smile.

"I dunno...? I'm not-"

"Can't you just say something! Just say you hate him!"

"Why are you so keen on wanting me to hate him?!"

"Look what he did to you."

She paused, her blue eyes filling with confusion as she tried her best to remember.

"You kicked him out of your house because you just broke up with him, right? Or am I wrong?" The woman's green eyes shined in the artificial light of the store as she leaned against the trolley.

"Who told you that? We weren't together since 2001." The girl admitted as the store broke into silence.

"What...? Why'd he live with you then?!"

"Well, the truth is that I didn't want Liy to grow up without a dad like I did, y'know? I didn't want her to be made fun of because we were split up. I didn't want her to grow up wondering where her dad was." She continued, sadness filling her eyes as she began to reflect on it all.

"Wasn't necessarily a good idea, was it?"

"I know! I know it was a mistake... I was just so, so desperate to make sure that my daughter had no missing pieces in her life. Even if it

meant sacrificing almost half of mine..."

"IT WAS STUPID!" The blonde woman snapped so loudly that the girl stepped back in fear.

"W-What do you mean?"

"YOU'RE STUPID!"

"..."

"Why did you ever, EVER THINK THAT WAS A GOOD IDEA?!" She yelled, her eye twitching as she continued.

"WHY DID YOU THINK THAT IT WOULD WORK OUT, WHY, WHY?!" She screamed, lifting her arm up in the air before delivering a firm and painful slap onto the girl's cheek.

"ARE YOU STUPID? CAN'T YOU THINK?!"

"I-... I didn't think." The girl continued to smile, dropping her head to the ground as she teared up.

"If I'm being honest, I didn't think once. Also because... I-... I still loved him..."

"No..."

"Lying doesn't work on you, so I'll just be as honest as I can."

"...Don't you hate him now?!"

"Hating someone isn't a healthy thing, y'know? Because in the end, the only person ever affected by hate is yourself. So I don't choose to hate anyone."

"L-Look what he did... you lost 16 years worth of memories because of him!"

"It's not healthy to hate the father of my child anyways. To build a stable relationship within the family, there should never be hatred involved!"

"Stop being dumb..."

"Liy's the opposite of this, y'know? Even if I told her to not give in, she'd have her own way in the end! Teenagers are so desperate to be independent!!" She laughed, continuing to smile while wiping the tears off her face.

"Stop doing that... just stop..."

"I wonder where she is now, I bet she's off doing whatever she likes as usual!"

The blonde woman sighed, shaking her head before pulling a thick wad of cash out of her pocket.

"I'm sorry for everything my brother did to you. Just so you know, this is how much he truly thinks you're worth." The woman uttered, her words laced with a mix of sadness and malice as she handed about $50 worth of cash before walking off.

"Huh... this could probably buy me that moisturiser I wanted!"

...

Pillow has a question to ask!

.

What do you think this moment teaches you?

Personally, I'd like to start.

Money solves rent problems, not personal problems!

But other than that... we should continue with this story! There's a lot more to be unfolded!

—

THE NEXT DAY.

.

.

.

What is the point of all of this research, you may ask. What was the point of interviewing all of these people? You may ask.

Well... I want to understand.

What lines would one cross for the sake of love?

How does love affect the people around you?

One example of this could be Liy.

Once a kind-spirited girl with a shining future ahead of her, now a heartless monster that finds joy in inflicting pain on others!

Her dramatic personality transformation was caused by none other than her own father.

And it was all in the name of 'love'.

What I figured out from this all is that love can drive people to do things way beyond the limit.

But at the same time, love can teach you lessons for life.

I want to test that. I want to see with my own eyes what it can really to do the people around you.

And I have found the perfect test subject!

—

....

Here comes phase one of the experiment.

"Sir, Sir, please open up!!!" Pillow pleaded in a childish voice,

banging her fists against the door as it slowly opened.

"Huh... whaddya want...?"

Pillow smiled, a glimmer of excitement as she pulled out a baseball bat before suddenly-

WHAM!

The black-haired man was knocked unconscious on the ground.

Now that we have acquired our test subject, we move onto the next stage!

The loved ones. And then we can see how the test subject reacts and whether it'll be wholesome, or bloody.

.

THE FINAL DAY.

.

Let's see how Liy will react to seeing her own dad again!!!

.

"Wake up, wake up sir! Please, wake up!!!!!"

...

"Please, plplplpleeeeaaaaseeeeee!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Just get u-"

"Holy shit, I'm awake, just shut... u..."

The words slipped out of his mouth, the brand new, bloody atmosphere sending a shiver of confusion down his spine as Pillow simply smiled.

"Look, sir! What do you think of this new, super cool world?" Pillow grinned, her eyes sparkling with joy as the man rubbed his head.

"How... did you manage to... do..."

"What sir? I didn't hear you properlyyyy!!!!!!!!"

"Is this... what is this....?"

"Oh my glittery gumdrop sir, I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER ASK!!!!!!!!"

"..."

"its bloodlust"

"What the hell is 'bloodlust'?! Don't fuck with me!" The man snapped with a look of anger as he got back up on his feet to face Pillow.

"Your daughter created this little world, y'know?"

"..."

"KYAAAA!! SHE'S SO CLEVER!!! Sir... I think I'm stuck in a trance, your daughter's cleverness is too much to handle... oh Liy... to be clever like you, clever and clever and very super clever!!!! It's just a gift from the heavens to be this extremely super clever!!!"

"..."

"She gets her looks from mom but her intelligence from dad, it's just so spectacular!!!!"

Once again, silence.

"This is just so, so, so awesome!!! Seriously, I'm just super super duper duper serious and this is awesome and it's awesomeness and I'm seriousness and yeah, so I think it's-"

"SHUT UP!!"

"Oh..." Pillow pouted, letting out an exaggerated cry before smiling once again.

"Sir, can you look who's over there sitting in the middle of nowhere?"

Flowing blue hair... navy eyes filled with doubt...

Why did Dean decide to change these guys from objects to humans

again?

...

"No... is that..."

"Come, sir!" Pillow grinned, grabbing his hand before running over towards the woman.

.

"Liy, when are you coming back..." She sighed, digging her head into her arms with sadness.

Although, what she was far away from realising...

"Hey!!!" Pillow waved hyperactively at the woman before forcefully pulling her back up onto her feet.

"Who are you..." The woman asked, her tone emotionless as Pillow grinned.

"I'm Pillow! And you're now a test subject in my experiment!!!" Pillow beamed before suddenly pulling out a high-tech headset from out of nowhere.

"Watch this video!!" She said with ironic excitement before shoving the headset onto the woman's face, causing her to fall back down to the ground.

"WHAT IS THIS?!" The woman yelled before suddenly going silent.

...

MY VERY BEST FRIEND.

'L'amour implique des sacrifices~'

"I hate college! Why do we have to sit exams?"

"I'm pretty sure that's the whole point of college. You can just... drop out if you don't like it."

"Nah, my parents would kill me if I even brought up the idea."

"Oh... well, why do you think that eating an entire bucket of candy is gonna make that better?!

"I need to eat as much sugar as possible so I don't fall asleep and die from how boring tommorow's exam is!!"

"Yeah... wait, so you're just gonna eat as much candy as possible? Isn't that like not good for your teeth or whatever?"

"Girl, who cares? Sugar is good for you!"

"Said who ever?"

"Says me! I'm gonna graduate out of this place by 22 and receive a college degree that says 'A Candy a Day Keeps the Doctor Away'"

"You can't do that!"

"Yes I can, and I'll prove it to you! Watch me! Once I'm 22 and graduating, you'll see!"

....

'Some dreams become reality, and some dreams stay dreams~'

"I wish I could just run away to an island where no one knows my name."

"What? So you'd leave me behind?!"

"No? You can come with me, and we can both pretend to be Hollywood stars!"

"Oh my mint! I love that, let's go now!"

"I wish... my mom loves to keep me in her grasp while at the same time obsesses over me being 'her independent Aria'! I don't even know why she calls me Aria anyways!"

"My sweet darling daughter Aria, be a dear and fetch me my prestigious college degree!"

"Hey! Stop speaking like you're an empress!"

"Non, for I empress am pressed, and I'm impressed!"

"Oui, oui, I shall follow your command dearest mother, for I am just a mere servant capable of nothing but writing essays longer than 10 Magna Cartas!"

"Wow, didn't know you were capable of being so posh! For I had been convinced that you were nothing but a mere commoner!"

"No, no, do not underestimate royalty, for we are very much capable of attaining more than just our lifestyle!"

....

.

'A blossoming new generation, with a bright future shining~'

"Hey Liy! I haven't seen you around in so long! Your mom was worried sick, y'know?"

"...okay."

"Do you know where her house is, I can walk you there if you like!"

"..."

"Maybe we could all go to the mall after... as a trio? I'll buy you whatever you like, deal? Don't tell your mom though, it's a secret between us!"

"..."

"...You okay though? You're oddly silent. Your mom described you as a very clever young girl! Maybe you could help me w-"

"SHUT UP!"

"Huh...?"

'And before any of them knew it, she was holding on for dear life.'

"I-I... CAN'T... BREATHE...!!"

"BE QUIET!"

"L.....ET... g....o....."

.

"Good. The old bitch had nothing to live for anyways."

'So in the end, she was thrown away to rot. What a pure, pure soul. Left to disintegrate and mould.'

...

...

...

...

'Everyone wishes they could have it all, don't they?'

...

...

———

...

"NOOOOO!!! GET IT AWAY!!" The woman screamed, ripping off the headset with all her might before getting back up on her feet.

"I'll leave the rest of this to you ma'am." Pillow smirked before quickly hiding away.

"WHERE'S THAT GIRL, I SWEAR I'LL MAKE HER PAY WITH HER LIFE!!"

...

"Mom... I'm back, I guess... why did I bring you here again?"

"AAAAAAAHHH!!!!"

.

"WHAT THE HELL?!" Liy shrieked, swiftly turning around just to see a familiar pair of dark blue eyes staring right back at her.

"...Mom?"

"JUST DIE ALREADY!" The woman screamed back, pushing Liy to the ground before pinning her down and holding up a rusting blade.

"S-SNAP OUT OF IT MOM! GOSH DAMNIT, WHY DID I LEAVE YOU BY YOURSELF HERE?" Liy yelled, grabbing onto her wrist in an attempt to disarm her mom.

"You... YOU KILLED HER! YOU KILLED MY BEST FRIEND DIDN'T YOU!!"

"Your... MOM, WHAT? I DON'T EVEN KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THAT?!"

"She was the only one who understood me...!" Her mother teared up, wiping her eyes before being suddenly slapped in the face.

"WHO THE FUCK IS SHE?!"

"SHE WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO HELPED ME HIDE YOU FROM EVERYONE ELSE, AND NOW YOU WENT AND ENDED IT ALL!!"

"Hide... m-me...?!" Liy stammered, her voice trembling as she began to tear up.

"She came to you on your way to me that day... She offered to come, to help you! And what did you do... KNOCKED HER OUT AND HID HER IN A STREET CORNER, HUH!! I HATE YOU!!!" Her mom suddenly screamed, grabbing Liy up on her feet by the hair before violently grabbing onto her arm.

"Mom... who... GODDAMNIT! WHO LIED TO YOU? YOU ARE THE MOST GULLIBLE PERSON EVER, HOLY SHIT!!!"

"No one lied to me. I was informed of the truth." Liy's mom replied with a teary grin, letting go of her daughter's arm before suddenly beginning to crack a laugh.

"By who." Liy crossed her arms, holding a firm stance as her mother simply continued to giggle before abruptly pausing.

"Him."

Liy froze in shock, her breaths becoming shorter and shorter as she began to shake her head in disbelief.
She walked back, tears filling her eyes as she simply tried to laugh it all off. A tactic that doesn't usually work too well.

"There's n-no way... HIM? B-But I watched him disappear... right... before... my-"

Before Liy could finish, her mother firmly gripped onto her shoulders, looking into her eyes with malice.

"You can't eliminate the very thing that brought you here."

"....No."

...

"STOP IT! FUCK OFF! STOP! STOP! STOP! STOP! STOP! STOP!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

...

"SHUT THE FUCK UP! I HATE YOU!!!!!!"

"M-Mom...?" Liy stammered, her eyes filling with tears as Pillow walked forward.

"Oookay... Time to end this awkward convo!" Pillow smirked, pulling out her trusty baseball bat before quickly knocking the woman down.

"P-PILLOW? HOW ARE YOU ALIVE?!" Liy shrieked, a look of genuine fear on her face as the girl simply smiled.

"I know you killed me, but I forgive you!!!" Pillow squealed in a childish voice.

"WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TRYING TO DO?!" Liy screamed back, trying her best to pull the baseball bat away from Pillow.

"I'm experimenting! Duh!!!" Pillow replied back, quickly knocking Liy back onto the ground before slamming the bat onto her head with all her might, leaving the lightswitch knocked unconscious on the cold ground.

She flicked her white hair back, letting out a silent laugh before turning back to the man.

"We can destroy Liy's plans now, can't we...?"

...

3/42 LEFT.

_____

hello all tis i dean and I hope you enjoyed this chapter

this was somewhat enjoyable to write lol

make sure to let me know what you think in the comments and as always stay tuned for chapter 20 (damn that went by so fast)

btw this book is over a year old now and I couldn't be happier

Word count: 13,625

Make sure to check out my art book for frequent updates, art, or just silly posting

anyways, byebye for now!!

_____

.

2014.

In a gloomy town, with somewhat exciting fights in the parks, lived two best friends!

Uh...

What was my line?!

...

"Hi, Pin!" A somewhat energetic needle waved, running over to the girl before abruptly pausing after seeing the dishevelled look on her face.

"I'm already so fucking over this!" The red pin rolled her eyes.

"It's quarter-past seven, you just got here! What happened now?"

"My stupid parents came home at like, 2 in the morning from their stupidly stupid anniversary party thing and they woke me up! I was having a good fucking dream too... dammit!"

"What were you dreaming about...?" Needle yawned, rubbing her eyes as Pin continued.

"That this stupid school lit on fire." Pin cracked a smirk before scrunching her face again.

"...oh, alright!"

"Yeah..."

"..."

"No, and after that when I was getting ready, my mascara smudged really bad onto my face, I just, I dunno if you can tell..." She added before pointing at the barely obvious smudge marks that seemed invisible due to her bright red colour.

"Yeah, totally saw..." Needle murmured as the two began walking down the pavement.

Pin let out a loud yawn, stretching her arms up into the air as she

quietly walked through the leaves.

"Y'know what I realised?" She broke the silence as Needle curiously turned to her.

"What?"

"I could've b-"

"HEY GUYS! HEY, HEY!!" A rickety and quite irritating voice called to the two girls as they turned around.

"Oh my gosh, not this guy..." Needle whispered to Pin, facepalming as the boy pulled out a brand new MePhone 3.

"Look at this phone I got! There's, like, apps for everything! Apps for the weather, apps for videos, it's like, insane man!"

"Is there an app that'll make you walk the other way and jump into the resevoir by the road?" Pin added with a nonchalant expression as the piece of toast gasped melodramatically.

"Nah, there should be an app that makes him grow wings and fly away so we don't see him again!" Needle snickered before her and Pin shared a high five.

"W-What...? You two are crazy... you can't joke like that!"

"Oh my gosh, just piss off Bread-ee.... Or whatever your name is!" Pin snapped loudly, getting increasingly annoyed.

"It's Buttered Toast!"

"GET THE FUCK OUT YOU GREASY, OVER-FRIED BITCH!" The thumbtack shouted as loud as she could as the boy began to sulk.

Needle turned to Pin as the silence grew once again, shrugging and watching as the piece of toast gasped for air amidst the sudden and awkward flurry of tears.

"Y-You're mean!" He cried before hopping away down the road.

"MY MOM SAYS BULLIES GET NOWHERE!!"

"..."

"That was so over the top..." Needle shrugged as Pin began to groan loudly.

"THAT was way too much for this morning, there is no way I'm gonna get through the day anymore!" Pin folded her arms as she angrily stamped through the road.

"So, are you gonna skip class again?"

"What choice did that kid just leave me with?!"

"You can't just skip class!" Needle quickly snapped.

"Why not?!"

"Because if you skip class, you're just gonna be in trouble, and then you'll have an even shittier day!"

"Fine, but I swear, if I have to talk to anyone like him again, you're not seeing me for the rest of today and the today after!" Pin rolled her eyes as her friend sighed.

"We're leaving school in May anyways Pin, get over it!"

"We have two months of pure hell..."

.

LATER THAT DAY.

"One, two, three, four! Who will eat the sandwich on the floor?"

"Not me!"

"Not me!!!!"

"Not... m.... DAMMIT!"

"Big deal, you lost! Now go eat the moulding tuna sandwich that has

been laying in the lunch hall for 5 months!" Needle smirked, leaning her face onto her palm as Pin groaned.

"No, ew! Plus, I heard that rumours have went around about that Liy girl in our class..."

"Liy? Huh... I don't recall who she is actually!" Needle sighed before turning back to the girl.

"She's in my class! Her and Foldy used to be besties y'know? But they fell out and I dunno why!"

"Because it's none of your business, dumbass!" Needle snapped.

"It's everyone's business! We have PE today and we can see 'em maybe... argue or fight! If they do please, please, please record it! That stupid prick math teacher took my phone!" Pin pleaded loudly, holding her palms together as Needle sighed.

"Ugh, fine..."

P.E.

"DANG IT! WHY DOES THE BALL KEEP GOING TO THE OTHER TEAM?!" Pin huffed loudly, catching her breath as she fell to her knees.

"I-I DUNNO! I'M TRYING BUT I JUST CAN'T SEEM TO CATCH IT! LETS JUST GO TO THE BLEACHERS, PIN!" Needle loudly replied as she carried her friend off of the grass before sitting down on the plastic chairs.

.

"Needy..." Pin murmured quietly, leaning her head against the cold, metal railing as she sighed.

"Yeah?" Needle surprisingly replied calmly, despite the fact that she was referred to by a name she didn't exactly like.

Pin's eyes tiredly scoured the field as she let out a loud and somewhat obnoxious yawn before suddenly gasping.

"IS THAT, IS THAT A FIGHT?!" She shrieked, her eyes filling with excitement as she snatched Needle's MePod out of her bag.

"The quality is pretty mediocre, so just try to move closer without getting caught!" Needle replied as Pin walked down the seemingly long row of bleachers before witnessing a very familiar girl.

She pulled out the MePod, zooming in as the grainy camera captured none other than...

"LIY AND FOLDY?! OH MY NEEDLE FACTORY!! THIS IS GOLD PIN, WE COULD BE MULTI-MILLIONAIRES ON GRAPEVINE!!!!" Needle squealed, jumping up and down with excitement - which was a brutal contrast to the actual atmosphere, which was dark and tense.

"I'm pretty sure you get famous on things other than GrapeVine..." Pin sighed at Needle's slight foolishness as she continued to record the intense fight.

.

"How is your MePod this good at recording?" Pin jokingly sneered, despite being a little envious.

"Bitch don't be jealous." Needle snickered, softly elbowing Pin as she continued to record.

"OH MY PIN FACTORY!! SHE JUST GOT SLAMMED ONTO THE GROUND!!!!" Pin let out a shrill scream, her hands shaking with excitement as she watched Foldy get absolutely demolished from the sidelines.

"Stapy's lucky he isn't here to witness this!" Needle laughed, leaning onto the railing as she watched the fight escalate.

"That boy is such a simp, he needs to get a job!" Pin added, rolling her eyes as she watched the teachers quickly broke the two girls apart.

"I don't think he's... y'know what, whatever!"

...

THE NEXT WEEK.

The 'Cool' Group.

"Can you believe what that girl did to me last week?!"

"Oh yeah..." A red stapler replied while eating the school's not-so-freshly-made chips.

"She full on GRABBED me, and kept slamming me onto the ground! And the teachers just let her off like it was nothing!" Foldy complained, rolling her eyes as she took a sip out of her bottle of soda.

"Oh...I wasn't really... damn."

"Are you even listening?" She yelled, an offended look in her eyes as her turquoise face angrily shrivelled up.

"Why don't you two just calm down!" A light-purple highlighter nervously smiled as Foldy rolled her eyes.

"Pastel, not now! He's-"

"I didn't do anything..." Stapy uttered blankly as he continued to silently eat his food.

"You're literally ignoring me!" Foldy snapped immediately, a flame of rage igniting in her eyes as the other two sighed.

"What the hell? You just keep going on, and on, and on about this Liy bitch! It's been an entire week and you still haven't gotten over it! Plus, weren't you guys friends before all of this nonsense?!

"I DON'T CARE ABOUT THAT! DID YOU SEE WHAT SHE DID TO ME?"

"Lovers quarrel..." Pastel Highlighter sighed, picking up her lunch tray before getting up on her feet and walking off.

"Go revise and then maybe you'd have the same privileges as her. She only got off the hook because she's smart as hell! She gets like 95%

on each test, dude!" Stapy shrugged somewhat nonchalantly as he slammed the box of chips onto the table.

"It's not about that, oh my gosh! It's like you purposefully act dumb because you don't know which side to take when the choice is obvious!" Foldy scoffed, refusing to back down.

"Well then, for me it's an act and for you it's reality. You're dumb! Forget about her and move the hell on already!!"

"What?!"

"Even that's a foreign concept for you."

"Oh, fuck off!" Foldy snapped before getting up and stamping off angrily.

Stapy blinked, not a hint of anger or sadness in his eyes, although he was very confused.

"You forgot your food..."

...

The Duo.

"You gonna join the lunch line?" Needle mumbled as she leaned on the desk of the empty classroom.

"Maybe... I just... well, I..."

Needle looked towards her friend, Pin, a hint of confusion in her tired eyes as Pin nervously fidgeted with her fingers.

"What if we get in trouble?" Pin hesitated, swinging her feet as she slowly span around in the computer chair she was sat on.

"For what? We didn't do anything!"

"I... I mean the video! I'm..."

"..."

"I'm worried, ok?!" Pin cried, holding her face as she let out a rickety sigh.

"You hate school though!" Needle replied.

"I know, it's just my parents! They'll start nagging about discipline and shit if I get in trouble with school, and then they'll ground me!"

Needle yawned, boosting herself up to sit on the desk before turning to her friend.

"We uploaded it on a ghost account, no biggie!" The sewing tool shrugged as Pin sighed once again.

"Alright... I'll just get us food." Pin murmured, getting up on her feet before walking out into the noisy main corridor of the school.

.

Pin trodded down the hall, her mind blank as she quietly looked towards the ground.

"Stupid... it's just stupid!" A loud and angry voice grumbled.

"What?" Pin looked back up, the lights of the hallway shining in her face as she was knocked down the the ground along with someone else.

.

"Ow-"

"OWWW, WHAT THE HELL?! MY LEG!!" A very overdramatic, high-pitched and attention-seeky voice yelled, her tone over-exaggerated.

"Shut up! You fell down just like me, big deal!" Pin rolled her eyes as she turned to face none other than Foldy who was on her knees.

The red thumbtack hopped back onto her feet, dusting herself off before facing the other girl.

"STOP BEING RUDE TO MEEE!!!" She continued to wail, batting her

eyes as a group of girls from the same class as the two came running down the corridor to help Foldy up.

"Foldy! Are you okay?"

"Yeah Foldy, do you need a teacher?"

"Foldy, Foldy, sign my backpack please!!!"

Foldy sighed, looking Pin up and down before shutting her eyes very tightly, and before the two knew it, tears came rolling down her face.

"S-She pushed me down... I-I... d-don't know why! I didn't... I didn't d-do anything to her...!" The scheming origami began to sulk, her stutters clearly and painfully forced as she looked down to the floor.

"Bitch, I fell down just like you! Why is it such a big deal? People like you never get anywhere past high school!!" Pin snapped back before being harshly shoved to the wall by one of the other girls.

"Don't talk to her like that you piece of shit!"

"This is so out of pocket for no reason..." Pin facepalmed, furrowing her eyebrows before rolling her eyes.

"WHO THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE? DON'T ROLL YOUR EYES AT ME!" Foldy screamed, quickly breaking character as a crowd quickly began to form around the two.

"FIGHT! FIGHT!!"

"You all are so bored." Pin blinked, inspecting her nails as she put a hand on her hips.

"BASH HER IN THE FACE, GO ON FOLDY!"

"With what arms...? She'd end up by kicking herself in the face if she tried." Pin yawned, rubbing her eyes before shoving her way out of the crowd.

Foldy rolled her eyes, also deciding to walk away from the mess that she created.

"At least the lunch line is empty!" Pin smiled, sprinting over to the counter.

—

LATER THAT DAY.

Room 101.

"I brought you food!"

"..."

"Silence!"

"Well geez. 'Was only coming here to see one person!"

"*Well,* see them in silence!!!" The teacher retaliated to the highlighter, tapping his pen on the table

"Holy shit."

"WHAT WAS THAT?!"

"Nothing sir...! Just... nothing."

She walked through the room, the silence ringing in her ears as she clutched onto the tray.

"Liy, long time! Y-You alright...?"

The purple highlighter grabbed a chair, sitting nervously in front of Liy as she placed down her lunch tray on the table.

"..."

"If you want, I can come back l-"

"Why are you here, Pastel?!" Liy snapped, her eyes filled with distrust and doubt as the Highlighter simply smiled.

"I was worried about you!"

"You remember what happened at the talent show..." Liy pressured, clenching her fists.

"It's all good! I don't have any animosity against you y'know?" Pastel beamed as she turned her vision down to the ground.

"You're lying."

"Eh?"

"You were hurt, weren't you."

"I-"

"It made you feel upset. Didn't it?"

"Liy..." Pastel smiled, folding her arms as she leaned forward to face her.

"I'm perfectly fine."

"No you're not." Liy snapped, her tone becoming low and threatening.

"The slap made you feel like a useless friend, and it exposed how vulnerable you truly are. You're so afraid of hurting me with your feelings so you present yourself through a false persona, one of a confident, fearless, perfect girl's, though you and me know damn well what the truth is."

.

"What?! No, I-"

"Don't even try to play Mary Sue! You're a dirty liar and there's nothing else to it!!" Liy yelled, slamming her fist on the table before being shushed by the teacher.

"Why the fuck do you act like you know everything, huh?!" Pastel snapped, her eyes watering with angered tears as Liy looked to the side.

"I'm not acting!" Liy snapped somewhat childishly.

"Shut up!"

"Wow... you really get pissed when someone blows your cover, huh! Don't worry, I won't tell Foldy or Stapy, because it'll be even more fun to watch the looks on their faces when they realise you're nothing but a bullshitting bitch!"

"..."

Liy smirked, watching as the girl got back up on her feet.

"You're not gonna say anything?" She teased, watching as the highlighter simply pushed in the chair before picking up the food tray.

"....Okay Liy."

"Why are you so mad, I just told the truth! Something you're not capable of doing."

"OH MY GOSH, WILL YOU JUST SHUT UP?!" Pastel screamed, her food tray dropping off her trembling hands and onto the ground as Liy stopped smiling.

"I SAID SILENCE! THIS ISN'T A PLAYGROUND, SO UNLESS YOU WANNA BE SAT HERE FOR THE REST OF THE DAY, LEAVE THE ROOM!" The teacher sitting at the front desk yelled at them both, slamming his fists on the table so hard that the entire room began to shake.

"I was gonna go anyways." The purple highlighter murmured under her breath as she walked out the room, slamming the door loudly as she did.

Liy began to smirk again, turning her vision back to the front desk just to see the teacher staring right back at her with an extremely irritated look on his face.

"Do you never learn?!"

"Learn what...?" Liy rolled her eyes as the teacher sighed, rubbing his temples before looking back at the girl.

"This is the reason you're in here and not out like everyone else, Liy. You're extremely rude! Don't you know there's limits? Some things you say could hurt people's feelings!" The teacher scolded.

"What, so you're gonna pull me out of my classes - the only reason you're meant to be in school in the first place - because I hurt someone's feelings? People in this school are weak as hell!" Liy yelled back somewhat immaturely.

"That's not the point! You need to understand that not everyone is gonna think like you Liy, maybe there's something you wouldn't care about or take seriously, but to someone else it would mean a lot!"

"So...?"

"You need to be disciplined..." The teacher sighed, facepalming as Liy simply shrugged.

...

"You're gonna call in my dad to have a meeting about my behaviour again... right?"

"Guess so."

.

Troubled Student: Liy.

Act 1: Introducing The Problem.

"You understand why I called you here so urgently, correct sir?"

"No... what happened?"

"Have you took the time to talk to your daughter at all?"

"What did she do?"

Clueless stare.

"I didn't fucking do anything!" Liy snapped, slouching down sloppily on her chair as her dad began to give her a dark stare.

"This... this is what I mean sir. Liy has been using extremely vulgar language to spite her peers!"

"She did what?!" The man let out an exaggerated gasp as the teacher cleared his throat.

"Liy has been showing signs of a troubled past based on her very sudden shift in behaviour towards both classmates and teachers, and we'd like to look into that. If I may ask, how is she like at home?"

"She's usually alright!" He smiles.

I hate that smile.

That stupid, stupid smile...

Stop lying to them all.

"That's good to hear, so... have you noticed Liy's behaviour shift at all throughout the past 3 months?"

"No, no I haven't...!"

Of course you haven't.

"Fair enough... any signs of physical change?"

"No."

"Isolating herself?"

"Not at all! My... my..."

"Hm...?"

"My... my L-Liy is a very outgoing and sociable girl!"

"I see. Well, she doesn't have any siblings so I was assuming that maybe this could be one of the main factors surrounding her behaviour."

"No, no, no... what a ludicrous thought!"

"I'm sorry?"

"What?"

...

"You just said that-"

"I never said anything."

"..."

"Moving on!"

Act 2: Offering Up Solutions?

"What do you think of weekly counselling?" The teacher asked with a friendly smile.

Liy sighed, looking up towards the teacher who simply continued to smile.

"I don't mind, whatever works!" Her dad grinned somewhat forcefully as the teacher began to write into a sheet of paper.

I would rather die than talk to someone else about my problems.

"What do you think, Liy?" The teacher turned to the girl, who was in her own world at this point.

"Liy...?"

"LIY!" Her dad shouted loudly, his voice echoing through the room as Liy let out a gasp.

"Huh... what?" Liy murmured, holding her head as she turned her vision back towards him.

"Do you think that counselling is good for you?"

"Y-Yeah! Totally..."

Act 3: Conclusion.

"Alright... how does tomorrow at 12:45pm sound?"

"That's great!" The man beamed as Liy awkwardly looked to the side.

"Good to hear! Hope to see you there tomorrow, Liy!"

"Uh-huh..."

Overall: Solving problems has never been easier!

.

"Vulgar language? What bullshit. You would never be capable of spewing out such words!"

"Oh..."

"Because you're just weak! Weak, useless and unwanted... I can't believe I have to put up with you!"

....

....

"I wish I could, like, escape from this hotel."

FIN.

history of my life. - chapter 20a

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.

"Pencil. I never got to tell her that I found a key to one of the rooms! Now she's gone like the rest of them..."

"You, like, need to chill out. Because I'm here! We can discover the hotel, like, together friend!!"

"I wish, Match."

"Bro. What about me? What happened to staying strong and fighting for us to escape?!"

"I'm sorry, Eraser. My fate is already sealed. Im gonna die here like everyone else, losing my friends and having to carry the burden of not being able to save you forever."

"Like, chillax already! I know we died, like, super awful deaths but have you forgot? We're, like, still here!!"

"Yeah, bro! I'm not in that weird maze place that Liy sent me to!!"

"Hold up, LIY?!"

"Like, yeah! Anyone with, like, half a brain would know that she's super, super suspicious."

"I'm not too sure about that... seriously? She looked scared like the rest of us!"

"Don't be silly dude, she was literally behind us during the five room thingy, the arguments, she even had her own room while we had to share! That screams suspicious to me and I knew something was up, even though Erasers don't have brains."

"I can even ask, like, Pence Pence. She's gonna spawn here in a few minutes!!"

"Spawn? What are you talking about? What is all of this?!"

"We may seem like, like, ghosts, but we're actually real. Do I need to keep telling you, like, Writing Utensil?"

"Writing Utensil? Wait never mind, that doesn't matter, but how are you real when I saw you all go right before my eyes?!"

"Because, uuuh..."

"Don't be such a, like, dum-dum Eraser! When we die, our spirits, like, remain!!"

"So everyone else is still here too?!"

"Uuuh, yeah? Wait, gimme, like, a second. FRIES!!!"

"What do you want? I was taking a nap."

"So Pen is, like, confused on how this works."

"I get it now, you just told m-"

"So, right, essentially we're ghosts. In your head. We're only real to you."

"Like, exactly! You can, like, go now Fries!"

"Finally..."

"Match! You said Pencil was gonna be back in a bit, right? I need to tell her that I found this!"

"Just give it, like, another minute ok? She's going through something called the spirituality loop."

"What's that?!"

"Bro, it's like when your soul gets transported out of your body so it can regenerate you again, or something like that."

"Like, yeah!!"

"So… she's gonna be back in about…"

"Now!"

"…"

"OW! WHAT'S THIS STUFF!"

"O-M-G, Pence Pence!!"

"I can… breathe air again?!"

"You, like, can!"

"Finally, gosh it took so long! That fire thingy was so over the top."

"For reals… I saw who poured that gasoline on you!"

"Gasoline, WHO?!"

"Okay, so like, Liy had this big bucket and she was waiting by, like, the bedroom door that you, GB and Pen were having your little discussion-argument-resolution thing… and she saw you walk out with that shocked look on your face!"

"Alright…"

"Then she ran over to you while you didn't notice, poured it right onto you then pushed you into Firey right as he was walking out of his room, and BAM!!"

"WHAT?! LIY'S SO WEIRD!!"

"I, like, know!! You didn't have to go mad like that either, I was literally just sitting there right next to you dum-dum!"

"Oh. Well that's a relief! I definitely scared off Pen didn't I... Gosh, I'm so weird, I should've never said those things ever!!!"

"Oh, speaking of Pen, he's right there."

"Pen? Hi buddy!!"

"Pencil!! I found this key! I dunno where it goes though. I wanted to discover with you but you went..."

"It's all Liy's fault, duh."

"Like, yeah, IT'S LIY!!"

"LIY! LIY! LIY! LIYYYYY!!!!!!!!"

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"Remote? Remote! I'm here buddy!!"

.

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"I'll save you!!"

.

.

"What on Earth could you be doing in a place like this?!"

.

.

.

"Please Remote, it's me! I'm not gonna hurt you like Liy did!"

.

"Hurt... me?"

.

"AHHH!! ...remote?"

.

"What are you talking about?"

.

"Remote, it's you! I'm so glad, let's go now, quick!!"

.

"I... can't go."

.

"What? Why...? Black Hole and Bottle and everyone else is waiting for you! We've been searching for you for so long! Don't you wanna come home?!"

.

"I can't. Also, Bottle is dead."

.

"Remote...? No she's not, she never came to the hotel! She was with us! Just, come back!!!!"

.

"Liy... she saved me. I can't leave her side, I just can't!"

.

"Liy didn't save you, she killed off everyone!! What are you talking about?!"

.

"How dare you accuse our empress of such violent acts! I should have you

punished!!"

.

"Wait... wait, WHAT?!"

.

"Liy killing... why do you lie?!"

.

"Wh-"

.

"YOU LIE!!"

.

"..."

.

"You're lucky that empress Liy didn't hear that... SHE WOULD HAVE YOUR HEAD!!"

.

"I-I'm sorry?!"

.

"But she's not! Because she's nice. She would spare even the lowest of low like you or me."

.

"..."

.

"You see, Tree. Liy has made so many sacrifices for this world, more than

you would ever be able to comprehend! She gave us a brand new universe full of joy and brand now experiences. We never deserved this... because, we're simply characters written to eternally compete in variations of BFDI until the series ends for good, which by that point we'd be nothing but assets laying in computer files."

.

"B-But... THAT'S NOT TRUE! I have a life, a family, a whole entire world beyond BFDI!!"

.

"You know that was a lie, right.."

.

"."

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"Those 'lives' we had were simply manufactured to give us some relevance within the story. In reality, we're just pawns. We're toys for those human viewer people to vote to save, or eliminate! You see..."

.

"N-No..."

.

"WE NEVER, EVER HAD LIVES FROM THE START!!"

.

"I-... have... a life..."

.

"IT WAS A LIE! YOU WERE LIED TO! YOU'RE JUST SOME DUMB ASSET WITH ANIMATED LIMBS AND A VOICE ACTOR! IN REALITY, WE'RE ALL NOTHING! THAT'S WHY LIY GAVE US A UNIVERSE WHERE WE COULD BE OURSELVES WITHOUT THAT CONTROL!!!!"

.

"But in that sense, WOULDN'T LIY JUST BE AN ASSET TOO? WOULDN'T SHE HAVE A VOICE ACTOR, BE AN ANIMATED CARTOON?"

.

"No."

.

"No...? How is she any different from the rest of us!!"

.

"She's Liy. Liy always had immunity, because she's our light, our saviour! She saved us from being controlled by viewers! She gave us a reason to exist!!"

.

"T-That's... THAT'S BULLSHIT! SHE WAS JUST LIKE US!"

.

"DON'T YOU EVER, EVER, EVER SAY ANYTHING ABOUT OUT EMPRESS NEGATIVELY AGAIN!!!!!!!!"

.

"Remote..."

.

"Liy. She saved us. She's our wonderful empress. We must be grateful to her every waking hour of our lives."

.

"I..."

.

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..

..

"I... understand. Liy saved us. Liy is our empress. We must be grateful to her for every second of our lives."

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HISTORY OF MY LIFE - CHAPTER 20a.

(Hello there!! just a quick disclaimer before you continue reading - this chapter; not including the beginning, is entirely a flashback and doesn't correlate with the real time events within the story. Also, due to the length, this chapter will be split into two parts. With that aside, please enjoy!)

⚠TW: Bullying, Graphic Violence⚠

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2013.

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.

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Mom…

…

It was just you, and me.

.

Me, and you.

.

And no one else.

.

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.

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"Foldy! Foldy! Wake up!!"

.

"Please... I can't go to school alone man!"

.

"FOLDY!!"

.

"Huh... what?" The origami yawned, slowly opening her eyes just to see a familiar red face staring right back at her.

"Hey, you're finally up, let's go already! I'll carry your bags, your books, your-"

"H-How'd you get into my house?!" Foldy shrieked, getting up on her feet as the boy nervously laughed.

"Your front door was unlocked... uhh... maybe I should just go!" Stapy awkwardly grinned, folding his arms as he looked to the side.

"No, don't!"

"Wh-"

"Lemme get my school bag."

.

.

"So... why'd you just leave the front door open?"

"I... dunno." Foldy sighed, "My mom comes back from work late and always forgets because she's so tired... I guess!"

Stapy looked at his friend, a smile forming on his face as he softly leaned his arm against her paper body.

"Are you kidding me? My stupid sister does that all the time!!" The boy groaned, rolling his eyes somewhat exaggeratedly as he continued.

"She always gets told off after it, but she just doesn't care! All she cares about is makeup, and selfies, and all that girly stuff that I don't get at all!

"Really, Stapy?"

"What?"

"You should get it by now! Selfies and makeup, fashion, jewellery... it's just a staple routine in my life!"

"Staple! I get the joke now..." He elbowed Foldy with a grin as she smiled back.

"Ha... ha..." Foldy smirked, faking a laugh as they walked right up to the school gates.

Stapy looked up to the sky, letting out a sigh before hopping inside.

"School. Y'know, I really hate this place!"

"Don't we all, Stapy?"

"True..."

.

.

"STAPY! STOP THROWING AROUND THESE STUPID PAPER AEROPLANES AROUND WHEN I'M TRYING TO TEACH YOU ALL BIOLOGY!!"

"Sorry ma'am... it just slipped off my finger!" Stapy smirked as the entire class began to laugh and snicker.

"You kids... when will you learn that life has way more to it than playing catch with these stupid origamis!" The teacher rubbed her temples before sighing.

"Don't you curse Foldy like that!" The stapler snapped back, accompanied with more laughter.

"Right... If you aren't going to pick up a pen and take notes, THEN GET OUT OF MY DAMN CLASS!!"

"Thank you!" Stapy let out an exasperated breath, exaggeratedly waving the class goodbye before slamming the door.

.

"I hate school!" He huffed, folding his arms as he trodded down the halls of the aged and slightly peeling school building.

His mind began to wonder, a look of intense thought and focus in his eyes as he clenched his fists together.

"How can... I..."

He scratched his chin, a cluster of thoughts swirling around in his mind as he slid through the seemingly endless hallways, which seemed as if each step made the way feel longer, and longer... and longer...

And...

"Ow!" He let out a panicked shout as he felt himself crash into someone before clumsily tumbling onto the ground.

"Well, that really serves as a damning reality check, doesn't it..." Stapy coughed, pushing himself back up straight before turning to see a pair of watery eyes staring back at him.

The lightswitch wiped her face, looking to the ground with slight embarrassment as her eyes scoured around to try and spot her books.

"You... you okay?" He smiled, holding his hand out to girl who couldn't help but stare back at him in shock, her eyes wide open as

her face began to go pale before flushing red with embarrassment.

"I-"

"I'll help you get up!" Stapy persisted, stretching his hand further to the girl as she reluctantly grabbed onto it.

She looked to the side, refusing to even make eye contact with the boy as she began to awkwardly pick up her books one by one.

"Where's your class? I can help you take those!!" Stapy continued to persist, his contagious kindness causing the girl to crack a slight smile after a while.

"See, I knew it! Smile more, just a bit more!!" He laughed as the girl held one of the books over face.

"I... s-should go...!" She stuttered, clutching her books tightly as she tried her best to walk away from the scene, though that proved to not work at all.

"What? Cmon! You didn't even tell me your name, or what year group you're in, or what class you're in, or anything! As far as I know, you're the Quiet Lightswitch Girl!"

The girl blinked, the words slipping out of her mouth as she stumbled back.

"Quiet Lightswitch Girl! You like that nickname, don't you!" Stapy teased, immediately getting chummy with the girl despite only having ever seen her just this once.

"..."

"Can you tell me your name... please Quiet Lightswitch Girl? It's such a pain to say three words at once to refer to you, y'know?"

"..."

"I can't hear you...!"

"I-It's... Liy!"

Stapy blinked, slipping into deep thought once more before turning back to the girl.

"Liy... your name is unique! I like it. I'm Stapy!"

.

.

.

.

"Liy...?"

"Yeah! I stumbled into her while I was walking down the hallway, and she was so quiet... she seems cool though!"

"Hm, I think she's in my class but I dunno..." Foldy pondered, looking around curiously as she tried to pinpoint who the name belonged to.

"We're all still new to this high school place anyway. It's good that you got to know someone! But just promise you won't ever leave me behind."

She looked at the boy with sincere eyes, smirking as he began to nervously laugh once more.

"Of course I won't, we've been friends for as long as I can remember!"

"That's good! It's not like I'm stopping you from knowing people or anything..."

Foldy smiled, looking to the side as her joyous face began to fade away and shrivel up.

"You... okay?"

"Yes!!"

.

.

.

.

.

.

"Come with me after school... to the coffee shop downtown...? Huh..."

Liy blinked, turning the paper over just to see a sloppily drawn picture of her scribbled in with a blue marker.

"P.S., bring money please..., I don't have any?!"

She sighed, digging into her tattered black bag before pulling out a five-dollar bill that was seemingly shoved into the very bottom, hence the rips on the sides.

"Why are you asking me for money when this is your idea...?"

.

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.

.

"S-Stapy?! You... gave me this letter?"

"Sure did!" The boy smirked, leaning against the school gates as Liy nervously twiddled her feet.

"I don't even properly know you though.." She sighed, clutching onto her bag as the stapler began to laugh.

"That's why I gave you the invite? So we can get to know each other! Don't be silly!"

"You... want to get to know me?" Liy responded back quietly, her eyes wide with shock as she tried her best to suppress her inner excitement.

"Yes!!" Stapy yelled back with a smile as the girl looked away before turning back to him with a slightly enraged look on her face.

"Stop joking around!"

"...I'm not joking."

"..."

"Please come with me!" Stapy suddenly started to plead, holding his palms together as he shuffled closer to Liy with a saddened look on his face.

"Don't be silly, I can clearly see what you're really-"

"Just this once!"

"Y-"

"PLEASE?!"

"N-No! I don't wanna go!"

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"How's your coffee?"

"It's okay I guess..."

Liy leaned her face against her palm, quietly swirling her coffee around with a spoon to awkwardly pass the time.

"I'm sorry I made you pay for all of this y'know, how silly of me!!"

She looked up towards him, taking a sip out of her coffee before nodding.

"It's okay."

"You sure?"

"Y-..."

Stapy raised an eyebrow at the sudden pause, watching as the girl began to cover her face with her hands before letting out a laugh.

"Yeah! No biggie!!" Liy replied loudly, her eyes overflowing with confidence as she smiled.

"Anyways, I never really got to know, but, what class are you in?" Stapy asked in a quick attempt to change the subject.

"Well, I'm actually in Foldy's class!" Liy exclaimed, fidgeting the spoon in her hand somewhat hyperactively as she tapped her feet on the ground.

"You should get to know her y'know, she's my super cool best friend and she's so nice, and friendly, and awesome, and, AND-"

"Foldy seems like an amazing person!" Liy giggled somewhat forcefully, taking another sip out of her coffee cup.

"She is! I promise you!! Just get to know her and you too would automatically become inseparable besties!!!!"

"Huh..."

I lived my whole life thinking that no one would ever want to be my friend, but here I am.

"You really do seem like a cool person, y'know Liy? I know it sounds like I'm just talking, but it's true. There's just something about you..."

Liy went silent, looking down to her now empty cup as she began to ponder.

"What's so interesting about me?"

"Everything, really! You have this certain characteristic that I can't exactly put my finger on... something that makes people want to talk to you and get to know you."

"R-Really...?"

"Yeah!!"

"..."

"Wait, oh my gosh, I can't believe I forgot to ask you this!!" Stapy exclaimed before grabbing a tissue and a pen out of his bag.

"Let's exchange numbers!" He excitedly asked, quickly writing his down onto the tissue before passing it over to Liy who quickly grabbed it.

She looked back at him, the shock on her face palpable as she shoved the tissue in her bag.

"I'll text you back, okay? My phone's dead right now!"

"Sure!"

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.

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"You gave her your number?!"

"Yeah! Aren't I good at making friends Foldy?" Stapy proudly grinned.

"You kinda give girls the impression that you're flirting with them though. Brutally honest but it's the truth!" Foldy replied with a straight face.

"No I don't!" Stapy quickly snapped before going silent.

"Do... I?"

Foldy silently nodded with a smirk.

"Oh."

"Well...?"

"Should I just not text her then?" Stapy uttered, quite confused as his friend let out a laugh.

"No? You already gave her your number so you might as well! Otherwise it'd be rude!"

"So I should or I shouldn't?"

"You should!!"

Stapy pulled out his phone, slowly unlocking it before seeing a large notification pop up on his screen.

"Oh, it's from YoyleMessage!!" He smiled as he opened the app up.

He cleared his throat, opening the ominous message before slowly reading it out to himself and Foldy.

"Hi, I just wanted to say that you're a super cool person and we should hang out some more. Also, do tell me more about this Foldy girl!!"

"She's a dry texter."

"Really? That's the first thing you say?!"

Foldy rolled her eyes, shrugging before snatching the phone out of Stapy's hands.

"What are you doing...?" The boy stared towards his best friend, who was focused and typing something into his phone.

"Here, take!" Foldy replied before pushing the phone back to him.

He quickly caught the device, hastily opening up the messaging app before reading the message that Foldy had sent on his behalf.

"Hey, it's Foldy. I stole Stapy's phone and just wanted to say that we should meet tomorrow during class...?"

"What do you think?" Foldy smirked somewhat proudly as the boy simply shrugged.

"You're brutally honest."

"I am?" She raised an eyebrow.

"Yeah?! Who the hell says that they stole someone's phone..."

"Well I'm not letting you delete it now! She read that message, right?"

"Lemme see..." Stapy murmured as he opened up the app again.

"It wasn't even delivered!"

"Maybe she's busy?" Foldy replied somewhat nonchalantly.

"I'll just leave it for now then..." Stapy sighed, switching off his phone before placing it down on the living room table.

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"Hi... I just wanted to say that you're a super cool person, and we should hang out more...!!!"

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"Oh my gosh, I hope he doesn't find me weird or anything..."

Liy sighed, staring back at the message for a few more seconds before hearing loud footsteps.

She gasped, quickly hiding 'her' phone under the pile of books on the desk before the door opened.

"What are you doing?!"

"I-... I-I'm just looking through... m-my books!"

"Looking through your books?"

Liy trembled, his sharp glare making her more and more nervous.

"Yeah..."

The man shook his head, turning to Liy before tightly grabbing her arm.

"We're going to your aunt's."

"W-What?!" Liy shrieked, turning back to the pile of books before sighing sadly.

"..."

"What about mom...?"

"Leave your mom alone, she's tired!"

"...tired."

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"Oh my gosh, I haven't seen you in ages! I missed you so much y'know!!!" A loud and somewhat high pitched voice yelled in excitement.

"Yeah... me too...!"

"Oh, and you have a daughter? What's her name!!??"

"Liy."

"Very unique name she has..."

"..."

"Well then, come in!!"

Liy nervously walked through, her head dropping to the ground as she clutched her hands tightly.

"Y'know, I made food and everything! I made spaghetti, garlic bread, some pizza and I chopped up some fruits!!"

"That's very nice." The man forced a smile as him and Liy sat down on the black couch.

"It must've taken so long to get here, right? From that little town place you live in, all the way to Goiky? Didn't you bring, y'know, gifts...?" The woman smiled while holding a cup of tea in her hand.

"Gifts? Why the hell would you need gifts?"

"What?"

"Mom and Dad already have money, isn't that a gift enough?!"

"I don't need their money! I'm living fine here with money I work for!" She snapped loudly.

"Also, who just randomly asks for gifts? Isn't that meant to be a surprise?!"

"Well... urm..."

"Exactly! Be grateful I'm even here and not ignoring your frequent calls!"

"Huh. See, no matter what, you'll always be that little brother of mine who always bickers about the little things! You haven't changed a bit!!"

Liy silently turned to the side, her arms trembling with anxiety as she tried her very best to hold herself together.

"What's wrong with your daughter?" The girl's aunt quickly picked up on her shaking arms before turning back to her brother, who simply shrugged.

"I dunno, she... has a fever! Just give her a blanket or something!"

"You're right, I guess... It's November anyways! Always cold isn't it?"

"Yeah...!"

"You alright, Liy?" The woman smiled as she handed the girl a grey blanket.

"Y-Yeah, I'm fine!" She said in a whisper, her eyes watering as she looked back down to the ground.

"Is she always silent like this?"

"Yep. If she's really comfortable with someone, she'll get talking instantly!" The man lied.

"I was gonna introduce her to her cousins, but maybe I'll just leave that for later..."

.

"Well... why don't we go through our old photo album from the 90s!" The woman beamed enthusiastically, clapping her hands as she reached for a dusty red book on the shelf.

"Why are you so enthusiastic? I'll probably get a heart attack just by seeing the tonnes of mascara and eyeliner you used to smear on!" Her brother snapped back as she went silent out of embarrassment.

"D-Don't remind me of that..." She sighed before opening up the album to the very first page.

"Look, Liy! Your dad used to look just like you back in the day!" The woman smiled before pushing the book over to the girl.

Liy stared at the image for a good few seconds, not a single thought going through her mind, but rather the tears that filled her eyes to the very brim

"H-He... he looks l-like me..."

"I know!! Gosh... you looked so cute back then didn't you little brother!!!"

"Are you saying I don't look cute now?!"

"No..."

"..."

"Maybe, well... urm..."

"Well?"

"Whatever! Not a big deal! Let me get you guys some of the fruits I prepared!" Liy's sociable aunt shrugged before walking out of the living room.

Liy sighed, digging her face into the blanket as the silence began to stab at her eardrums.

Just... one more... chance...

One... more...?

"I have pineapples, grapes and raspberries!!" The woman walked back in, carrying a large bowl filled with the cut fruit.

"You washed them, right?" Her brother interjected with a smirk as she sighed.

"Yes, of course I did idiot!!"

She rolled her eyes, piercing a pineapple slice with a fork before eating it.

"These are so fresh! They got stocked into the local supermarket yesterday! Have a try!!"

Liy shyly took a handful of raspberries, quickly shoving them into her mouth and chewing then down as fast as she could.

"What do you think?"

"T-They're nice!" She smiled, her tearful eyes drying up as she grabbed another handful of grapes before messily eating them.

Liy's dad looked back towards her, his angry glare startling the girl so much to the point that she quickly placed all the fruits back.

"What's wrong? You're not hungry?"

Liy silently nodded, folding her arms before turning back to the ground.

"Well alright then... maybe I should get you talking with your cousins then!" The woman smiled, gently grabbing Liy's hand before leading her out of the living room and up the stairs.

The girl looked around the large house in awe, her eyes glowing with fascination as she stared towards the chandelier that slowly swayed from side to side on the ceiling while emitting a wonderful glow of light which reflected off the faux crystals, making the hallway feel more like a ballroom.

"Your house is really nice..." Liy murmured under her breath as the woman laughed.

"It took insanely long to put that chandelier up, y'know?"

.

"Guys! This is your cousin Liy, enjoy, bye." The woman briefly said before quickly closing the door, leaving Liy standing before her three cousins.

The lightswitch stepped back, looking towards the ground as a shadow cast over her face.

"Who... are you?" A girl around her age blurted out before being shushed by another one of them.

"Don't be stupid, Night Light, that's your cousin!!" A boy who looked older than all of them scoffed.

"Ohh! Hi there!" The globe-shaped night light got up on her feet before clutching onto Liy's hand and shaking it somewhat forcefully.

"H-Hi..." Liy smiled slightly, refusing to make eye contact before quickly turning back down to the floor.

"Stop it! You're scaring her you doofus!" The boy scoffed before softly

pushing his sister aside.

"I'm Glowstick, nice to meet you, uh... light.... switch...-y?"

"How are you calling me the stupid one when mom just said her name to you?!" Night Light yelled, pushing the boy back even harder.

"What's her name then genius?!"

"Liy! And you know what? She's now my sister!!" The girl smiled as Liy nervously laughed.

"You forgot to introduce our brother...?"

"Right! Well, that's Lava Lamp! He's... a lava lamp!" She exclaimed somewhat excitedly as she pointed towards her little brother who was too busy playing with toy cars to care.

"Why don't we play a board game? Yes! I'm grabbing Snakes and Ladders!!"

Liy stood frozen in place, all the words slipping out of her mouth as her eyes widened with shock.

"Well?" Glow Stick smiled as Liy quickly snapped back to reality.

"Aren't you gonna join us? Or are you just gonna be a statue?" He laughed as the girl shyly walked forward.

The young girl excitedly pulled out the box, quickly running back to where everyone else was before setting it down.

"You know how to play this, right Liy?" Night Light laughed nervously as the lightswitch subtly nodded.

"Don't be an idiot! Everyone knows this game!!"

"Shut up!! For that, you're gonna be the disgusting green piece!" The girl snickered before tossing the piece at her brother.

"Green gone, so red, blue, black and orange..."

"..."

"Liy! Wanna have the red piece?"

"Yeah..." Liy murmured quietly as the red piece was gently handed to her.

"Little bro! Do you wanna play with us too?"

"No!" The smallest one huffed before diving right back into his own world with his toy cars.

"Damn, not even Lava Lamp wants to play with you!" Glow Stick laughed somewhat childishly at his sister as she shrugged.

"Ever since mom got him those toy cars, he never ever wants to play games with us! But whatever, he's 6 so I'll just let him be."

"W-What colour... are you gonna be?" Liy managed to utter our before quickly covering her mouth in embarrassment.

"I'm gonna be orange! Because my light is orange and I love orange, I love to eat oranges, orange juice, orange-"

"We get it!!" Glow Stick rolled his eyes before turning back to Liy.

"So I'm green... uh... Liy is red, and Night Light is orange!"

"Yup! Let's give this game an orangey start!" The girl excitedly exclaimed before rolling the die.

"Four! I get four steps!" She smiled as she moved her piece forward.

"Who's turn is it now?" Night Light pondered before turning to her cousin with a somewhat creepy smile.

"Your turn...."

"Dude, quit trying to scare her and let's do me next instead!"

"Ugh, fineeee....!" The girl rolled her eyes as her brother cupped the die in his hands, shaking it around for a good few second before dropping it on the board.

"...one." He sheepishly murmured as his younger sister began to burst

out laughing.

Liy watched quietly, looking at her two cousins with a somewhat envious glare as they laughed and bantered.

Quite a drastic difference to the endless silence that she faced sitting in her room for hours and hours, staring at the walls just wishing that someone would play with her.

"This is the fun I'm missing out on, huh..." Liy unintentionally said out loud as she began to tear up and sniffle.

She clutched tightly onto her red piece, tears pouring out of her eyes as she tried her best to form so much as a smile.

"Liy! What's wrong?!" Night Light gasped, quickly running over to her cousin before wrapping her into a tight hug.

"I-I'm sorry...!" Liy gasped out, quickly getting up on her feet before running out of the room, dropping her red piece on the board.

"Well, that landed on 100! Liy wins!" Glow Stick clapped somewhat insensitively even though he was simply trying to lighten up the mood.

"Liy! COME BACK!!" Night Light chased after her cousin as fast as she could before hearing the echo of a door locking shut.

"DID I SAY ANYTHING WRONG? JUST ANSWER ME, PLEASE!!" She yelled, clawing at what she now realised was the bathroom door.

"I'M SORRY!!!!"

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That was the first and last time I ever saw my aunt and cousins.

My dad was super angry with me.

I wish I wasn't such a screw up.

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"WHAT THE HELL'S WRONG WITH YOU?!"

"I-I'm... sorry..."

"WHY CAN'T YOU JUST BE FUCKING NORMAL FOR ONCE? YOU WEAK LITTLE BITCH!"

"..."

"I regret it all. Why did I ever, EVER bring you over?! I KNEW IT WOULD END IN SHAME!!"

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"Liy! Hi there! Why didn't you respond to my messages yesterday?"

"...My phone died!"

"Oh." Stapy murmured before smiling again.

"Come with me!"

"Where to?" Liy replied back as he turned towards the cafeteria.

She sighed, innocently following him through the stuffy and crowded hallway before leading her to a table at the very back of the hall.

"Foldy, Liy. Liy, Foldy!" Stapy introduced the two girls, his innocent smile turning into a mischievous grin as he quickly snatched Foldy's unopened bottle of orange soda.

"Hey! That's mine!" Foldy yelled, trying to yank it back before quickly giving up and turning to Liy, who awkwardly looked to the ground.

"Hi! You're in my class, aren't you?" The girl smiled, trying her best to make Liy feel comfortable despite the fact that was quite annoyed.

"Y-Yeah..."

"Why are you so shy?! Speak, speak, speak already!!" Stapy laughed somewhat insensitively as Liy began to force a smile.

"I think... that... you..."

"I'll speak for her! I think that you're really stupid and I'm 10 times smarter than you!" Stapy mocked his best friend childishly before taking sip out of her orange soda.

"You wish, Stapy." Foldy rolled her eyes before turning back to Liy.

"Let's go to class together!" She smiled, getting up on her feet as Liy meekly followed.

.

"You seem cool to be honest! Sorry if Stapy was, uh, pushy... he's just like that sometimes, he means no harm though! He's actually quite a funny guy once you get to know him."

"I see... he's nice, y'know! Really, sometimes too nice, but he's nice." Liy added with a slight smile, slowly getting comfortable with the girl as her anxiety slowly began to fade.

"I know! Anyway, you know everyone in our next class, right?" Foldy questioned with a grin as Liy began to fumble.

"Uhh... well...!"

"It's no biggie, we're still new here. There's a free seat next to mine if you wanna sit together!"

Liy began to go silent with shock, her eyes widening as Foldy simply smiled.

"You're so nice... t-thanks! And sure!"

.

"Foldy."

"Here!"

"Li...y?"

"Here...?"

"Speak up! Gosh, these kids..."

"You speak up!" Foldy yelled as the class went silent with shock and slight excitement.

"I'm sorry? Where are your manners?!!" The teacher snapped back loudly as the girl rolled her eyes.

"You can't even pronounce her name properly and you're telling her to speak up? What braindead person decided to let you get a job as a teacher?!"

"WHAT THE HELL DID YOU SAY?!" The teacher screamed as the whole class burst out laughing.

Foldy went silent with a smirk, sitting back down on her chair as the classroom continued to giggle.

"Right, let's ignore that rude interruption and get on with the math lesson that you all so obviously need."

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"Why would you do that for me?" Liy whispered in surprise as Foldy turned to her.

"It's funny to piss off the teachers here to be quite honest." Foldy smirked as Liy's fascinated grin turned into slight disappointment.

That wasn't the answer I was really expecting...

"Anyways, you know how to do the math right?"

"Yeah!"

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My life only started to get better from this point forwards! Me and Foldy became best friends and we hung out all the time!

It was the first time I felt some joy in a while.

But of course, like everything in my life, it all comes crashing down into pieces.

Foldy has a new friend now? What's her name? You all know it!!

Pastel Highlighter.

Surprisingly enough, we were friends for a good while. But she was so damn easy to read.

She's one of those girls.

A stupid liar. She thinks that faking her life story is a better compromise than being honest. Of course, she doesn't like when people point it out, because it's the truth!!

Quit your fake nice act.

I can't believe I didn't notice it at first.

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Gosh, why can't you just admit you're jealous of her...

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12/2013.

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"Oh my gosh, I know it's been two days but I missed you so, so much Pastel! What did you do over the weekend?"

"Me and my mom went to that massive mall in Yoyle City!"

"Yoyle City? That's far away!!"

"We took a train to get there!"

Damn liar. Yoyle City is so far away, you can't just take one train to get there.

"What did you do Liy?" She turned to Liy, her eyes sparkling in the

sun as the lightswitch looked to the side.

"I had homework to finish off, so I didn't really go anywhere...!"

"Oh. I see! You're lucky, y'know? You don't even have to try because you're naturally smart anyways!" Pastel complimented Liy with a large smile as she began to get flustered.

"It's nothing, really! You know the school gives us easy homework."

"Then again, you're not *that* lucky... I don't even get homework!"

"What? Why?"

"I dunno... I guess they're being nice to me because they know how terrible I am at math!"

Liy kept up a smile, her eyes filling with sadness and slight jealousy as she turned to Foldy, who was looking through her bag.

"Where's Stapy?" Liy continued to smile as Foldy looked up.

"He's probably out playing football, you know how he is!"

"How can he play football?!" Liy raised an eyebrow as Foldy simply shrugged.

"He can't. He just cheats the game and somehow all the other kids are fine with it!" Foldy laughed, the thought of Stapy even trying to play football without his arms causing her to let out a loud chuckle.

"I'm gonna go for now then, bye!"

"Bye Liy!"

.

There was one thing I was still focused on, which now that I look back at it, I fucking hate to admit.

I had a crush on a certain someone.

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"Stapy! Catch the ball, quick man!!!"

"Got it!" He exclaimed, catching the football that was launched towards him before slamming it back to the other side with his fist as if he was playing volleyball instead.

Liy sat in the sidelines, clutching onto an aged red notebook while looking towards the match.

"I'm not gonna let you score that goal!"

"You're so talented..." Liy sighed with a lovestruck smile on her face as she clutched tightly onto the notebook.

She sat there with a large grin on her face, staring towards the boy as she slowly began to slip into her thoughts.

Blissfully unaware that a large sports ball was pummelling right towards her at lightning speed.

"LIY!!"

Liy blinked, finally looking up just to see the ball just inches away from slamming her right in her face.

She shut her eyes tightly, anxiously clenching her fists as if she was preparing for the impact.

"Gotchu!"

Although... nothing happened.

"S-Stapy?!" Liy shrieked, her face going bright red as he laughed.

"That was so close to hitting your face y'know? I caught it though! You proud of me? Just tell me you are!!" Stapy pleaded as Liy covered her face with her notebook in embarrassment.

"Yes... I am..."

"Yeah! That's why I'm top group in PE and you're in the middle!"

"Hey! At least I'm not in the lower group!" Liy quickly snapped back

as he began to laugh again.

"Chill out! Only kidding..."

"Oh."

"Anyways, I'm gonna go now so cya!!" He waved goodbye before returning to the pitch.

"How am I ever gonna win you over when Foldy's in the picture...?!" Liy groaned, a flustered look on her face as she began to remember how strong their friendship really was.

"I've only known him for two months, but she's known him since the beginning!"

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"Maybe I could grab his attention somehow..."

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1 DAY LATER.

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"Stapy! Wake up, I'm not gonna be late to school because of you!!"

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"Get up!!!"

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"STAPY!!!"

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"Huh... oh, Foldy!"

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"What? No!"

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"Who...?"

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"Your sister. Now get the hell up before mom scolds us both!"

"Sis, come on! Just go back to doing your makeup already and let me rest!!" Stapy yawned, covering his face with a pillow before his sister quickly yanked it away.

"Shut up and get to school!!" She yelled as her brother irritably got up.

"Get out of my room!"

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"Stapy, why are you so late? I was waiting for youuuuu...!!!" An annoyed voice complained at him, though it wasn't the voice that he was quite expecting.

"Liy?! I'm sorry, I just woke up late is all..." He laughed it off with a smile as Liy pouted exaggeratedly.

"Don't be late again, okay?!" Liy pleaded before grabbing his hands and holding them tight, a move that neither him nor Foldy watching in the sidelines expected.

"Pleaseeee...?!" She added in a childish voice, interlocking her fingers with Stapy's as he quickly began to hesitate.

"O-Okay!!" He began to blush and sweat nervously as Liy refused to let go.

"No! Tell me that you promise to come in early tomorrow, okay?!"

"Alright, fine..." Stapy muttered with slight embarrassment before turning back to Liy with a determined look on his face.

"I promise not to be late and to come in early tomorrow and for the rest of the month!!" He exclaimed with a proud smile as Liy slowly let go.

"Yay!!"

.

"Why is she doing that? Is she teasing me or something?!" Foldy angrily exclaimed, seeing red as Pastel shrugged.

"She's being a little clingy, just a little."

"A little? Ugh, whatever. I'll let it off this time I guess..."

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And so it began.

Our battle.

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"Stapy!!"

"Oh, Foldy! What's up?"

"C-Can you carry my books..." Foldy murmured, pouting exaggeratedly as she continued.

"They're so heavyyyy...! You can help me right?"

"Sure!" He smiled before carrying the textbooks in his two hands.

"Thank you so,so,so much!! You're my bestest friend!!!"

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"Stapy! Let's go over to your place to do our science homework!!" Liy excitedly ran over to him as he fumbled.

"I'm not too sure about that, Liy... my sister's throwing this party today!!" Stapy explained with a bummed look on his face.

"Let's just go to the cafe down the road then, cmon! Please...?"

"Alright...!"

"You're my best friend, I'm so grateful!!!"

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03/2014.

"That's IT! I'VE HAD IT WITH HER!!!" Foldy screeched, her eyes bloodshot with anger as she and her friend sat in the back corner of the school library.

"Just be fake nice to her for the meantime, the talent show is tomorrow anyways!" Pastel smiled, leaning back on the beanbag as Foldy sighed.

"You see how she is with him though! I can't let Liy be close with Stapy!!"

"Why?"

"B-Because..."

"Because?"

"Because we've been close family friends since we were little, okay?! I can't let one random girl swoop in and ruin our many years of friendship!!"

"Isn't she your friend?" Pastel asked with a nervous smile.

"Well not anymore. I'm not gonna stop until I find a reason to take it all out on her."

"..."

"AND I WON'T FUCKING CARE IF IT HURTS HER!!"

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A WEEK AFTER THE TALENT SHOW.

"Liy! Can we do some homework at your place? My mom's out for work and I have no one to help me..." Foldy lied, forcing tears to form at her eyes as Liy gasped.

"S-Sure, of course! You can stay at my place for 2 hours!!"

"Really? Thank you so much!! I'll be grateful forever, **friend**!"

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"Dad! Look, it's my friend Foldy! Y-You don't mind if she stays over for a bit... right?"

Liy looked earnestly into her dad's eyes, as if she was right about to drop to her knees and beg.

"Hi, sir!" Foldy, standing next to her, waving with a large grin.

"You didn't tell me anyone was coming over..." He blinked innocently as Liy began to tremble.

"We were just gonna do some homework in my room!" Liy continued to hold up a smile, dusting herself off before turning to the girl next to her, who awkwardly looked to the side.

"Y-Yeah! We were gonna do homework in my house but my mom's out for work and she isn't coming back for another 4 hours. We won't take too long, so don't worry!!"

"Could you not just do your homework in an after-school club?" Liy's father looked the girl up and down, giving her a look of confusion as she suddenly began to roll her eyes.

"What's the issue of doing it here!" She snapped before quickly pausing, an immediate look of shame on her face as she quickly dropped her head to the ground.

"I-I'm sorry for snapping at you like that, it was wrong of me!"

"It's alright! Well... I guess I can't decline this very sincere request now can I? Liy, lead her to your room will you?"

Liy nodded silently, walking right past him with a look of submission on her face.

...

...

"Liy... I don't mean this in a rude way, swear! But, your dad..."

"What about him?" Liy simply smiled, acting clueless despite the dark scar under her left eye telling Foldy a thousand stories.

"Why's he talking to me like that?!!" Foldy yelled, her voice shaking with anger and slight insecurity as Liy continued to hold up a poker face.

"L-Like what?"

Foldy looked at her in disbelief, jumping off of Liy's bed before peering out the window.

"Where's your mom anyways?" She added somewhat nosily, her eyes locked onto the girl's dad, who was silently smoking a cigarette on the balcony.

"My mom? She does long shifts at the airport, y'know!" Liy immediately shot back a lie, plastering it with a smile so shaky it looked as if she was at her very limit.

"Oh, okay..." Foldy stayed silent out of slight guilt as she noticed a woman stumble towards the front door with a wasted look on her face.

"'Ya sure she doesn't have, like, an annual leave or something?"

Liy stayed silent, turning her vision towards the piles of homework before letting out an elongated and extremely exaggerated sigh.

"There's so much homework, y'know?" She uttered, trying to divert Foldy's attention back to the work.

"C-Can't you answer my question?!" Foldy snapped, a flustered look on her face as Liy held a hand to her mouth in silence.

Though in reality, Liy felt as if she was going to vomit out her intestines with pure fear of the truth.

"LIY, WHAT THE FUCK?!"

Blue in the face. Eyes dimmed with fear. Hands so cold they begin to freeze in place.

This is reality. It's all a game. A sick, hopeless game.

"W-Why don't you just... go..."

And almost as if it was coincidence.

Those eyes stare right back at you.

"Doesn't look like you're doing homework?"

"..."

It all feels like a fever dream.

Nothing makes sense.

Words pile up on each other, and before you know it.

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"WHY DON'T YOU SHUT THE FUCK UP AND GET OUT, HUH?!"

.

"YOU'RE RUDE!"

.

"SHUT UP! YOU KNOW NOTHING, YOU HEAR ME, NOTHING!!"

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"I KNOW YOU! YOU'RE HORRIBLE!!!"

.

"GET THE HELL OUT YOU BRAT!!"

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..

Your friend, your beloved friend!

Now yelling and sobbing relentlessly as she runs out the house.

Out of your life.

Never to return.

..

That's exactly how we stopped being friends.

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———

WEEKS LATER.

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"Everyone, get into pairs!"

...

You reach out for a second chance like the sad person you are.

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"Foldy, d-do you wanna work with me...?"

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"No, I'm okay."

.

Geez, if only you could be someone else.

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"Foldy! Wanna hang out after school?"

.

"Sorry, no."

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"Foldy, why don't you talk to Liy anymore? Did something happen?"

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"Her dad's fucking insane!"

.

"What?"

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"She's so weird, I came to her house and her dad started shouting at me. I tried to tell him off, told him to watch it, tried to scare him so he'd leave me alone and he got mad and yelled so loud that it startled me, so I just fake cried and ran off!"

.

I'm always the butt of their jokes.

And I'm done.

You hear me?

.

I'M DONE!!!!!!

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———

"HEY! PASS THE BALL OVER HERE SO I CAN SHOOT!!"

.

"WHAT THE HELL? PASS ALREADY!!"

.

"YOU'RE CRAZY! NOW WE'RE LOSING!!"

.

"INSANE BITCH! JUST LIKE YOUR DAD!!"

.

Then it all breaks down into mere shards.

.

"What... did you say?"

.

Yes indeed. The girl you thought was your friend has the strength to say that right in your face around everyone else!

.

"L-Liy! I'm sorry, I DIDN'T MEAN T-"

.

"That hits deep..."

.

"..."

.

"JUST LIKE THIS SHARP ROCK IN YOUR FUCKING BRAINS!!!"

.

And before any of us knew it, I pounced onto her, the both of us toppling to the ground as I began to slam my fist onto her face.

.

"HEY, GET OFF HER!"

.

But those words no longer mean anything.

.

I won't stop. I'll never stop.

.

"L-Let go of me!!" **She cries, her voice breaking. But it's no use.**

I continue to punch the life out of her, my eyes filling with weak tears as everyone began to run over to form a crowd.

'Wow, it's a fight! Better share this on the 'gram for my followers!!' Fuck off!

.

I simply stopped thinking.

.

"IT HURTS!!" **Foldy screamed on the top of her lungs as I continue to slam her head onto the grass with all my might.**

Your fault.

You wanted a reaction? You got one.

.

But before I knew it, I felt a pair of hands forcefully pull me back into the building...

...

It all came crashing down on me soon enough. As usual.

.

And I'd live to regret it.

.

——

.

"What's the meaning of this, Liy?! You're a good kid! Why are we

suddenly turning to fighting classmates?"

.

Indeed. It only means something to them if I'm involved.

.

"Did you hear what she said to me..."

.

I dug my head into my arms, and into the dark, dark void that was quickly taking me over.

.

And then I let out a tearful cry.

.

I'm so weak...

.

"Is there something you'd like to tell me, Liy?"

.

"Why a-are you letting t-this... happen!" **I stammered, my baby tears beginning to tighten at my vocal chords.**

.

"No one's letting anything happen. You're the one who made the choice to attack Foldy, and that's not acceptable!"

.

"BUT SHE WAS SPREADING RUMORS ABOUT ME!"

.

And then he went silent. Not before letting out a snicker.

Bitch.

.

"Rumors, huh... you kids need to realise this means absolutely nothing! Rumours are just a distraction from your studies!"

.

.

.

"2 days in isolation, so you can reflect on your actions."

.

.

.

And so they do exactly what I thought. Brush it off like some dirt on a jacket.

Woah... what a grand education system! Putting your ratings first and throwing kids like me on train tracks to be absolutely demolished.

But of course, they'd only start caring when I'm nothing but a rotting carcass on the sidelines.

.

I'm just a failure for people to gawp at.

Those people to gawp at.

.

But not before something childish and stupid took me over again.

Something unneeded.

Something that's fake.

Love.

.

Stupid V-Day card. I hate it all.

_____

Of course, during these two days, Pastel visited and tried to talk it out with me, but I quickly shut her down.

It wasn't even just that time, it was various moments across the school year.

Each time I shut her down. I left her storming off with an insecure look on her face just because I said the truth.

That she's a liar.

So she stopped trying to talk to me, and for the rest of the school year, no one did.

I was getting used to the silence. I was always used to the silence.

It hit different this time, though.

But who cares?!

Foldy is fucking fake. And I hate her so much for it.

But still, STILL.

My stupid feelings led me down a rabbit hole that I knew I wouldn't ever be able to get out of as soon as I dove in.

I still liked Stapy.

.

.

.

—

02/2015.

The little light-switch sat on her desk clutching her little glittery pink card for v-day.

She wasn't very entertained. The lack of decoration and art on the display walls of her classroom was not amusing to the eye and she desperately wanted to something to do.

Though, the only thing that was really keeping her in the mood was giving her glittery v-day card to her special crush.

She could only daydream about him, and his silly, happy personality.

ding-a-ling-a-ling

Class ended and everyone stood up. The time was near.

Liy was a particularly lonely girl. It was the second year and she had lost all of her friends the year prior in a fit of rage.

She pushed them away...

.

She went to the bathroom and looked in the mirror anxiously as she tried to fix up her face. Today was the day. After years of hiding and confining her feelings, she was finally gonna confess to the love of her life.

"I'm gonna confess to Stapy, I am!" She exclaimed to herself as she looked in the mirror, clutching her fists with confidence as her eyes began to glow with joy.

Suddenly, she heard footsteps and a slight flap of paper behind her, but she shrugged it off. It was probably someone else with a love letter, or something...

.

She silently walked out of the bathroom and decided to open her card again, just to realise it was far from being finished.

Hesitant, Liy grabbed her bag, fetched a marker, ran to a desk, and started to colour. She was filling in her doodle of the little stapler in red. The pink card was very glittery, with two really big, fuschia, sparkly hearts with stickers, and big black text which said 'Dear Valentine'. Inside the card on the left was a doodle of Stapy and Liy with hearts surrounded.

Cute.

She could feel that her dreams were gonna come true, right? Right...?

Liy had already witnessed, from a distance, Stapy turn down other girls over the months. She was so scared the same thing would happen to her, but her excitement drowned those thoughts out into utter nothingness.

"And, I'm done!!" She grinned, picking up the card before skipping down the hallway with an unbreakable look of happiness.

Shoving the card into her locker, she sighed, a look of slight anxiety creeping up at her happy face as she began to think about the next day.

V-Day.

But who cares?

The three words that continued to keep Liy motivated.

But not for long.

_____

.

.

.

14/02/2015.

.

I would live to regret it all...

.

.

"W-Where's my card?" Liy looked around in her locker, the deep and fresh scratches on the metal giving a clear hint of what had occurred.

"Wow, that's funny. Someone stole my card, huh..." She uttered, her eyes welling up with tears as a look of despair began to play up at her face.

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——

"You can go now, Liy. Don't forget your homework though!"

"Okay..." Liy replied under her breath as she clutched onto her black bag, trying her best to stay happy and smiling despite the upsetting events of the morning.

"Maybe I can finally tell him today...!"

She glistened with hope, an unstoppable look of determination on her face as she walked out of the school gates and onto the road.

"But, maybe I should get him flowers or something, at least..."

Liy kept to herself, walking through the empty road before turning towards a somewhat tattered and cramped alleyway.

"A bit scary, but at least I don't have to walk for 20 minutes if I go through here!" Liy tried to calm her nerves, slowly going down the stairs one by one.

The look on her face was quite telling, she regretted it almost instantaneously.

And whether it was coincidence or not, she felt a pair of hands instantly push her down to the damp floor.

"OW!" Liy let out a shrill scream as she slammed her face onto the concrete floor.

"Stupid little bitch."

...

"STOP, PLEASE!!!"

...

Phones out and on display.

Recording, to my dismay.

It's truly funny. I didn't realise straight away.

.

"SHIT, WHAT DID YOU DO?!!!!"

Liy let out a bloodcurdling scream, holding her now bloodied arm as the group of kids to scurry out of the scene.

She fell to her knees, letting out a weak cough as she looked up to see **them.**

.

"Stapy, I CAN'T DO THIS ANYMORE!! CALL THEM!!!!" Pastel Highlighter dropped her phone as she began to loudly cry at the scene, holding her mouth in shock as Liy began to slowly crawl over towards them with the deteriorating amounts of energy she had left.

.

.

"I-It's my birthday today, you know...?"

...

"I thought of you before myself, S-Stapy... and I wanted to get you flowers..."

...

"I miss you, Stapy. Y-You were one of my first friends. Maybe that's why I... l-loved you."

...

"Why... c-can't you come back to me...?"

...

"I'd risk my life for a chance you'd come back to me..."

...

"You called the doctors, then left me to bleed."

...

...

"I know you'd never cause an accident for me..."

...

And with that, Liy fell right onto the ground.

.

.

"I'm sorry Liy. I can't love you."

_____

THE NEXT DAY.

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.

.

"What happened to you? Do you remember who did this?"

...

"I... don't know! They just pushed me down and the last thing I remember them saying is to give them money! I went unconscious right after that... I don't know who they were either, I'm sorry..."

I lied just so he wouldn't get roped into my misery.

It makes me so angry, all I'm able to do is grit my teeth while thinking about how I could've thrown him under the bus instead.

But I didn't.

Because I felt bad for him.

I'm so stupid...

.

"Haha yeah I know! She's so dumb. She really thought she could get with Stapy."

"Oh yeah and remember that Wednesday? I don't think any of you know..."

"What is it?"

"Liy got jumped..."

"By who?"

"————- , and ————"

"Aren't they like, that group of older kids who hang out by the shop?"

"Oh yeah..."

"She totally, like, deserved it. She's such a psycho, like, she's been stalking him for ages!!"

"Fucking weirdo! Haha!"

They all laughed. Laugh, laugh, laugh. Chatter, chatter, chatter. Gosh, I'm so tired of it. Stupid people. Stupid lies. Stupid school. Stupid, stupid, stupid. Why are they all targeting me... what did I even do to deserve this torment? I looked at my arm. I couldn't even feel it. All bruised up and sore from that Wednesday. Oh well... I guess I shouldn't walk down that road next time... Stapy's such a jerk. I want to just punch him so hard all the staples fall out. I hate him so much. I hate him, I hate him, I hate him. I HATE THEM ALL! I wish I could live in a world all by myself. All by myself, everyone dead. Wake up on my own, live on my own... It feels like the whole world wants me dead. Nobody likes me, that's okay, I don't like any of those jerkwads either. I hate them all.

.

"Hey Liy!"

The lightswitch slowly turned around, letting out a loud gasp as she witnessed one of the girls open her bag before slowly dumping everything out.

"You don't mind if we sell some of this? I really need some cash!" Makeup Brush laughed, picking up a pair of earphones and dangling them around in the air.

"N-No, give it back!" Liy shrieked, getting up on her feet before suddenly feeling a pain so unbearable that she fell to her knees.

"Oh, your arm..." MB looked at her before smirking again.

"I guess that means I can have them?"

"Give them back!" Liy yelled, grabbing onto her arm tightly before being pushed to the ground by someone else.

"Get the hell off my friend, who the fuck do you think you are?!" Pastel Highlighter yelled at Liy, who remained silent with shock.

"How can you talk? You literally cry whenever I call you out for being a liar!" Liy snapped back, getting up on her feet again before being tripped up - stumbling onto the ground once more with a force so strong that it flipped her switch.

"What is she even talking about?" Foldy stepped in with a smirk, watching as the girl who was once her friend now being ganged up on.

"I don't know! It's all the time, ALL THE TIME WITH YOUR DUMB LITTLE IDEAS! SHUT UP AND KNOW YOUR PLACE!!!"

"I don't get it... WHAT DO YOU WANT, AND WHY ARE YOU SUDDENLY FRIENDS WITH *HER*?!" Liy screamed back as all three began to laugh.

"Literally, why do you care? It's none of your business!!" MB rolled her eyes, dropping the earphones to the ground before stamping violently onto them with her foot, a blow so hard that shards of plastic went flying everywhere.

"Let's just go..."

"Yeah, leave her to herself!"

...

Liy began to tear up, picking up what remained of her earphones with trembling hands.

"There goes the gift that my aunt gave me..."

...

And so it began.

The torment.

...

"Hey Liy! Liy! Liy!"

"Huh?" Liy naively turned around, an innocent look in her eyes as Pastel simply stared back at her with a cup of ice-cold water.

"Your face!" She smirked before throwing it right at her, letting out a loud laugh before running off.

.

.

.

"Liy!"

"What?"

"Lemme borrow your bag!" Foldy smirked, dragging the black bag through the grass with a mischievous grin.

"GIVE IT BACK!!" Liy screamed, but before she could do anything, the black bag flew in the air, all the books and stationery flying out before landing onto the mud right on the other side of the metal fence.

"I'm not helping you sort that out!" Foldy smirked, running off as fast as she could.

.

It started with little tricks, but it was slowly turning my life into

a living hell.

.

03/2015.

"Liy, why do you always sit out of sports lessons?!"

"Sorry. I have a headache." Liy sighed, slouching against the wall with a large frown.

"That's no excuse! Y'know what, let me group you up with... Foldy!!"

Liy's face quickly dropped, her unenthusiastic expression quickly morphing into one of pure fear as she slowly walked toward the girl.

"Foldy, I'm gonna pair you up with Liy since everyone is in a pair. Be good, okay?" The coach nervously smiled before slowly walking back.

"Are you actually kidding me, HER?!" Foldy scoffed loudly, not even making eye contact with her new partner as she began to groan and grumble.

The coach rolled his eyes, ignoring Foldy completely before blowing into his whistle.

"Okay people, take your **tennis balls** and rackets and practise with your pairs! I'm going to give you five minutes!"

.

Liy silently picked up the racket and ball, taking a few anxious steps back before turning back to Foldy, who was angrily pacing back and forth in circles.

"Foldy, why won't you pick up your racket?" Liy asked with a slight smile, surprisingly still being nice to Foldy despite the series of unfortunate events that she'd put her through.

"Why don't you go work with someone else?!" Foldy snapped, the look of anger on her face only intensifying.

"There isn't anyone else though!" Liy exclaimed loudly.

"Not my problem!!"

The lightswitch sighed, eyeing the racket with slight annoyance before looking back to the tennis ball.

"Not your problem...?"

Liy smirked, bouncing the ball in her hand as the other aimed the racket right towards Foldy, who was silently sitting on the wooden bench.

"I'll make you eat those words!" Liy clutched the racket with a look of mischievousness as she impulsively whacked the ball as hard as she possibly could, watching as it sped through the air before slamming the origami right in her face so hard that she rocked back.

"OW, WHAT THE HELL?!"

"GIRLS!!!"

.

.

"Are you happy? Now we have detention." Foldy rolled her eyes, sitting quietly on the bench as she looked over at the other kids who were practicing their sports.

"I thought you would catch the ball."

"..."

"Oh. Right."

"You know something, Liy?" Foldy turned back to the girl, a stern look on her face.

"You're fucking crazy. Though, now I know where you got it from."

"..."

"You sit there and act like you can just take everything from everyone for fun. Overly adventurous, nosy, always looking for answers. I hate people like that."

"Oh."

"That's why I never really liked you." Foldy admitted, still keeping a straight face.

"So we didn't ever have a friendship? You were... just lying to me?"

"No, not exactly. I was willing to accept you, but of course, you ruined it as usual."

"..."

"I see why you would fall for my best friend. He's sociable. He likes making friends. A tendency to sass people out but he means good. He's the type of person who'd be willing to help you find the answers to those questions of yours."

Foldy sighed, turning back to the girl, who was on the brink of tears.

"You're fucking annoying. No one can tolerate you so just give up on your antics and be normal for once!"

"Why are you so horrible to me? Just because of Stapy, you're being a bitch!" Liy snapped, wiping the tears off her face.

"It's not just Stapy, it's you in general! Like I said, you're annoying! Do you ever stop and wonder how long people will tolerate you before getting tired?!"

"..."

"I see why you're unloved now. You lack any positive figures in your life so you come and infiltrate my friendships!"

Liy stayed silent, her eyes damp and swollen with tears as she slowly got back up on her feet.

"Lacking figures in my life...? At least I don't lack a parent." She

murmured quietly, picking up her things before turning her back and walking off.

.

.

.

.

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.

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"Foldy, you look totally steamed! What's the issue?"

"..."

"...You, ok?"

"Let's go to my house." Foldy uttered, her eyes dark, clouded with anger and doubt as she stormed through the streets.

"Seriously, what's wrong?!" Stapy exclaimed, his voice filled with worry as she turned back to him.

"I'm going to fucking kill Liy."

"..."

"I'll make her regret being born."

Stapy backed away, trembling with fear as his friend continued.

"But first, let's go to my house!!" Foldy's face quickly brightened, grinning cheerfully and somewhat forcefully as she paced down the street.

"W-What are you talking about... Liy?!"

"I was only exaggerating. A figure of speech! I'm going to make her pay though!!"

"Pay... for what?"

Foldy sighed, turning back to the boy with a look of determination and eagerness.

"You'll see."

.

.

Stapy looked up at the wooden door with doubt, slowly shuffling forward as Foldy unlocked it with her house key.

"MOM!!!" Foldy yelled loudly, busting the door open as she heard a loud shout echo through the halls.

"GOSH, YOU ALMOST MADE ME BURN THE KITCHEN!!"

"Stop shouting mom, Stapy's here." The girl smiled as she walked into the kitchen, Stapy meekly following.

"Hello, Miss Notebook!" Stapy waved with a smile as the woman began to laugh loudly.

"No need for the 'Miss', just call me Notebook!" The woman laughed, holding a chocolate-covered spatula before turning back to her daughter with an angry glare.

"You're lucky that I didn't burn the entire house down because of your recklessness!!" She scolded, pointing the spatula at Foldy somewhat dramatically.

"I didn't even do anything, so stop exaggerating!" Foldy snapped back almost immediately.

"This attitude of yours... you're lucky that your friend is here otherwise I wouldn't give you any of the chocolate cake that I'm baking!"

"Mom, you literally bake cakes all the time. No difference."

"Oh yeah, when's the last time I made you a chocolate cake?!"

"Like, three days ago." Foldy blinked, her face blank and emotionless as her mother gasped.

"THAT WAS A CARAMEL CAKE! HAH, YOU'RE WRONG!!"

"Caramel and Chocolate are the same... right?"

"No they're not...!"

"See mom, your homemade cakes are taking a toll on me. I literally can't even tell the difference between caramel and chocolate anymore! This is the point I'm trying to make!!" Foldy smirked confidently.

"What point are you trying to make? That my cakes are bad?!"

"Yes."

The notebook sighed, rolling her eyes before smiling a little.

"You're so predictable, honestly. Just lighten up and enjoy some cake! No need to be so defensive, isn't that right Stapy?" Her mom shrugged before turning to the boy, who laughed nervously.

"I-I'm neutral! Not taking sides!!" Stapy yelped, continuing to chuckle somewhat awkwardly in an attempt to soften the tense atmosphere.

"Whatever Mom! You're bad at making cakes, and you're bad at hiding secrets!!" Foldy yelled, her voice trembling with rage as she stamped out of the kitchen.

"I'll accompany her!" Stapy added before also exiting.

"Huh... what a rude, rude girl." Notebook muttered, licking some of the chocolate off of the spatula before placing it and the bowl down.

"She's just like you."

.

.

.

"Thank you for the chocolate cake!" Stapy smiled, piercing the fork

into the cake before eating a scoop.

"You're very welcome! Homemade food is the best!!"

"You sound like a stereotypical milennial mom." Foldy rolled her eyes before taking a small chunk of the cake.

The woman blinked, deliberately ignoring Foldy before turning back to her best friend, who was nearly done with his first slice.

"Would you like some lemonade?" She smiled as Stapy simply shook his head.

"I'm not really a fan of it to be quite honest... but thank you!"

"That's okay!" Notebook smiled as she took another bite into her chocolate cake.

"You're a very respectful kid! Every time I see you, I'm shocked! Although, I'm kind of sad that Foldy didn't pick it up from you..." She added, slowly turning to Foldy with a look of anger and shame.

Foldy scoffed, pushing her plate to the side and slouching down on the chair.

"Mom..." She uttered quietly, her voice beginning to throb and tremble as the two quickly turned to her.

"What is it?"

"I actually don't feel alright..." Foldy pouted, sighed before looking down to her plate.

"A-Actually... I feel terrible! Please help me..."

"W-What's wrong?!" Her mother yelped, immediately fearing the worst.

"This girl at school was getting really violent with me. She slammed my face with a tennis ball, kicked me in the ankle and she..."

"SHE WHAT?!" Stapy and Notebook both yelled in unison.

"She f-flipped me off and told me I was a fatherless rascal... I didn't know what to do, so I just started crying!!"

"No Foldy, don't cry!" Her mom yelled, dropping her fork and knife before running over to hug her daughter.

"Don't listen to that girl Foldy! She clearly doesn't know how amazing you are so she's jealous of you!" Stapy encouraged, clapping his hands with a smile as Foldy tried to suppress her smirk.

"I'm sorry I'm a disappointment, mom!" Foldy sulked exaggeratedly, wiping her tears and letting out a sigh before getting up on her feet.

"Who is it Foldy, who? I need to call the school first thing in the morning to let them know about this!!"

"Yeah, Foldy! Who was it?"

...

"It was Liy."

.

.

.

———————

"LIY! WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU? CAN'T YOU CONTROL YOUR MOUTH?!!"

.

"I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING, I SWEAR!!" Liy sobbed, her voice laced with agony and desperation as the teacher shook his head.

"You hit Foldy with a tennis ball, punch her, kick her, flip her off and then proceed to shame and mock her for her family circumstances?!"

"I-... SHE TOLD ME I WAS UNLOVED, AND THAT NO ONE L-LIKES ME... AND, AND!!-"

"Just admit your mistakes, and sit down. You have SEVEN DAYS IN THIS ROOM TO REFLECT!!" The teacher yelled, banging both fists on his desk as Liy swallowed down her tears in an attempt to keep silent.

Liy let out a silent cry, slamming her fist on the desk as she tightly dug her head into her arms.

"She lied about me... she... actually lied about me..." She murmured, her hands trembling with pure and utter shock as she turned her head up once more.

She wiped her tears with her cold hands, sitting silently within the clutches of the detention room as the silence slowly began to take its toll.

How could Foldy do such a thing...? Liy pondered to herself, although quite unsurprising at this point due to the many incidents that had occurred prior to this very moment.

She grumbled, clutching onto her face angrily as her fingernails began to dig deep into her skin with pure rage.

The words began to pile up.

-

"You seem cool to be honest! Sorry if Stapy was, uh, pushy... he's just like that sometimes, he means no harm though! He's actually quite a funny guy once you get to know him."

"I see... he's nice, y'know! Really, sometimes too nice, but he's nice."

.

"You can't even pronounce her name properly and you're telling her to speak up? What braindead person decided to let you get a job as a teacher?!"

It all begins to replay in your head. Your mind rolling through the several tapes that she'd left behind during your short time as friends.

"S-Sure, of course! You can stay at my place for 2 hours!!"

"Really? Thank you so much!! I'll be grateful forever, friend!"

.

"I KNOW YOU! YOU'RE HORRIBLE!!!"

But then the tapes begin to fade into a something dark. It's almost as if someone splattered ink over your precious memories.

"I HATE YOU!"

"IT HURTS!!"

.

And that's how our awkward friendship came to a swift end.

I wonder why she still hates me this much. Why she would go so far just to see me suffer.

Stapy's all yours now.

_____

.

Have you ever wondered what it's like?

To be confined to a single area everyday.

No one ever talking to you.

Not even your own family.

Taking in the silence as you stare into the barren walls for so long that your eyes can't handle it anymore.

Being ignored by absolutely everyone while at the same time being brutally mocked.

There's a limit to how much someone can take.

.

_____

.

.

THE NEXT WEEK.

"Liy!"

Here we go again.

"Hey! Liy! Liy!!"

"..."

"Stop ignoring meee!!!"

Liy sighed, looking down to the textbook on her desk before being startled by something sharp.

"Ow!" She yelped, turning behind her just to get another pencil flung onto her face.

"You need to stop ignoring me! It's mean." The purple highlighter

smirked, rocking back on her chair.

"L-Leave me alone..." Liy mumbled meekly, frowning as she turned back, just to get yet another frenzy of stationery launched at her.

"Didn't hear you!" Pastel Highlighter laughed, turning to one of her classmates with a scowl before snatching a pencil case.

"Hey, give that back!" They screamed, just to be quickly silenced by the loud grunt that the Highlighter let out as she launched the pencil case onto Liy with as much force as possible.

"STOP!" Liy yelled, her voice trembling as she turned back, barely being able to see the girl as her crybaby tears began to blur her vision.

Pastel cleared her throat, boosting herself up on the desk before quietly sitting down.

"Liy. Let's face it, okay? You're a disgusting, vile little scoundrel and you should leave the school!" She smiled, a laugh slipping out of her mouth as she began to swing her legs somewhat hyperactively.

Liy kept silent, her world shaking and shattering as she dug her head into her arms, as if it was quick escape from the hellish reality she was forced into.

"You know what, I can pay for your plane ticket expenses so I can personally help you leave the continent and never come back!" Pastel exclaimed, raising her hands up in the air as the whole class began to burst into loud and obnoxious laughter.

You sit there, absorbing the attention of your peers with a smile. Closing your eyes and taking in the moment.

"Promise to get me some souvenirs if you ever do manage to come back though, 'kay?"

Acting fearless, unbreakable. You make fun of others for cowering and shying away from the spotlight.

"It's okay Liy! Just speak to me, we're besties!!"

Although your mask is thicker than anyone else's.

.

You're hurting more than any of us.

.

Liy scoffed, wiping the tears off her face as she got up on her feet, slamming her chair back into the desk as her body began to tremble with anxiety.

"Liy! Liy! Liyyyy!"

"..."

"LIY! LIYYYYY!"

"JUST SHUT UP!!"

She closed her eyes, letting out a loud cry as her hands slammed onto the table as hard as they could, causing it to fall onto the wooden floor with a loud slam.

Pastel watched silently, her smirk somewhat fading away as Liy stormed out of the classroom amidst the commotion.

"Well, she's feisty today isn't she!" She giggled selfishly as the entire class began to laugh once more.

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HOURS LATER.

.

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"Yeah...?"

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"Wait, n-no! I don't want it!!"

.

.

"Mom... I don't want this!"

.

"W-What do you mean it's good for me? It's not, okay? IT'S NOT!!"

.

"N-No.... I DON'T WANT TO! JUST CANCEL THE FUCKING THING!!"

.

.

"WHY CAN'T YOU JUST PESTER MY BROTHER INSTEAD OF ME! WHY DO YOU ALWAYS TRY TO MAKE STUPID PLANS FOR ME? I TOLD YOU, I DON'T WANT TO!!"

.

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"I-It's too late...?!"

.

"NO, I DON'T HAVE TO GO, J-JUST... JUST FUCK OFF ALREADY MOM!!!!!" She screamed loudly, letting out a loud cry as her phone slammed onto the ground.

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"Why is my life so horrible...?

.

"Foldy and Stapy hate me. I should just give up..."

.

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"Pastel, what are 'ya doing on the ground?!" A soft voice laughed as the girl got back on her feet, clutching onto her glittery purple phone tightly before smiling.

"What do you think I'd be doing in the bathroom, Foldy? Obviously doing my makeup!" Pastel laughed, pulling out a tube of mascara as she wiped her damp face.

"You could just use my compact mirror, no need to come here... also, your eyes! They're all swollen, do you have hayfever or something?!" Foldy gasped as her friend let out an exaggerated giggle.

"Yeah..." Pastel sniffled somewhat forcefully, letting out a fake cough as she opened the mascara tube.

"You're suffering..." Foldy laughed before continuing.

"My mom has hayfever too! She's always sneezing and stuff... it's like a seasonal cold!"

Pastel smiled, applying her mascara gently before suddenly clutching

onto the wand like a microphone.

"What do you think of my singing skills!" She turned to Foldy in a musical tone, tapping her foot on the ground as the origami nervously laughed.

"You always do this at the most random times, but go on!" Foldy smiled as her friend began to excitedly sing.

"...What do you think?" Pastel closed the mascara tube, anxiously looking the side as Foldy chuckled.

"You sound cute!"

"Cute...? What does 'cute' even sound like?!" Pastel laughed loudly, folding her arms as Foldy began to ponder.

"I dunno... you just sound cute!" Foldy exclaimed, a flustered look on her face as her friend continued to laugh.

"J-Just take my compliment and let's go get juice from the stand outside of school!"

"Okay-dokay!" Pastel grinned, skipping out of the bathroom with a large grin.

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"Stapy!" Foldy smiled, ecstatically running over to the boy with a large grin.

"Look you two, I got juice!" Stapy exclaimed, holding carefully onto three juice cups as the other two gently took their cups from him.

"What flavour is this?" Pastel pondered, taking a small sip from of the cup before grinning, her eyes widening excitedly as she turned to the two.

"That's... uh..." Stapy mumbled, trying his best to remember what he ordered.

"Just check the receipt, silly!" Foldy laughed, taking the receipt out of his hand before reading the three flavours out.

"Strawberry... Mango, and Orange!"

"So this is Mango!" Pastel smiled, continuing to drink out of her juice before suddenly being distracted by her vibrating phone.

She sighed, nervously holding her phone up to her face as it switched on, the bittersweet family photo wallpaper shining in her face as she unlocked it.

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"Where are you? Come back home now!"

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"Shut up, mom..." She murmured as silently as she could, closing the message notification before turning back to her friends with a smile.

Foldy turned, clutching onto her cup as she hopped over to the girl.

"You okay?" She smiled as Pastel simply nodded at the question.

"Swell! I am swell!"

"What? What do you mean by 'swell'?" Foldy nervously laughed as her friend continued.

"It's old slang! The word just popped up in my head randomly..." The purple highlighter chuckled, finishing her cup of juice as her smile quickly faded away.

"Y'know," Stapy interjected, holding his cup tightly as he hopped over to the two.

"Why are you called 'Pastel Highlighter'? That's oddly specific." He questioned the girl somewhat out of the blue as she blinked.

"I... dunno!" Pastel blinked, her eyes widening with confusion as the boy began to ponder.

"I mean, that's like if my name was 'Red Stapler', ya'know?!"

"No... I don't know!" The highlighter nervously laughed, her hands on her hips as she couldn't help but just stand there.

"Stapy, stop asking stupid questions!" Foldy nudged him with an annoyed look on her face as she turned back to the girl.

"Typical of him, right?!"

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"Gosh, the kids of this generation are so spoiled! Back in the day, there was no phones, no TV, no earbuds, no nothing! The buses

would always come delayed, and there was no way of telling! Life was so simple back then..."

"Tell me about it, now they have all these wacky gadgets and I can't seem to catch a break with how many of these new cellphones are being released! I would have to beg just for a hand-me-down brick-phone!!"

"Hahah! I'm glad us adults can agree on something!"

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"They're so boring!" Foldy rolled her eyes as she tiredly leaned against her best friend, who was quietly looking through the menu.

"Uh-huh..." Stapy mumbled, reading the brochure silently before slamming it back on the table.

"I want the cheese platter!" He smirked smugly, folding his arms as Foldy returned a weird glare.

"Honey, we're at a posh restaurant! Why the hell do you want cheese?!" His mom scolded in an annoyed tone as he shivered.

"Mom, I was joking!" Stapy clarified with a disappointed frown, rolling his eyes as he picked up the menu once more.

"I want the tomato soup." He uttered out in a robotic voice to deliberately spite everyone at the table.

"How about you, Foldy?" Notebook turned to Foldy, who was quietly looking to the ground with a blank expression.

"...Hello?"

"Foldy!" Stapy nudged her, watching as she yelped before turning back up to face everyone.

"Huh, oh! Same thing as Stapy." Fold mumbled, blinking tiredly as she leaned back on the chair.

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"Why would you get tomato soup?! Gosh... I hate tomatoes!!" Foldy trembled, holding in the urge to gag as she stared at the bubbling red soup that was slowly swishing around in the bowl.

"You're the one who wanted to get the same as me, silly! So now, you must deal with it!" Stapy laughed somewhat dramatically as he picked up a spoon.

"Gross..." Foldy sighed, slouching back on her chair as she tried her best to look away from the soup.

"Foldy, won't you eat your food?" Notebook stared at her daughter somewhat curiously, watching as she trembled and began to shake her head.

"Don't worry, she's just waiting for the soup to cool down is all!" Stapy laughed nervously, fidgeting with the spoon in his hand as the turquoise notebook let out a sigh.

"Oh, alright!"

Stapy returned a crooked smile, gently grabbing Foldy before slowly shuffling away from the table.

"Where are you two going?!"

"We're just getting more forks!!" Stapy exclaimed, nervous sweats dripping down his face as Foldy turned to him.

"W-We are?!" Foldy replied with nothing but confusion.

"Shhh!"

"Oh, right, we are..."

"Toodles!" Stapy played it off, holding up his smile as he scurried away with her.

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"What did you bring me to the back of the restaurant for?!" Foldy asked him, the silence making her feel awkward as nothing but the occasional chirps of crickets outside could be heard.

"I... well..." Stapy began to lose track of himself, nervously fiddling with his hands as he began to ramble.

"The... well... the crickets! They s-sound very... satisfying... and... uh, colourful!" He blurted out before laughing to himself.

"Typical Stapy... you're always like this! I know you want to get something off your chest but you're trying to delay it!" Foldy teased, causing him to blush a little.

"Well... uh..."

"What do you want to say to me?" Foldy added with a smile, her tone going a little serious.

"I... really..."

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"Wh-"

"I REALLY, REALLY LIKE YOU!!" Stapy yelled, his heart thumping with anxiety and anticipation as he looked back up at his friend, who was silent with shock.

He looked into her surprised eyes, a slight smile forming on his face as he continued.

"Do you... like me... too?"

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"Y-Yeah..."

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Us as people are always looking for new experiences. New adventures, new beginnings.

No one like being trapped in the same cycle eternally? No one likes being forced to repeat the same thing over, and over again.

We want new things!

We don't like being left on cliffhangers.
We don't like asking a question, only to be left with no answer.
We don't like being ignored.

It makes us feel as if we're being mocked.

And so.

I want to break free from this eternal cycle!

I want new things.

I'm as worthy as any other person.

I deserve good things.

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"Liy! Hey Liy!"

The tap runs loudly, the cold water splashing as I shakily held onto the sink. I looked myself in the mirror, tears running down my cold and trembling face as I let out a loud, sudden gasp.

And then footsteps. Louder. Louder.

"Answer me next time you stupid bitch!" She yelled as I felt a violent kick to my back, my face plunging into the sink. The cold, cold water trickling down my face as I heard their laughs. The laughs, so loud they filled the empty school bathroom to the brim. Laughs so loud that I could hear the cubicle doors shake and tremble.

"When will this end..." I muttered to myself quietly. The same words, every single day.

"Pastel, lock the doors!"

That voice. That fucking voice. I'd kill just to not hear her horrible voice anymore. Every single time I hear her voice, I feel as if a thousand sharp spears pierce through my back and right into my heart. I hate her voice. I hate her face. I hate the sight of her. Her horrible turquoise colour makes my eyes bleed profusely. I hate her. I hate Foldy.

"Who the hell do you think you are, huh?! Slobbering all over my boyfriend like the freak you are! I get second hand embarrassment for Stapy when I look at your face, I can only imagine how he feels knowing that some ugly freak like you had a crush on him!"

Silence. I didn't feel like speaking. I think the tears in my eyes speak enough.

"Pastel, can you believe this bitch?!" Foldy laughed as the other one returned a bunch of giggles.

"Remember, okay? Don't go for someone else's boyfriend! It's so fucking simple!"

I grumbled, picking myself up from the sorry state I was in as I looked towards those two.

"Why don't you just leave me alone, it was a month ago!" I yelled defensively, my face sopping wet with sink water as I glared at that turquoise shit right in her eyes.

She stayed silent, her face filled to the brim with anger as she grimaced.

But then...

"Don't you fucking talk to my friend like that you freak!" Pastel Highlighter shouted, her fists balling up as she lunged onto me.

Punch, after punch. I felt her just knocking all the life out of me.

I fell to the ground, my body shaking as I felt her nails dig into my arm and pull.

"Let... go of me...!!" I gasped, crying as she dragged me across the floor and into a cubicle.

Gosh. I know what's about to happen.

"Don't you open your mouth at me or Foldy again!" She shouted, kicking me onto the rim of the toilet in front of me before...

Water. And a cold pair of hands shoving me in.

I closed my eyes tightly, letting out a choked scream as I held tightly onto the ceramic.

The life poured out of me the more she pushed. Make it end... Make it end...

Though, no matter how much I begged, it wouldn't stop. She just kept pushing me in.

I couldn't hear anything anymore. Just the muffled laughs. And my loud cry for help gurgling in the water. The end... is it near? I felt myself chip away for every second of it.

But then... it stopped.

I lifted my head up from the toilet, coughing weakly as I turned to find that she was gone...

I looked down, water trickling down my face as I shakily held my knees, coughing water out of my mouth as I let out a shrill cry.

—

'Boyfriend'? Huh.

—

"She hid in there to cry, awww!"

They laugh, laughed, and keep laughing.

"Oh look, she has a little diary! Who wants me to read from the start?"

"Of course! I've always wanted to know how that UGLY, SNOOPING LITTLE BITCH... hah, became how she was..."

"N-No... stop..."

Her frail voice remained ignored, echoing through the walls of the empty girls' bathroom as she let out a worried gasp.

"Ahem... 'Dear Diary,' Awww, she thinks she's in a cute little series or something! What, you think that the world is all sparkles and rainbows and that your precious little Stapy's gonna say how much he loves you under a blossom tree? HAHAH!"

"Oh wow... my boyfriend too? Jealousy, jealousy, HUH? WHO THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU ARE ANYWAYS?!"

"Anyways, 'I wish everyone here could die, EXPLODE INTO BITS! Well... except Stapy, I think he's too cute to just go like that...'"

"SHE... WROTE THAT?! HAH!"

"Awwwh... and to think all psychopaths didn't have a heart! Maybe this one here has a heart for the love of her life Stapy!"

"Shut up..."

Their laughs echo through the room, their contaminating, sickening giggles... Well, that's until they came to an abrupt pause.

"...What?"

"I SAID SHUT UP, SHUT UP, SHUT UP! SHUT THE FUCK UP YOU ASSHOLES!"

Foldy walked up to the cubicle door, a dark expression growing on her face as her smirk quickly disappeared.

"You're one to talk, aren't you? CRAZY GIRL!" She screamed, throwing Liy's diary right into the sink behind her before kicking her foot as hard as she could onto the door of her cubicle.

Liy stayed silent, sighing with quick regret as she glumly dug her head into her arms.

"CRAZY, CRAZY, CRAZY GIRL! YOU BITCH! GO CURL UP INTO A BALL AND CRY AND WRITE THOSE STUPID DIARY ENTRIES ABOUT HOW HORRIBLE YOUR LIFE IS AND HOW YOUR FUCKING PARENTS DON'T EVEN LOVE YOU! HOW YOU'RE JUST A STUPID MISTAKE AND WASN'T EVEN MEANT TO BE HERE FROM THE START! AND HOW YOU TRIED TO HIT ON STAPY BECAUSE OF HOW LONELY YOUR ASS IS! I DON'T CARE, BUT DON'T YOU DARE CHAT THAT LOAD OF SHIT BACK TO ME YOU LOSER FREAK!"

Foldy bit her lip for a second, slowly regretting half of the words she blurted out as she walked back. But she paused, her heart thumping as her mind started to cloud.

"Yet none of the people in your life love you either, that's why you're doing this..." Liy muttered quietly under her waterfall of crybaby tears so no one could hear.

"Say it with me Makeup Brush, wake this weirdo up from her delusions!"

Foldy began to kick on the door once more, her friend soon doing

the same as the frame began to shake.

"CRAZY GIRL! CRAZY GIRL! CRAZY GIRL! CRAZY GIRL! CRAZY GIRL!"

Liy began to tear up, her sobs becoming louder and louder as they continued.

"Awww... is she crying?" Makeup Brush laughed, fishing the diary out of the sink before grossly flinging it over the door of Liy's cubicle like a piece of gum stuck to her finger.

"O-OW!" Liy tearfully shrieked as the soaking book violently knocked onto her head.

"CRAZY GIRL! CRAZY GIRL! CRAZY GIRL! CRAZY GIRL! CRAZY GIRL!CRAZY GIRL! CRAZY GIRL! CRAZY GIRL! CRAZY GIRL! CRAZY GIRL!"

...

Notice how every single time, the word 'boyfriend' is mentioned?

Foldy would openly flaunt about the fact that she was with Stapy whenever she got the chance.

Always smiling, blushing, laughing.

It was the first time I'd ever seen this girl genuinely happy.

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04/2015.

Why is it so easy for them to be happy but not me?!

I think to myself, my head leant against the cold desk as I began to pick up on a conversation between a certain duo.

"Wow... this question is so hard! If only someone could save me, the damsel in distress!"

"It's okay Foldy, I'm here to save you!"

"Oh, I'm ever so grateful!"

They were so fucking terrible at flirting or doing anything together without being awkward.

"Imagine we moved into a big mansion with 5 cats and 2 puppies after high school and became super famous celebrities!!"

"After high school? Do you really love me that much, Stapy?!"

"Well of course! I'll love you for a million years..."

"Well I'll love you for a million and one!"

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It was annoying, but you know what was more annoying?

The fact that they still wouldn't leave me alone.

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"That stupid teacher set me another detention! I swear, they never give up." Foldy groaned to her nonchalant friend, Makeup Brush.

"Yeah, duh! This school is so fucking annoying, I hate this place!!" The brush replied loudly as she began to look around the hallway, the soulless look on her face slowly fading and transforming into a look of mischievous excitement as she locked her eyes onto the blue lightswitch, who was slowly and shyly pacing down the stairway.

Smirking, she quickly walked over, Foldy quietly following as the two snuck behind Liy.

"What are you doing?!" Foldy whispered as MB turned back to her briefly with a grin.

"Watch and learn!" She exclaimed, laying her bag down on the step above before lifting up her leg and kicking the lightswitch so hard that she immediately began tumbling down the steep stairs.

The girl chuckled, the echoed screams only making the situation all the more funnier for her.

"Holy shit..." Foldy murmured as the two quickly scurried down the steps.

Liy shakily got on her knees, wiping off the thick drop of blood that was dripping out of her mouth before looking up, just to find a familiar face stare right back at her.

"Wh-"

"Eat this, bitch!" Makeup Brush yelled before slapping the girl in the face with full force.

"Ow!" Foldy taunted her before the two quickly walked off, leaving Liy to suffer silently.

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"Well, t-that hurt..."

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"You're ugly!"

"Leave the school!"

"You have no friends!"

"No one likes you."

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It's like someone etched those words into my brain with a permanent marker.

I can never, ever stop thinking about it. About what they say and do to me.

It was as if I was slowly dying of an illness, each time someone saying something making my demise even swifter.

No matter what happens, whether it changes, whether they move on...

Those words and those faces will haunt me forever.

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I was getting increasingly tired.

And I was having enough of it all.

But still, they didn't wanna stop.

Even though...

I did.

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My blood is boiling for revenge against all of them. Each of them, one by one. I want to permanently scar them. I'm done with being naïve. I want to ruin their 'perfect' images for good.

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"Heyyy!"

I gasped, a shiver travelling down my spine as I looked up.

It was her.

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Of course.

"Awww... Why are you all alone!"

"You don't have to come to her MB, you know no-one likes her!"

"Well you don't you go be her friend?"

"Ew, no. You know she tried to steal my boyfriend!"

They both turned to me, their faces scrunched up in disgust.

"Oh yeah.. why did you do that?" Makeup Brush snarled.

Foldy looked down at me, an angry glint in her eyes as she began to speak.

"You know Stapy said you look ugly." She uttered before her and the other began to burst out laughing.

I felt so dumb. Why did I drag myself down into this mess? Why did they drag me into this mess? They deserve to pay the price if anything. They're the reason my life is a shit show. I don't deserve this pain. They should feel what I'm feeling... They should! I'll give it to them.

"He's not wrong y'know..."

Makeup Brush sipped on her protein drink as she laughed obnoxiously.

"Wow Liy, you really need to lose some weight... Maybe this'll help!" MB added, pulling the bottle out in front of my face.

She opened the protein drink, laughing as she proceeded to spill it all over me.

"Let's go now, Foldy!" She smirked, innocently walking off into the distance and leaving me to deal with the consequences of her actions, again.

I watched silently as they laughed in the distance. I hate her so much. I hate her, I hate her, I hate her, I hate her, I hate her.

I grumbled, opening my bag and grabbing a piece of paper before using it to wipe that disgusting drink off.

And then... I sat there and zoned out.

It wasn't long until my corrosive dark thoughts took over. Revenge was the only intelligible word in my mind. My head began to cloud with thoughts of ruining her reputation.

Those thoughts then dawned. I knew what I was gonna do to her. I was gonna end her reputation. I was gonna end it all for her.

I slowly got up from the corner and decided to leave my bag. There's nothing particularly important in there anyway.

My hands trembled with anger as I stamped down the tennis court, my eyes scouring the place before finding a seemingly abandoned flask that was filled to the brim with water, so much that it felt like a heavy weight when I picked it up.

Whatever. Someone's gonna pay today.

I quickly scurried over, holding the flask in my hand like a baseball bat as I slowly approached the two.

"Yeah I know, she was so surpised."

My face went red, my hands trembling with utter rage.

I wanted revenge, and I was gonna get it. They asked for it.

"Makeup Brush!" I loudly called out to her, a smirk on my face as the two slowly turned around.

It was my time to strike.

"Huh?"

I ran over to her and lifted the bottle, fury pumping in my veins as I slammed it right onto her face as hard as I possibly could.

"MAKEUP BRUSH!" Foldy yelled as she watched blood spray out of

her nose before toppling to the ground.

"Slam dunk."

She turned to me with a horror-stricken face, tears filling at her traumatised eyes.

"W-What did you do...!"

All I could hear is Makeup Brush's painful screams. There was blood gushing out of her nose like a running tap as it dripped down her face.

I looked back at the bottle, blood smeared and dripping off of it.

"IT HURTS!" She screamed loudly, holding a hand to her bloodied face as a crowd began to quickly form around us.

I couldn't help but feel good. Although, compared to what they've done to me, this is simply a drop in the bucket.

The huge crowd started to attract more, and eventually everyone crowded around the mess that I created. Wait, I created this mess?! It's all their fault!

Foldy kept looking at me, stunned with fear and shock as she began to cry.

This... this felt great. Until...

"Liy! Come here right now!"

I turned to see it was yet another stupid teacher.

"You're coming with me Liy."

And with that, he grabbed my arm as tightly as he could.

"Let go of me!" I yelled loudly, trying to tackle my way out of trouble.

But he wouldn't let go.

It was as if the school was very determined to put me in trouble!

Although...

I suddenly felt faint, as if something switched off in my body. Something made me feel like a lifeless shell. And I felt my eyes forcefully shut. I blacked out...

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"LIY!"

The loud shout of the teacher shot open my eyes and gave a shiver down my spine. I lifted my head up from the table, the fresh light of the room stinging my eyes before I looked towards that teacher again.

"I'm not playing around Liy. You do realise the police are involved with this?!" He said with a strict and angry tone in his voice.

I stayed silent and just blinked at him for a second before he slammed the table hard with his fist.

"WHY DID YOU DO THIS LIY?! WHY WOULD YOU EVEN DARE HARM ANOTHER STUDENT LIKE THAT, AND DONT EVEN TRY TO MAKE EXCUSES, YOU HAD EVERY RIGHT TO CONTROL YOUR OWN ACTIONS."

This is because of her, isn't it. That damn monster. They're all monsters. Foldy, Pastel, Her, and her follower.

"EXPLAIN YOURSELF!"

I didn't say anything. I looked down to the palm of my hand to see there was still some blood trickling down. I couldn't help but crack a smile, knowing what I did. She deserved it. I don't care how much pain she's in. I don't even care if she's dead.

"Oh so you think this is funny, DO YOU?!"

I looked back up.

"What do you mean?"

The teacher groaned angrily, his teeth gritting together as he tapped his fingers on the table.

"You know what, just stay in isolation. The police are gonna deal with you, I'm done with your shenanigans."

I looked back at him, my smile fading away, insulted as he stood up.

"What the fuck do you mean my shenanigans? Aren't you idiots meant to be professionals? When these girls make my life a living hell, when every single damn day I get sent out of class and here for something they did to me, you want to turn a blind eye and act like nothing happened?! And when I finally stand up for myself something you get the feds involved?!"

The teacher looked back sinisterly, shocked at my vulgar language. You deserved to hear that anyways. Someone needed to wake you idiots up.

"I'm sorry? What do you mean by 'standing up for yourself'? Is breaking someone else's nose your definition of standing up for yourself?! Pathetic." He laughed as he tucked in the chair.

I looked to the side.

"The only thing that's pathetic is your school."

Usually teachers would call me out for saying that but... he didn't even reply. He just looked me deep in the eye. I couldn't tell how he felt at all. I stared curiously into his mysterious grey eyes, the confident sparkle he once had in them had faded out, like a weak flame on a candle. Holding on.

"Look, okay Liy." He sighed, a bit guilty as he sat back on the chair to face me.

"The only reason we're not permanently suspending you is because you're one of the smartest students in the year group, and I'm not

kidding with you on this, alright?"

I know, you don't need to tell me.

"Liy, you're truly an intelligent girl. You just have to use that mind of yours for the right things and not to hospitalise other students like you did with Makeup Brush..."

Makeup Brush. That girl deserves her own spot in hell, not a hospital.

"And you?" I uttered. "What do you do? Let them get away with everything they do to me every day?!"

"Liy, there's no evidence of tha-"

"DAMN RIGHT THERE'S EVIDENCE! DON'T COME TO ME WITH YOUR SUGARCOATING SHIT TELLING ME I'M 'SMART AND INTELLIGENT' WHEN YOU CAN'T EVEN FUNCTION YOUR DAMN BRAINS! YOU'VE ALL FUCKING SEEN THEM WITH YOUR OWN TWO EYES, AND MANY TIMES TOO! YOU NEVER EVER DO ANYTHING, IT'S ALWAYS THE FAVOURITISM! ALWAYS, ALWAYS, ALWAYS!"

"Liy, you know we don't have favourites, stop making up-"

"I'M NOT FUCKING DONE! WHAT ABOUT THE TIME THEY STOLE MY BAG, EMPTIED IT OUT AND THREW ALL MY THINGS EVERYWHERE?! THAT WAS JUST YESTERDAY. THERE WAS 3 TEACHERS IN THAT CLASSROOM BUT ALL OF YOU NEVER SAID A THING!"

"Y-You know what..." The teacher stuttered, standing up from his chair again. "Maybe when the police come they can refer you to a psychiatrist... o-or something and give you some pills for your hallucinations."

And then he left.

Injustice, once again. This is my life..., lies, injustice, distrust, torture.

He forgot one thing though. The card in his lanyard.

Ah… what good fun. Fun, fun, fun.

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Shortly after that, it was as if those girls became scared of me.

They stopped approaching me, stopped talking to me.

Stopped everything altogether.

They were done.

But me? I was far from done. It was the beginning.

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TO BE CONTINUED.

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Hey there, hope you enjoyed this chapter!

Word count: 17,496

As usual, make sure to tell me what you think in the comments and don't forget to leave a vote if you enjoyed!

Chapter 20b will hopefully come out two weeks after this one, so stay tuned!

Dean, out!

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algebra class. - chapter 20b

⚠TW: Bullying, Graphic Violence⚠

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01/01/2002 - Conversation started at 06:42.

'Happy new year. You can write your little resolutions, but just know that you can't run away from what you did. You monster.'

'Leave me alone'

'You hurt us all. Go keep your face hidden from the world. I'm sure no one will miss you.'

NO REPLY

'You're a horrible creature. You don't even deserve the pleasure of being called an individual.'

'stop contacting me, ill report u 2 the authorities if u keep sending messages'

'Fine then. Let's assume the authorities did get involved. Do you even

know who I am? If you can't provide that vital evidence which is my identity, your report is rendered meaningless.'

'Go away mom I know it's u'

'Oh don't worry, I can assure you that this isn't your mother on the other side of the screen. She doesn't even know how to use electronics, does she, Lantern?'

'how do u know my name'

'There's a lot of things I know about you. :)'

'fuck off and stop contacting me'

'Your name is Lantern, you were born on the 12th of May, 1971. You're married and currently live in the outskirts of Goiky. You work an office job. Your father is deceased and has been since the 6th of May, 1981, and your mother lives in a flat in central Goiky by the university. You have a younger sibling born on the 25th of January, 1981, and they currently study Physics at University of Goiky. Did I get any of that wrong?'

NO REPLY

'Ah. It seems I startled you there, didn't I? Is that enough to get you to realise what you've done?'

NO REPLY

'You don't deserve to live a privileged life with your job and husband. You are a selfish, entitled person and you don't deserve what you have.'

NO REPLY

'You're horrible.'

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02/01/2002 - Conversation started at 09:23.

'lol you're screwed bitch'

NO REPLY

'You can never delay the inevitable.'

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ALGEBRA CLASS - CHAPTER 20b.

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"Well, it turns out that Leafy wasn't such a nice person after all. She was the one who bought Dream Island so that none of us could have it!"

"I think Leafy deserves the death penalty!"

"Yeah!"

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"That... isn't very nice..."

.

"I found Flower's announcer crusher, I'm pretty sure it'll do the job!"

"Wow. Good job Pencil!"

.

"Wait, no... are they actually going to kill Leafy? How are they gonna do... that..."

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"Any last words Leafy?"

"Yeah! I-"

"Go! Go! Go! Go!"

"Hey, like, what's that thing over there?"

.

"Match is so funny, I think that she's one of my favourites...!"

.

"Huh? What are you doing, get your hands off of me you jerk!!"

"Leafy, Leafy! Leafy, I'm sorry for what I did, I realised what I wanted wasn't Dream Island, it's you, your friendship!"

.

"Friendship... I wonder what that's like. To have a best friend..."

.

"I just wanted you to know that I'm tired of all this turmoil that's going on, all these conflicts and stuff! And I'd rather spend my time on you, whether it's on Dream Island or not..."

"Really, you mean it?"

.

The lightswitch shed a tear, letting out a sigh as she wiped her eyes.

Taking a deep and somewhat shaky breath, she pressed resume.

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"Hurry up, we have to get back to the execution!"

...

THE END... For now!

Stay tuned for season 2, with a new wave of contestants from all over, and fun new challenges with new hosts!

We have... Book!

"I'm a dictionary and you better believe it!!"

...Ruby!

"Please, please, please can I join the game please, please!!"

...Nickel!

"I'm the new Coiny!"

And many more, click to watch the brand new first episode of season——

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04/2015.

Hello! Welcome to my life, a very uninteresting and unproductive series of events.

I go to a boringly boring high school, and have stupid dumb friends who are very idiotic.

A stupid purple highlighter.

A stupid piece of paper.

And a stupid makeup brush!

But first, my name is...

Hm... it seems I'm so utterly braindead and useless that I actually forgot my name! Whoopsies!!!

Also, I am super, duper, extremely...

-

"LIY! GET YOUR HEAD OFF THE DESK AND ANSWER THE QUESTION!"

"Huh...?" The girl rubbed her eyes, closing up her notebook before turning to face the math teacher.

"Answer. The. QUESTION! What is the square root of 144?"

"Are you actually serious? I'm not 6, obviously I know what this is! Why are you asking me though?!" Liy scoffed, leaning back on her chair before rolling her eyes.

"Because Liy, you're the only one who seems to be zoned out!" The teacher yelled back angrily to the girl.

"I'm zoned out because I'm already way beyond the level you're teaching? So why don't you shut up and ask one of the many braindead kids in this class!"

"UGH! Right... I'll give you one more chance to fix up your attitude before you get sent out of the class once and for all. Answer the question!!"

"Dude, what the fuck ever!" Liy snapped back as she tiredly leant on the desk amidst the shouts and laughter.

"Why this sudden personality change? You were fine just a few days ago, Liy!"

Liy looked towards the teacher with genuine confusion, plopping her pen down on the desk before speaking once more.

"What personality change? I'm completely fine!!" She smiled somewhat sarcastically, her eyes beaming with mischievousness.

"Right, well... ugh. What do I do with you since you're so smart and clever?!" The teacher groaned, angrily flicking away the whiteboard pen she had in her hand before folding her arms.

"Literally nothing. Why are you so pent up over me anyways? Do your job!" Liy mockingly exclaimed, chuckling as the math teacher began to grit her teeth angrily.

"You vile little scoundrel...! That attitude is bound to get you absolutely nowhere after you graduate!!" The teacher snapped back quite unprofessionally, slamming her fist against the whiteboard as the entire class began to gasp loudly.

"You have guts to be saying that to your own student, honestly. Y'know what, keep going! They'll probably fire you after this one so

give us a smashing last performance!" Liy giggled, shooting the teacher an unserious thumbs up as the commotion amidst her classmates only got louder.

"HOW DARE YOU! DON'T MAKE ME PUT A ZERO ON YOUR ALGEBRA TEST!!"

"Yeah... that'll show me!" Liy smiled, clapping her hands and smirking before hearing a slam so loud that she gasped and went silent.

"You... YOU'RE ONE OF THE MOST DIFFICULT STUDENTS I'VE EVER HAD TO TEACH! LISTEN CAREFULLY AND REMEMBER MY WORDS, YOU'LL GET NOWHERE WITH THAT RUDE DEMEANOR! YOU'RE GONNA END UP IN JAIL FOR LIFE WISHING THAT YOU LISTENED TO ME!!" The teacher screamed loudly, stunning Liy and everyone else in the class into silence as her raspy voice echoed through the room.

She cleared her throat, folding her arms with a prideful smirk as she watched Liy sit there in utter silence.

"Seems my point got to you, didn't it Liy?"

Liy looked up at the teacher, her face blank with emotionlessness as tears began to fill at the corners of her eyes.

"I'll show you." The girl uttered her final words quietly, picking up her book and bag before slamming her chair in and quickly storming out of the classroom.

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Fine. I'll say the truth.

My name is Liy.

I live a very depressing life.

No one seems to care. I'm more like the gum stuck to someone's shoe.

You pay attention to me for a second, but you could just wipe it away and forget about me afterwards.

That's how much I seem to matter to people.

My parents, my classmates, even my teachers.

Everyone in my depressing life seems to have the same depressing opinion about depressing me.

I'm a hopeless, violent, impulsive, depressing person. And they're far from wrong.

However, recently it seems as though everyone believes I am undergoing a 'significant personality change'.

They're surprised at my existence, because this whole time I've never existed to them.

Now that I've finally raised my voice, it seems as though people seem to pay attention.

They wonder how I even managed to build up my voice, even though I've been through so much.

It's a jumpscare.

As if something abnormal and unnatural happens.

For instance... a bird starts speaking fluent English and is able to communicate with us objects.

Everyone is scared, because as far as they know, that bird never had a voice.

All the bird can do is tweet, and fly around. Nothing more!

Society places these expectations on everyone. And anyone who breaks then can evoke fear in everyone else.

That's how this world works.

And I'm going to change it forever.

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"Surpise!!"

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"AAAH!! S-Stapy... Mom?! Where did you two come from? I could've sworn that there was no one home!" Foldy stammered, laughing nervously as she backed away from the front door of her house.

"Surprise...?" Stapy smiled, shuffling closer to her before pulling out a purple present box that was neatly wrapped shut with hot pink string.

Foldy smiled back, laughing to herself a little as she slowly opened the box.

"Open it quick!" Notebook chanted loudly in the back as Foldy quickly teared it open before curiously peeking inside.

"Is this... friendship bracelets?" Foldy gasped, a little underwhelmed as Stapy picked up the two beaded bracelets with his hand.

"Yeah! Yours is red and mine is turquoise, so wherever we go, we'll remember eachother!!"

"Isn't that sweet, Foldy? Isn't he sweet?" Foldy's mom awed, a look of adoration on her face as she watched the two put on their bracelets.

"Always appreciate the little things. You don't need to buy each other expensive things to prove your love! Handmade bracelets are such an adorable little craft..."

"I love it..., thank you!!" Foldy smiled, inspecting the bracelet before suddenly being pulled into a tight hug.

"I'm so happy you like it, I really am! It took me so long to make! I love you!!" Stapy exclaimed, his eyes glimmering with joy as he hugged the girl tightly before softly placing her back down.

Foldy chuckled, clutching tightly onto the bracelet as she walked through the main door and into the dining room, just to see a massive chocolate cake sitting on the table.

"Chocolate cake? Hm, lemme guess... you made this, didn't you mom!" Foldy guessed, inspecting the cake as Stapy slowly came over to her.

"No... it was actually me who made it!" He abruptly admitted, a proud grin forming on his face as the three sat down on the wooden brown chairs.

"It looks really good!" The girl complimented, grabbing the fork before taking a small chunk out from the cake and tasting it.

"B-But... what's all this for? The cake, gifting me... My birthday was in October, y'know?!" She nervously laughed, her tone low and a little sad as she placed the fork back on the plate.

"You question things too much, Foldy. It was a nice surprise!" Notebook shrugged, eating a small chunk out of her cake slice as Stapy turned back.

"I'm sorry it was so sudden, but I just felt bad y'know? You deserve gifts! You're the best!!" He exclaimed with determination, clapping his hands as Foldy smiled softly.

"You... really mean it? You think that someone as basic as me deserves gifts..." Foldy sighed, trying to keep her smile from dropping to a frown.

"Why else would I say anything if I didn't think you deserve it? You're not basic, or undeserving, you're amazing! I love you for you..."

Foldy began to blush, her sad frown completely disappearing and transforming into a smile as she looked back at him.

"He's so sweet Foldy, you better be good to him!" Notebook jokingly scolded her, a heartfelt look on her face as she watched the two get up and walk out into the garden.

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"She's lucky..."

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"Isn't the moon beautiful tonight...?" Foldy awed, looking up at the shining moon and stars as the light glimmered in her eyes.

"Yeah!"

"..."

Foldy sighed, looking to the side as if to cover the somewhat irritated look on her face.

She rolled her eyes, turning back to Stapy with a somewhat forced smile as she began to speak again.

"Hey, um... you remember that Liy, right?"

.

She continued, a scowl forming on her face as her voice began to tremble.

"She had a crush on you, as we all know.
B-But... tell me the truth, please Stapy."

"I-..." Stapy hesitated as Foldy turned to him with tears in her eyes.

"Did you like her back?"

Foldy tried to hold in her tears, her paper body trembling with anxiety as she anticipated an answer.

"Should I be honest?" Stapy replied, his tone a little more serious than before.

"..."

"No. She was my friend then. I never liked her like that, so why are you so concerned? Plus, this is such an old thing to reopen... just lighten up!" He laughed it off, leaning his arm against Foldy as she stopped trembling.

Foldy grinned somewhat egotistically, wiping her tears she finally received the answer she wanted from him.

"I'm fine, chillax!" She nudged him on the arm with a smirk as the two began to laugh.

"That Liy kinda freaks me out. You remember what she did to MB just a week ago? Somehow they still let her come to school..."

Foldy gasped as she turned back to him, her eyes filled with fear as she began to remember it all again.

"Blood... e-everywhere..." She mumbled, trying her best to forget it all, although she just couldn't.

The dented metal bottle.

Trembling hands and screams of agony.

The look in her eyes, her smile large as she dropped the bloody object onto the ground.

Sirens.

Cries.

And the vengeful spark in Liy's once tearful and fearful eyes as she got dragged away.

It just wouldn't go away. Not until she for herself fainted anyway.

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That would change the order forever.

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06/2015 - THE MUSIC ROOM.

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"Alright folks, be sure to open up your textbooks to page 56!"

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Liy sat there quietly with a blank look in her eyes, picking up the textbook as she flicked through the pages.

"Page... fifty-six, huh..." She mumbled quietly, her eyes scouring through the contents.

.

"Hey, why does she think she's so unstoppable now?"

..

"Yeah, that's true... I still remember when Liy would get scared of the smallest things!

.

"I hate her. She thinks she's so invincible."

..

"I know. She'd probably start crying if I threw my pen at her."

.

"Totally. Watch this!"

.

Liy sighed, staring into the music notes and piano diagrams on the textbook before suddenly feeling a rough nudge on her arm.

"What...?" She blinked, turning around just to see her classmate holding an open bottle of water.

"Your face!" The boy exclaimed with a smirk before splashing the cold water right in her face, accompanied by a series of giggles.

Liy went silent, her head dropping to the floor as the class began to break out into nothing but laughter and taunts toward her.

"What are you gonna do now? Hit me with that metal bottle you hit MB with?!" He added, his smile quickly fading into a scowl as he got on his feet.

"Is this the Liy that is so strong and bold? Why won't you do something now, huh? Your confidence ran out?! COME ON! DO SOMETHING!!"

Liy wiped the water off of her face, her eyes soulless and devoid of the slightest bit of emotion as she too got up on her feet.

"Oh my gosh... she's actually gonna do something!!!"

But instead of doing what her whole class pushed her towards doing, she simply sucked it up.

Grabbing her bag, she just walked past everyone else before swiftly exiting the class.

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.

"Liy? Where are you going?!"

The lightswitch refused to turn back, her eyes watery with tears as she tried her best to hide how weak she truly was.

"Not that strong, are you? I should've known!"

.

"Weak little bitch."

.

.

.

"As you're Liy's father, I'd like to ask you this. Liy has become quite distant from everyone ever since the incident. She refuses to speak or do anything for that matter. She banters with teachers, walks out of her lessons and refuses to cooperate! Do you maybe... happen to know why? Or at least noticed these behaviour differences?"

"No? Well... she's always been rebellious. She likes to pry a lot and has no sense of respect or at the very least giving people space!"

"I see. Well... could you just talk to her? We'd hate to suspend such a smart student from our school!"

"Will do."

"And, just tell her that we're giving her just a few more chances to fix up."

"Okay..."

"Just talk to her! She's difficult!!"

"Oh my gosh, okay!"

.

.

.

"Why am I so weak..." Liy cried quietly to herself, wiping her tears as she looked up to stare towards her sickly self in the mirror.

Her cries and sobs echoed in the school bathroom, her hands trembling as they clutched onto the sink.

She held her arm up towards her reflection, a look on her face that emitted despair - broken beyond repair.

"I hate them all... each and every one of them!" Liy sobbed, slowly sinking down to the floor as she quietly dug her head into her arms.

"Why can't I just be strong for once in my life...?"

She continued to cry, her fists clenched with anger and regret as she quietly continued to herself.

"Why won't anyone support me..." Liy mumbled, wiping her eyes as she shakily got up on her feet, clutching onto her bag as she locked herself into one of the cubicles.

She sighed, opening her bag before pulling out a somewhat dented phone, the light of the screen shining in her face as she unlocked it.

Her eyes scoured through the notifications, a somewhat excited look on her face as she spotted an announcement.

"BFDIA 6... now available...?" Liy read it aloud with a slight smile before opening up the app to watch the new episode.

.

"Want some berries?"

"I don't, because I've already had 23!"

.

Indeed. It's really sad, but my only escapism was watching an exaggerated reality show.

That was the only thing I was looking forward to.

I only looked forward to watching BFDIA.

...Gosh, I sound so sad.

.

"Consciousness restored! Where's that Puffball? She must atone for her crimes! It's because of her that we're... up for elimination."

"Yeah, Team No-Name. You all kept sleeping way longer than normal after Cranklord recovered you!"

"Oh wow! Thanks for the free transportation!"

.

I always wished to be in their shoes.

Competing with friends, silly challenges, wacky hosts.

Prizes, teams, running from Evil Leafy.

Discovering new mysteries, making long lasting bonds and memories.

I felt as if I was there... too...

Being on Woah Bunch, or Freesmart, or maybe Team No-Name! I wouldn't even mind being a TLCer!!

I just wanted to be one of them! I hated my school life!! I just want what they have!!!

.

"Freesmarters!"

"Yes?"

"Let's hop into the Freesmart supervan!"

.

"That supervan looks cool..." Liy murmured, her eyes fixated on the episode.

.

"Alright, Pence-Pence! Drive to the Pillow Marketplace; the comfiest emporium in town!"

"I'm so excited to check it out!"

"Let's do it, Rubester!"

.

"Why can't I be you...?" Liy began to tear up, looking towards Pencil and her alliance through the screen.

Her confident smile, her tight-knit group of friends that always competed alongside her...

All of that was alien to Liy.

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"'What's one thing that you wish for Liy in the future...?' Huh..."

.

"Well, for starters... I want her to be confident and have many friends, unlike me... In fact! I want her to be the opposite of me. I want her to always have something to look forward to. I just want her to feel true happiness. And I want her to grow up in a good environment with good people around her! As her mother, that's what I want for her the most."

.

.

.

"Liy, why do you always cause so much trouble! Just pipe down for once!!" The teacher yelled, once again.

"I didn't m-mean to!!" Liy cried out, once again.

"Why is it so difficult for you just sit the hell down? You're making everyone else uncomfortable, so just give up on your antics!" The teacher snapped, his voice loud and irritated, once again.

"I told you, I DIDN'T MEAN TO!" Liy pleaded as much as she could, once again.

"Sit down and reflect, Liy. You can try to convince me, but in reality you're not doing anything but extending your punishment!" The teacher clarified with a smirk, once again.

Liy scowled, her hands shaking with anger as she tightly clenched her fists so hard to the point that her fingernails were digging into her sweaty palms.

"I TOLD YOU, I DIDN'T FUCKING DO ANYTHING!!" She screamed as loud as she could, slamming her fist on the table with full force as her shouts echoed through the empty detention room, once... again...?

"Notice how I'm the only one IN THIS DAMN ROOM! YOU GIVE EVERYONE ELSE A FUCKING CHANCE BUT ME! I TOLD YOU I DIDNT DO SHIT SO STOP TRYING TO PUT ME IN TROUBLE ALL THE TIME!!"

"...I'm just doing what the principal told me to do with you. Geez, such a loose screw. Fix up, you're not scaring anyone!" The teacher rolled his eyes, leaning back on his chair.

Liy grumbled, her eyes watering with tears of anger as she tapped her feet onto the ground.

"Why don't you ever punish the right people. Do you think you're protecting me by doing this? JUST ANSWER ME!!" She yelled, her fist slamming onto the table once more as the teacher slouched back on the chair.

"You're dangerous. Look what you did to Makeup Brush just a few months ago! Anyone with a single braincell would realise that the best idea is to lock you in here so you don't hurt anyone else." He scoffed, not even giving the girl proper eye contact.

"Y-You think... I did it for no reason?" Liy's eyes widened, genuinely stunned at the teacher's lack of understanding or care about anything related to her at all.

"I don't even care what reason you did it for, you're a liability! No normal person would go and injure someone else! That poor girl never did anything in the first place and you just came to destroy her peace..."

"I-... SHE PUSHED ME DOWN A FLIGHT OF STAIRS!"

"No she didn't..."

"WHAT THE HELL? YES SHE DID!!" Liy screeched, her eyes welling up with tears once more as the teacher simply dismissed all of her responses.

"Sit. DOWN. Don't make me call your father and tell him how you're literally swearing at a teacher!"

Liy silently sat back down on her chair, holding her face tightly with her hands as she continued to sob and cry to herself.

"And can you stop crying? You sound so annoying when you do that."

"Wh-"

"Attention seeker."

Liy stayed still and silent, her body trembling as she tried her best to suppress the teachers harsh words that seemed to hurt even worse the more she thought about them over, and over again.

Her breaths came in repeated gasps, holding at her face as she felt the barren white walls begin to tighten at her throat as hard as they possibly could.

"Didn't I tell you to be quiet?!" The teacher spat, his voice growing more and more and enraged and Liy's cries began to grow louder and louder once more.

No one believes me.

No one cares.

They all want me to rot and die.

That's the truth.

The bitter, sour, disgusting, ugly truth.

She let out a weak laugh, wiping her tears as she slowly got up from the plastic chair.

Her vision went blurry, the voices echoing through the room becoming unintelligible as she picked up her bag and stumbled towards the door.

The clock read 10:50am. 5 hours away from dismissal.

But she couldn't take another minute of the pure hell that she was forced to endure by everyone around her.

Just open that door... and freedom is yours... Liy thought to herself, the thought of sweet freedom roaming in her mind as she clutched onto the door handle.

"Where are you going?!" He shouted, although it didn't matter anymore. She couldn't even hear a word.

.

Just open the door.

And walk out.

Freedom... is... yours...?

.

"LIY!"

"I DON'T CARE ANYMORE!" Liy screamed back in protest, quickly opening the door before sprinting down the hallway as fast as her small legs could possibly take her.

She gasped for air, holding her arm out toward the distance as she heard the familiar sound of clanking keys and the clouded dialogue of the walkie-talkie echo through the halls, the sounds becoming louder and louder as Liy let out a fearful shriek.

Liy held herself together, wiping the drops of sweat off her face as she found herself left with just one more choice.

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"Okay class, today our lesson will be about multiplying fractions! Make sure to open your math textbooks to page-"

"GAH!" Liy coughed out as she bust the door to the math class open before scrambling to the back of the class.

The entire class turned to face her with looks of confusion and slight amusement, their judgemental eyes causing Liy to immediately drop her head to the ground.

"Hey, how dare you burst into my lesson like th-"

"LIY! THAT'S IT, I'M GONNA ACTUALLY SUSPEND YOU FOR A

LONG TIME!" The detention teacher stormed in, clutching tightly onto the walkie-talkie as Liy began to cower and clutch onto the wall behind her.

"GET AWAY FROM ME!!" Liy screamed back, her eyes scouring around the room before locking eyes with one of the backpacks that surrounded the other kids.

In a quick impulse, she picked up the heavy grey bag, lifting it up before pointing it toward the detention teacher.

"A backpack, really?! I wonder why the school kept someone as stupid as y-"

Liy quickly cut off his words, launching the backpack onto his face with such force that he immediately fell onto the ground.

Gasping, she grabbed her own bag before running past everyone and back out through the door she came inside the classroom from in the first place.

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"I want her to be confident and have many friends."

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"I want her to always have something to look forward to. I just want her to feel true happiness."

.

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"As her mother, that's what I want for her the most."

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"It's my only wish."

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"I just want to do my best for you, Liy."

.

"I want to be your role model, I want to guide you towards the right path."

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"I'll always be by your side, even if at times you feel as if no one is..."

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"I will always be there for you. Liy."

.

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"GET BACK HERE! NOW!!"

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"Even when some days may be dark and hopeless, just keep holding onto the hope that it'll pass over into something good."

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"Why won't they support me...?"

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"Even if you feel as if no one cares. Even if they can't understand. Just hold onto hope. Keep being hopeful...!"

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"Liy's going to be temporarily suspended for 2 days. Do you understand this, sir?"

"Yeah, I understand."

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"I will always be there for you. Liy."

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08/2015.

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"Summer break, finally!" The purple highlighter smiled, clutching onto a cup of lemonade as she turned to her friend.

"Pastel, it's been summer break for like two months already!" Stapy laughed, jokingly elbowing the girl as they walked down the pavement.

"When's Foldy gonna come?" Pastel pondered, sipping her lemonade as she looked toward the somewhat empty road that they were walking through.

"Oh. Her and her mom went to the airport last night, y'know? She didn't even tell me until an hour ago when she arrived at the city they flew to." Stapy added, a little bummed.

"Maybe the flight was long? Saving battery, I guess?"

"No!" Stapy snapped before quickly hesitating.

"Sorry, I- just..."

"It's okay, really! Go on!" Pastel Highlighter insisted with a smile.

"Right..." He nodded as he continued.

"Foldy said the flight wasn't even two hours long, and that they planned it like 5 months ago without telling me... even when she left, she didn't text me at all beforehand! Last time she texted me before today was like almost two weeks ago."

He sighed, folding his arms as they stopped by a large sports field.

"What if she doesn't like me anymore, and she's just distancing herself so it'll hurt less?"

"I'm sure it's just a misunderstanding!!" Pastel quickly added, holding up a large smile as her friend let out another sigh.

"She never does this to me!" Stapy cried out, holding a hand to his face as his eyes began to well up with tears.

Pastel trembled, nervously taking a few steps back before taking a moment to think.

"...What... if she-"

"I'm calling her right now!" Stapy exclaimed, a determined look on his face as he wiped his tears dry.

Smiling, he clutched into his phone, going through his list of contacts before clicking on Foldy's.

He clicked call, holding the phone to his face as the number began to dial before quickly picking up.

"Hello...?"

"I'M MAD AT YOU!" Stapy yelled into the phone as loud as he could before quickly hanging up, turning back up to Pastel with a prideful smirk.

"You... didn't have to do that!"

"But it felt so good!" Stapy giggled quite foolishly, his childish laughs only causing Pastel to feel more nervousness and shame towards the whole thing.

"Just- well... you should-"

Before she could finish, Stapy's phone began to ring loudly, causing the two to let out a gasp.

"I-... I'll answer it!" Stapy yelped as he answered the call.

Pastel stood there patiently, watching as her friend held up the phone to his face while nervously laughing.

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"No..., well, just—"

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"You're the one who kept leaving me on read! Are you seeing someone special? You don't need me anymore?!"

.

"You... what?"

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"Oh, I see."

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"I'm sorry, like, I'm actually really sorry..."

.

"I know, I was being rude..."

.

"I love you...!"

.

"Text me later if your phone is gonna die!!"

.

"Bye, I love you!!"

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"How'd it go...?" Pastel asked with a smile, folding her arms as Stapy sheepishly turned off his phone.

"The place she was staying at had no signal... silly me, right?!"

Pastel clutched her hands, turning her head to the ground as she tried to hide her quickly fading smile from him.

"It's okay! Now you know that it was just a mistake and nothing more!! Hahah!!!" Pastel turned back to face Stapy with a forced laugh, exaggerating her smile as he laughed back.

"I'm glad, really! Thank you Pastel, you're my best friend!!" The boy frantically thanked her, giving her a quick hug before going back on his phone.

"You... too..."

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"The stars are shining, the moon is lowering, the sun... is also shining...?"

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"No, these lyrics sound terrible! Just terrible!!"

The highlighter let out a shaky sigh, tears streaming down her face as she began to claw onto the lined paper she wrote her song lyrics on before quickly crumpling it up.

"Why can't I ever do anything right. Why do I always screw up every single thing in my life?!" Pastel cried out, throwing the piece of paper towards the pile of scraps in the corner of her room.

"I'm so useless... all I ever do is ruin it all for those two."

The purple highlighter folded her arms, turning towards her mirror before looking into her sickly face, her eyes swollen red with tears as she struggled to hold herself together.

"They're already a happy duo without me. I'm just ruining it for them by being there every time!"

She held her shaky hand out to her reflection, tears trickling down her damp face.

.

"I hate my life." Pastel mumbled quietly, going silent for a few second as her own words began to sink into her tainted soul.

Her eyes widened, a look of both fear and realisation before her inner sadness washed away those feelings.

She let out a loud cry, sobbing as she dug her head deep into the pillow on her bed.

.

"Pastel, why are you shouting so loudly?!" A boy around her age opened the door to her room, a concerned look on his face as Pastel quickly sat up.

"Go away Colouring Pen, I'm doing... my makeup! Go... play your video games." Pastel rolled her eyes, stamping towards her brother before softly pushing him back into the hallway outside her room.

"Who shouts while doing their makeup?!" He snapped as Pastel let out a loud and somewhat obnoxious laugh.

"That... is none of your buisness! Bye-bye big brother, off to your friends' house to watch soccer you go!!" The girl forced a smile as she slowly closed her door shut.

She sighed, plopping onto her bed as she looked toward the mirror once more.

"I-"

"Hey, do you know where the laptop is?" Colouring Pen opened the door again, trodding into the girl's room quietly as he walked toward the closet at the far back of her room.

"Get out of my room! If you're worried about the 'shouting', I told you it was nothing. You're just hearing things, so stop worrying!!"

"That isn't gonna convince me that there's nothing wrong with you."

Pastel huffed, tapping her foot onto the ground as her brother patiently waited for a response.

"Look, I-"

"I know what you're gonna say! 'I'm perfectly fine, just doing my makeup and texting my bestie Foldy! She sent a funny video so that's why I'm shouting! It was me laughing!!', right?"

"You... got that exactly right, didn't you?" Pastel smiled somewhat sadly, her eyes filling with tears as she turned to the side.

"You're lucky I'm not mom. If she came in here, she'd just start bickering and arguing with you!"

"Really...?"

"Yeah? You know what she'll say, I don't even have to remind you!"

Pastel stayed silent, shrugging as she looked down to the ground.

"I dunno..."

"You know what she says every single time! 'I'm a grown adult and you're just a kid! You know nothing about life, stop making up stories!!!' or... something like that."

"You got that right on point, didn't you...?"

"I know how she is..." He let out a sigh, frowning a little.

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"Do you think that Foldy and Stapy can tolerate me?" Pastel abruptly asked, her voice breaking with sadness as she folded her arms.

"I don't know your friends well enough to really answer that... what's wrong with you though? You didn't say something bad to them, did you?!"

"No!!" She snapped almost immediately.

"I just- well... I'm..."

"..."

"Never mind, maybe I'm just overreacting aren't I!!"

"But you-"

"Out you go, Colouring Pen! Back to playing video games!!" Pastel exclaimed as she got back up on her feet, pulling her brother by the arm before leading him out to the hallway once more.

"Why can't you just talk to me?!" He yelled as Pastel slammed the door shut on him as hard as she possibly could.

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"I'd be better off suffering by myself."

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09/2015. - FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL.

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The first day of school tends to be intriguing - in a good way.

New classes, new friends...

"Oh my gosh, Stapy! We're in the same Chemistry class, y'know!!"

"That's amazing!!"

It fills you with a unique kind of excitement and anticipation that you wouldn't feel for any other school day.

It makes you feel hopeful for the future. The new adventures, experiences, events.

"What clubs do you think I should join, Pastel?"

"Well... you like football, don't you? Why not join the football club!!"

"Huh... I guess you're right!"

Excitement for what's to come!

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This is what you think I'd feel too, right?

Excited like them all?

Instead of spending the day hanging out with my friends and meeting new classmates.

I spent my day crying in the school bathrooms wondering how long Foldy and Stapy would continue to tolerate a freak like me until they finally snap.

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"Where's Pastel... I didn't see her since the morning." Foldy uttered, sitting on the lunch table with a frown as she turned to face Stapy.

"Well, I don't really know. I also saw her this morning before our first class, but she just disappeared afterward. Maybe all her classes for today were in the other building by the football pitch!" Stapy replied, a little underwhelmed but still somewhat concerned.

"She would've been back by now... it's lunch break!!" Foldy exclaimed, her voice filled with worry as she began to face the doors, just hoping that maybe her missing friend would walk through.

"Should we call her?" Stapy suggested, starting to get a little more nervous than before.

"We can't, she handed her phone in like everyone else!"

Foldy sighed, worried tapping her foot on the ground as she began to think about the possible locations that her missing best friend could be at.

"Foldy...?"

"Hold on, just gimme a sec!" Foldy snapped, her eyes darting across the large and crowded lunch hall before... it finally came to her.

"I think I know where she could be, c'mon!" She yelled, jumping off her chair and running through the door as Stapy quickly followed behind her.

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"They hate me... d-don't they...?"

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The silence grows, the quiet drops of water echoing through the walls as they hit the ceramic sink.

The buzzing of the flickering light, and the sweet, somewhat suffocating smell of air freshener flowing through the air.

Just pure silence. Until a sudden creak of the wooden door startled the girl out of her silent trance.

"Wh-... who's there?!" Pastel shrieked, quickly wiping her tears as she got up from the cold, tiled floor.

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"Just me."

The door slowly shut, the sound of soft footsteps and quiet breaths as she clutched onto the sink.

Pastel remained silent, turning her gaze up from the ground just to see a familiar blue face staring right back at her.

One she knew too well to just ignore.

"You don't do a very good job at hiding your feelings, y'know."

Pastel stood still, the shock in her eyes palpable.

"Why didn't you launch a flurry of insults at me this time...?"

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"Did you think I'd burst out crying when I noticed your face?"

The purple highlighter trembled, her hands behind her back as she huddled into the corner.

"You're just like me, Pastel."

The girl smiled, resting her palm on her cheek as she turned to face the mirror.

"You love to hate yourself more than you love your friends and family. You spend your days staring into space, contemplating the validity of their words. Wondering whether they truly care or not. Your only concept of love comes in the form of degrading yourself, thinking it'll somehow benefit everyone else in your life."

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"You don't know what love truly is, so you get startled and scared when someone tries to love and care about you. Instead of trying to love them back, you run off and hide. It's understandable, although, you have Foldy, Stapy, your mom, dad, brother..."

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"I don't have anyone. Quite literally no one. My parents don't even care enough to look me in the eye. You, Foldy and Stapy moved on from me, so this whole time I've just been alone. It's funny... my own dad even paid a cop to screw me over and get me in trouble."

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"You see, we're both alike... but that's the problem."

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The girl turned to face Pastel Highlighter, her smile quickly fading as she inched closer, and closer.

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"There can only be one of us."

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"I'm sorry, Liy..." Pastel looked back down to the floor, her eyes watering and filling with tears as her voice began to break.

"I don't need your false apologies, I just need you to keep what I said in mind." Liy retorted quoted forcefully before turning around and walking over to the door.

She smirked, looking back at the girl before slipping out of the bathroom.

The door slammed shut, sending a shiver down the girl's spine as she turned to face the mirror.

"Why can't I-"

Although, before she could finish her sentence, the door opened once more, quite forcefully this time.

"PASTEL! WHERE WERE YOU?!" Foldy yelled as she ran in, the door slamming against the wall before slowly closing again.

The origami gasped, looking up at her friend before letting out a sigh of relief.

"Seriously, where were you?"

"Oh well, one of the teachers took me in to do some tests or something. There were some other kids but I dunno... they made me stay to do them during break, bummer right?!" Pastel let out a laugh, turning away from the mirror and towards Foldy.

"That's understandable, I guess. Let's just go now, 'kay? Stapy's waiting for us outside!!" Foldy smiled, opening the door and walking out as Pastel slowly followed.

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"Pastel, where have you been? I was beginning to think you died...!" Stapy laughed, nudging on the girl's arm jokingly as he smiled.

"Shut up, Stapy! Don't say such ludicrous things..." Foldy snapped back angrily, scolding him into silence.

"Anyways, why don't we all go to the café after school!" She continued with a smile, looking back to her friend, who immediately nodded.

"Sure!! I don't really have anything to do after school anyways..."

"Me too!" Stapy chimed in with a smile.

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10/2015.

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"Um, Puffy? My entire team is dead, or glued to a tree. Can you recover them?"

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"Well, the only recovery center east of the canal was the HPRC BIF BOTET, which I ordered online for the Eiffel Tower last episode."

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"Recovery center? Do they get exclusive permission to recover dead people, or something? Huh..."

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"Oh wait! Book, can I borrow your laser shooter?"

"Book's. COMPETING. Right. Now."

"I'll take that as a yes."

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"Laser shooter? How are they even allowed this stuff?! Part of me feels that this reality show is heavily exaggerated with special effects and CGI..."

Liy sighed, holding the phone to her face as she stared towards the contestants and their confident smiles.

She shook her head, tears of both jealousy and sadness filling her eyes as she looked towards Pencil and Freesmart specifically.

"It's not fair, I want to be happy too..." She shakily uttered, tears trickling down her face as she placed her phone back down on the pillow.

She huffed, quickly wiping her eyes before sitting up.

"Whatever, I shouldn't be crying. I'll no longer let anyone or anything

make me cry." Liy uttered, a dark shadow casting over her dead-set expression as she folded her arms.

"Anyways, I should get ready." She uttered to herself as she got up from her bed before clutching onto her black backpack.

"For another day of hell."

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"Ok class, as you all might've heard, there's a geography trip to the great old countryside not so far from here during the first week of November. I'll be handing out the letters after registration, so do be sure to give these to your parents to sign if you're interested in coming along! Booking fee is $5!"

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"Geography is so boring... I'll just get my mom to book it for me so I can miss classes!"

"Oh my gosh, same. Let's just film GrapeVines on the coach!"

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"I'm so hyped! I'm gonna get my dad to sign me up as soon as I get home from school!!"

"Me too. I like the countryside!"

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Liy turned to the ground, holding her aching head as the commotion began to overlap and echo.

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"I still don't get why there's a fee just to look at grass... whatever. I'll just ask my mom to pay for it so I can ditch class."

"You do have a point, honestly... kinda stupid! I'll join you though so you're not alone!"

"That's really sweet!"

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"My mom's gonna pay for the trip!"

"Same here, my dad always asks me to take part in the stuff at school so I guess I have to join in."

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"My dad is gonna pay for it for me!"

"Same, my mom will for me too!"

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"My mom likes the trips our school do!"

"Same, my dad always pesters me about it!"

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The lightswitch kept her head down, sweat trickling down her face as the voices of her classmates only seemed to get louder, and louder...

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"My dad!"

"My mom!"

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"My mom will sign me up!"

"My dad will too!"

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"Mom, mom, mom, mom....

"Dad, dad, dad, dad, dad..."

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"Make it... stop!" Liy gasped, holding at her face as she felt the words

begin to choke her out.

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"MOM!"

"DAD!"

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"Mother."

"Father."

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"My mom loves me!"

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"STOP IT!!" Liy cried out loudly, tears pouring out her eyes as she slowly turned her head back up just to see her teacher holding the letter towards her with a skeptical gaze.

"You... interested?"

Liy blinked, slowly getting back up on her feet as she wiped the tears off of her face. She clenched her fist, taking a deep breath before looking back up at the teacher.

"I don't wanna go on your shitty trip!" She exclaimed, snatching the letter off of her teacher before crumpling it up in his face and throwing it right onto the ground.

"What are you-"

"All this sappy talk about parents." Liy scoffed, picking up her bag before quickly storming out of the room without looking back for a second.

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"You're lucky your stupid mom even acknowledges your existence, and you're even more lucky that your stupid dad respects you." Liy hissed, those words leaving a bitter taste in her mouth as she cupped her hand against the dark scar under her left eye.

"You have siblings that you talk to as well?!" She added with an angry and envious look on her face as she trodded down the stairwell.

She shivered, looking behind her shoulder as if someone was about to push her down the steps, once again...

"No... I shouldn't be scared of some stupid bitch. I shouldn't be scared of anyone." Liy uttered coldly, swallowing down her nerves as she stamped down the stairs, each step she took filled with less fear and more pride.

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"So... what do you think?"

"I... like it! Thank you Pastel, you're goof at doing makeup!!"

Pastel Highlighter chuckled, taking back the pink compact mirror from her friend before placing it gently back into her handbag.

"You're welcome, Glassy! Anything for you!! Those... look rough anyways."

"What, this?" Glass Cup raised an eyebrow before pointing towards the large crack around her cheek.

Pastel nodded, a little shaken up.

"You look pretty either way!" She reassured her glass friend with a smile, holding a thumbs up.

"I know, I think... it's just. I don't even know how it happened. Someone random pushed me down the stairs while I was walking with Foldy and now I'm stuck with this for the rest of my life, I guess...!" The cup sighed, folding her arms as she continued.

"MB says it looks weird on me. She said that no one would like me if I have that on my face before saying 'no hard feelings!!' ..."

"Why would you let her say that to you, Glassy? You're better than her by a long shot!" Pastel exclaimed as her friend sighed once more.

"We've been best friends for quite a while... I don't really wanna say anything that offends her! Like how you wouldn't wanna say anything that offends Foldy because you've been friends for so long!"

"Glassy! You shouldn't justify her words. You shouldn't even be taking them to heart! People like MB just... need a little more time adjusting y'know!" Pastel smiled, holding her hands together.

"It's okay... I'm used to 'em. They don't hurt me like you think!!" Glassy nervously laughed, putting up a smile before suddenly standing up.

"Where are you going...?" Pastel curiously asked, looking up towards the girl.

"I gotta go... hand in a paper! Bye!" Glass Cup quickly said before scurrying off into the distance.

Pastel Highlighter blinked, turning her vision down to the ground with slight fear as she tightly folded her arms.

"Did... I say something wrong?" She whispered quietly, her words dripping with fear and slight anger as she let out a sigh.

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I'm overly aware of the words I utter to everyone. I sense the mood and atmosphere of the conversations I have with anyone, and my brain immediately generates exactly what to say before jamming them through my throat and forcing me to utter them out without a second thought, even if it isn't true.

If I say anything wrong, I constantly tear myself down for it. I'm not allowed to oppose anyone. I'm not allowed to form my own opinions. I must always be aware of how the person I'm talking to feels. I must always sympathise and agree with them. I must be kind and respectful, even if the person I'm talking to isn't.

I've never, ever had an issue when I do this with people. They always seem to believe me, so I continue to do what I've always been doing. It always worked! Well... if I said that with such enthusiasm, I'd be lying. Lying is a very hard thing for me to admit.

There is one person I can't seem to get through to, no matter how hard I try with her.

She's cold, erratic, extremely pushy.

I didn't realise how easily she could read me.

How easy I am to read.

What a shame...

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30/10/2015.

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"Liy! Liy! Hey Liy!"

Silence, once again. Liy didn't even have the energy to respond anymore.

"Stop ignoring me and listen up!"

She simply slouched against the desk, staring into the faded-out purple rug as her mind began to wander.

"Listen!!" The voice yelled once more, Liy barely even registering that someone was calling her name. Not until she felt something hard slam against her arm before slipping down to the ground.

"What the fuck do you want?!" Liy rolled her eyes, picking up the object that was thrown at her - a pencil case - before turning around to face the classmate that was pestering her.

"Is it true? That your mom..."

"My mom... what?" Liy's voice softened, the sheer mention of that woman causing her to become less, and less defensive.

"She doesn't work at the airport like you tell everyone, does she? Why would you lie, Liy?!" The classmate laughed, slamming his fist on the table as he let out a chuckle.

Liy simply went silent, her heart thumping and her eyes widening a little as the classmate continued.

"Airport job? Instead she's at the bar downtown drinking her guts out! Right?!"

"How do you even know who she is...? W-Why are you telling me

this?!" Liy snapped loudly as she began to become increasingly more enraged, folding her arms and clenching her fists as she tried her absolute best to keep composed.

"Nevermind that! I saw her while I was walking back from school yesterday. I just wanted to make sure you're aware of your mother! Nothing personal, idiot!" He laughed, nudging Liy on the arm as she shivered, slowly backing away with a grimace.

"It's none of your business what my mom does, so piss off!" Liy shouted back, her voice trembling with anger and insecurity as she turned back around.

"You're so touchy, all I said was the truth! Your mom is useless and pretty much doesn't care about you, so no wonder you turned out like this! You're probably gonna copy her actions sooner or later in your life." He smirked, his voice loud enough so the entire class could hear their conversation unfold.

The class began to snicker, the laughs and whispers only fuelling his ego in the long run.

"Shut up! None of you are funny!!" Liy yelled back somewhat pathetically in her defense, as the class only continued to laugh more, and more.

"I have dirt on your dad too, but... unless you don't want me to say that to everyone else, why don't you say something!"

Liy gasped, her eyes wide and bloodshot with anger as she clutched onto the plastic chair she was sat on.

She began to tremble, drops of sweat dripping down her face as she slowly dragged herself up onto her feet.

"Ahem..." The boy cleared his throat with a smug grin before pulling out his phone.

"Let's see... what else did Liy lie to us all abou-"

"SHUT UP!!" Liy screamed on the top of her lungs, clutching tightly onto her plastic chair as she faced her classmate, a look in her eyes

that was way beyond just anger.

"Wh-"

But before the boy could utter anything more, Liy lifted up the chair with her two arms before slamming it onto his face as hard as she could, her other classmates letting out screams and shouts as she did so.

"SAY SOMETHING ABOUT MY MOM AGAIN, I DARE YOU!!" Liy screamed, red in the face as she continued to hit him with the plastic chair.

"N-NO! I'M SORRY, I-"

"I HATE YOU!!!" She screeched, pushing the chair to the side before quickly getting on her knees and proceeding to punch him in the face.

"LIY, STOP!!" The others tried to shout, although it didn't really seem to do anything at all.

Liy wouldn't stop. She kept going, delivering fierce punches until she felt her knuckles ache, until they were numb even. She would stop at absolutely nothing, even if it meant destroying her already flawed reputation for good.

"LIY!" A familiar and panicked voice suddenly shouted, echoing through the room as Liy suddenly felt a pair of hands pull her back and away from her brutally injured classmate with such force that she felt as if she was going to faint there and then.

"UGH, WHO IS THIS?!" She yelled, trying to fight back, although she was really just punching the air at this point.

"Dude, why the hell can't you just fix up?! Our teacher isn't even here yet!"

The boy slowly let go of her, watching as she turned back around to face him.

"Liy..." Stapy sneered, looking her up and down with a scowl.

"Stapy..." Liy snapped back, her voice cold and angered.

"What the hell are you doing?! Can't you control yourself? Or do you just want attention, as usual!" Stapy scolded her, his voice loud with rage as he crossed his arms.

"Why don't you just shut up and go back to Foldy, keep your nose out of my fucking buisness!" Liy yelled, holding up her trembling hand in the air before slapping him on the face with full force.

"Ouch!" Stapy whined, holding onto his cheek as he watched Liy angrily storm out of the classroom.

He blinked, the silence becoming oppressive as he bit his lip in fear and slight regret.

"You've changed, Liy... you've really changed."

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THE SAME EVENING.

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"The fireworks are so beautiful tonight, don't you think, Stapy?"

Foldy faced towards the dark sky, the orange fireworks shining in the air as she looked at them with mesmerised eyes.

"Stapy...?" She mumbled, nudging the boy with her foot to try and get a response out of him, although tonight, he was more silent than usual.

She huffed, shaking her head before continuing to nudge him softly on his arm in a desperate attempt to break his silence.

"Wha... huh?!" Stapy blinked, slowly coming back to reality before turning to Foldy, whose face was pale with worry.

"What's wrong? Are you okay?!" Foldy frantically questioned him, her voice aching with fear as he gasped.

"M-Me?! Fine, I'm just fine! Really man, believe me I am!!!"

Foldy sighed, smiling a little as she walked closer to the boy before gently leaning against his shoulder.

"Tell me what's wrong." She uttered, her voice sentimental yet straightforward.

"What's wrong...?" Stapy trembled, his voice shaking as he backed away from Foldy, causing her to stumble a little as she got back up on her feet.

"Hey. W-What gives, I!-"

"Just... give me space! Stop sticking to me all the time!!" Stapy suddenly groaned in annoyance as his mood quickly shifted, pushing Foldy back as he turned to the side and away from her.

Foldy stayed silent, the words she was going to utter back in response quickly disappearing as her eyes began to water a little.

"Why are you so upset? C'mon, we can talk...!" Foldy managed to utter out in a silent whisper, trying her best to form a smile as Stapy refused to respond, giving her the cold shoulder as he slowly hopped away from the balcony and back into her room before reaching for the door into the hallway.

"Where are you going?!"

"Back to my house." Stapy mumbled quietly, his voice cold and irritated as he grabbed onto the door handle.

Foldy went silent, standing still in shock and confusion as he opened

the door and hopped out before slamming the door shut.

She blinked, looking down to her right ankle, the red bracelet still there.

"Do you hate me, Stapy...?"

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"Liy, why do you always smile so much!"

"Oh, me? Cmon! I'm just happy when I'm around you two, y'know... you're my closest friends!"

"Are you jealous of her happiness or something, Stapy?! It seems to me like you are!!"

"N-No! Liy's smile... it's just contagious. I feel myself smile when

I see you smile. And when you're not smiling, I feel sad. So smile some more so you can cheer me and Foldy up!!"

"I am smiling!! Can't you see...?"

"I can see, but I want you to smile more. You don't look happy enough. You look like you're trying not to cry."

"Leave her, Stapy. If you keep pressuring her, she won't smile! A smile needs to come from genuine happiness."

"Hm... you're right. Liy, will you smile if I give you a hug?"

"W-Wha?!"

"Yeah! Go for it, Stapy!"

"B-But... I-... Y-You-!!"

"Okay, that sounds like a yes to me!!"

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"Why can't you just grow up? Stop crying all the damn time, you baby!"

"B-But... but I have no... friends...!"

"Well if you keep fucking crying, who would wanna be friends with you?!"

"..."

"If you want actual friends, stop seeking attention. Simple as. Why can't you see that you're just embarrassing yourself?!"

"I... d-don't cry on purpose..."

"Liy. Just shut up. You're an actual embarrassment. You make me ashamed to be your parent."

"..."

"To be fair, your mom was like this too. She'd just cry, and cry, and cry and think that people would tolerate her afterwards. You're just like her.

Quite literally an embarrassment to everyone!"

"You-"

"Shut up! Don't answer back to me."

"..."

"And to think you'd be a little bit clever. Nope! You're just like your mom. Dumb as rocks."

"..."

"I hope you stay friendless. It'll teach you a vital lesson that you so desperately need."

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"I didn't do anything to deserve your words."

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"What...?"

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"I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING TO YOU! I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING TO ANYONE!!"

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"DON'T YOU SHOUT BACK AT ME!"

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"I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING WRONG TO YOU, DAD! SO WHY DO YOU HATE ME?!"

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"You know what you did to me, Liy...?"

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"What...?"

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"You exist. That's why I hate you!"

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"..."

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"You ruined everything just by being here. Every single day of my life I sit and wonder why I have to tolerate someone like you."

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"..."

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"Y'know, if it weren't for you, maybe the world would be a better place."

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"What... about mom...?"

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"What about your mother?"

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"S-She would... never say this!"

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"Just because she doesn't say anything to you, doesn't mean she likes you. Has she ever said anything to you? Hell, she doesn't even look your direction!"

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"B-But..."

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"Just stop there. I don't wanna speak to you anymore. Go sit in your room, or something."

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"..."

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I thought that meeting you guys was my salvation.

That maybe I had in fact been loved this entire time.

That maybe I was valued and supported all along...!

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You can slap me for thinking something ludicrous like that.

I'll never be loved by anyone, ever.

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31/11/2015.

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"I'll make it up to you, I promise Liy."

The red stapler anxiously clutched onto a folded piece of paper, silently hopping through the hallways as he looked to the ground in slight shame.

He hoped that Liy would at the very least... forget the stuff that happened on her birthday.

Maybe they could start over their friendship? Maybe make amends. Be acquaintances, even?

Forget... forget...

So we can be friends again.

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"OW!"

Liy.

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"I-I'm sorry, I-"

"Just fuck off."

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Just three words. And then she left without even giving proper eye contact or anything.

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"You're right, I guess. Who would forgive someone like me...?"

He sighed, crumpling up the paper in his hand before chucking it on the ground and hopping off.

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I made amends with Foldy again. Apologised for being so horrible.

But at what cost?

Liy is unhappy. She doesn't talk to anyone. She spends her days sitting alone.

I wish I could make her forget everything, so we could be friends again, but I've lost Liy for good.

I've lost my best friend for good.

Don't get me wrong. I love Foldy a lot, I really do.

But part of me just wishes she wasn't so dismissive and arrogant. I don't want her to be that way.

I just want everyone to be happy, right...?

That is possible, right...?

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03/2016.

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Stapy, Foldy. I really wish I was able to tell you too how I truly feel.

I wish we could all just be happy and nothing else.

The thought of ever worrying you two makes me sick to my stomach. That's why I choose to never say anything.

But not anymore...

Maybe one day... in a month! Or two... I'll say how I truly feel!

I'll say it all!! And then we can all be at peace.

And maybe I wouldn't have to lie to any of you anymore.

I can be honest.

It's something I can do... right?

I'm not jinxing it, am I...?

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"Hey, Pastel Highlighter-y...."

The purple highlighter sat quietly on her desk, letting out a small sigh before turning around to face the person who was calling her name.

"What do you need?" She uttered, a slight smile on her face.

"Is it true? You badmouthed my cousin?"

She blinked, her face scrunching a little at the farfetched claim, although she still kept up a smile.

"What are you talking about? I don't even know who your cousin is..."

"Yeah you do! Everyone's saying you talked smack about Picture Frame!!"

"..."

She went silent, the words slipping out of her mouth as she wasn't able to do anything but blink in shock.

"So, what do you say? Say sorry to him!"

"Are you actually stupid?" Pastel snapped, her smile dropping as her eyes widened.

"What?!"

"Who the fuck is 'Picture Frame'?!! Do you just believe anything that people tell you? I don't even know you, so how the hell would I know about this cousin of yours!!"

"Okay." The boy folded his arms, letting out a laugh as he looked up at her.

"What...?" Pastel uttered, backing away as he slammed his fist on the table.

"Fight. Me. After School."

"..."

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"Fight you after school? Is he stupid or something?!"

"I know! I was like, wow this dude is so immature and there's no way he'll actually fight me over a dumb accusation, but his friends kept taunting me all day! Pushing me, laughing at me, throwing things at me... it's all stupid!" Pastel ranted loudly, gasping for air before angrily slamming her body against the soft grey couch in the school office.

"Pastel, you never usually get this worked up over stupid shit like this. Why now? Just ignore it and it'll pass!" Stapy shrugged, a little ticked off at the sudden rant from his usually silent and smiley friend.

"I-... just... never thought that..."

"Stapy, imagine someone did that to you! You'd be more than mad, I

know." Foldy interjected, rolling her eyes at the boy before turning back to the highlighter with a smile.

"Is he... actually going to fight you? Usually idiots like him just make meaningless threats to scare others..." Foldy added, slightly worried but still somewhat confident in her words.

"Hm. Maybe not! He's just joking, I can tell!!" Pastel exclaimed with a suddenly calm tone, a large smile on her face as she clapped her hands together.

"Pastel...?" Stapy murmured, "You-"

"Well! Let's go now, it's 3:50 so it's about time!!" The purple highlighter smiled, clutching her hands together as her and the other two exited through the automatic office doors.

Pastel Highlighter stayed silent, looking down to the ground as she began to feel a sense of foreboding that the next few steps out of the gate into the pavement wouldn't go so smoothly.

She swallowed down her nerves, looking back up with a smile as she walked out of the school gates before facing the other two.

"See!" Pastel chuckled with a smile, "Nothing is going to h-"

"HEY YOU!!"

She paused in her speech, her smile slowly fading as she turned to face the same face that had threatened her earlier in the day.

"SO ARE YOU GONNA FIGHT ME OR WHAT?!" The boy yelled loudly as Pastel let out a slight gasp.

"Lamppost versus Pastel Highlighter! This is gonna be sick!!" One of the boy's friends taunted before pulling out a phone to record.

"W-What?! No way, you're too tall! You'll just slam me right onto the ground!!" Pastel snapped back without thinking.

"Yeah, leave her alone you fucking skyscraper! Don't make me staple your leg!!" Stapy jumped in, clutching his fist angrily as he lifted

another arm in front of Pastel to shield her.

"Oh my gosh, JUST SHUT UP AND FIGHT ME!!" The street light yelled, tapping his foot on the ground in annoyance as Pastel began to back away slowly.

"Leave her be, Lamppost! Don't you have better things to do than to provoke people for fun?" Foldy exclaimed with a serious tone as she stepped forward.

"Yeah! Like, you can blend in with the other lampposts in the road!" Stapy giggled somewhat stupidly, letting out a laugh as the other boy folded his arms impatiently.

Lamppost growled, clenching his fists as he stormed past Foldy and Stapy before grabbing tightly onto Pastel's arm.

"LET GO!!" The purple highlighter screamed, grunting as she lifted her other fist up before quickly punching him in the face.

"OW! THAT'S IT!!" The boy yelled, clenching his fist even tighter before punching her back on her cheek.

"STOP IT YOU FREAK! GET AWAY!!" Stapy yelled loudly, hopping over to the scene before pulling Pastel back by her arm to prevent her from taking another hit.

"DON'T GET INVOLVED, LET ME FIGHT HER FAIR AND SQUARE!!" Lamppost yelled, pulling the highlighter back by her other arm, causing her to topple onto the ground.

She grunted, getting up from her knees before slapping the boy on his face as hard as she possibly could.

"All this over a stupid rumour..." Foldy sighed, shaking her head as she watched from the sidelines.

But she wasn't gonna be a watcher anymore. Without a second thought, she ran between the two, kicking the street light on his ankle before pushing Pastel back away from him.

"Pastel! Just go already, the teachers might come!!" Foldy yelled

loudly as her friend stepped back, though her words quickly proved true.

"What on earth is going on here?!" One of the teachers stepped out of the office before sprinting over to the crowd of kids that had all come to watch the altercation unfold.

She crossed her arms, watching as everyone went silent before turning to Pastel Highlighter with a look of pure shock.

"You... were in a fight?!" The teacher exclaimed, looking down to see that the girl's knees were grazed and covered in dust from the floor.

"But!-"

"Silence!" The teacher hushed her before turning to the other boy - Lamppost - who was holding the part of his cheek where Pastel had slapped him.

"Both of you, come with me to the office! I'm calling both of your parents!!" The teacher exclaimed in an angered tone as two teenagers silently followed behind her.

"But that's not fair!" Stapy yelled as the teacher slowly turned back to face him.

"Lamppost started it! He grabbed Pastel by the arm!! She was only defending herself and-"

"Do you wanna be in trouble too?" The teacher snapped as Stapy sighed and shook his head silently.

"Well then, ALL OF YOU GO HOME!!"

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"YOU WHAT?!"

The purple highlighter kept her gaze lowered to the purple office rug, staying silent as she crossed her arms tightly.

"Miss... y-you should just realise that my friend Pastel was defending herself!!" Stapy nervously laughed, patting Pastel on the back softly before receiving a dark glare from her mother.

"Mind your own buisness! This is her punishment, not yours!!" The woman quickly shut him up before turning back to the highlighter.

"You explain yourself right here, right now! No *'buts'*, no NOTHING!!"

Pastel sighed, turning her vision up to her mother before getting back up on her feet.

She then turned to Stapy and Foldy, a bittersweet smile forming on her face as she held out her arm to them.

"Bye! I'll see you two tommorow!!" She waved them goodbye with a heartfelt smile as she walked back towards the automatic office door.

"Bye Pastel!!" Stapy and Foldy both replied back in unison a little sadly as her and her mom left the school office.

Foldy let out a sigh, leaning her head against Stapy's shoulder as she stared at her friend from the distance, watching as she walked out of

the school gates.

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Pastel Highlighter walked out of the office with such confidence, we all couldn't help but be dazzled. The way she carried herself despite what had just occurred. Each step she took gave us more and more hopefulness and joy for our future as friends.

Her collected stride, her beautiful smile, the words that came out of her mouth filling everyone with optimism and hope. Her positive, radiant aura.

I was excited to continue my journey with my best friend! We were both excited for the foreseeable future!!

Who knew that our beacon of hope was actually broken beyond repair, inside and out.

She was struggling to hold herself together, yet she sacrificed her own joy just to make everyone around her smile.

I wish I knew how she was feeling deep down, but I was never able to.

No one was.

I'm sorry.

-

For the next few weeks, she was coming in and out of school. Some days she'd be in, some days she wouldn't.

The last day we talked to her before her week-long absence, we were so excited!

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Late March, 2016.

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Foldy ran to Stapy and Pastel as fast as she could, a large smile on her face as she paused to stand before them.

"Oh, hey Foldy!" Stapy waved at the girl with a smile as she waved back.

"Foldy, why do you look so excited,!" Pastel Highlighter chuckled, folding her arms as she walked over to the two.

"Yeah Pastel's right, what are you so excited about?" Stapy added with a curious grin as Foldy suddenly began to reach for his bag.

"Gimme your phone!!" The origami exclaimed as Stapy unzipped his back bag, digging his arm in before pulling out a grey and somewhat chipped phone.

He handed it over to Foldy, him and Pastel silently watching as she began to type away.

"How does she know your password...?" Pastel uttered with a bit of a laugh as Stapy simply shrugged.

"You know how you said us three should do something exciting for spring break?" Foldy turned back to the two, clutching onto the phone.

"Uh-huh...!" Pastel Highlighter replied, eager to know what Foldy meant.

"Well... I figured that we should go here! Maybe a picnic?"

She placed the phone onto Pastel's hands, watching as she looked at the screen excitedly

"Oh, yes! This is perfect!" The highlighter's eyes sparkled with joy as she handed the phone back to Stapy, who was also taking a look.

"Isn't this a bit far?"

"Don't be so boring! Three buses isn't a big deal, as long as we enjoy ourselves! That's the only thing that matters!" Foldy laughed, brushing off his worries with a smile.

"Besides, I love this park! There's this one corner under the trees that has bluebells growing under the shade and it's so adorable!!"

"Hmm... you're right!" Stapy raised an eyebrow optimistically as he put his phone back into his bag.

"Sooo, when?" Pastel Highlighter asked somewhat curiously.

"How about in a month's time? You know... because we still have one month until we break up for spring break!" Foldy exclaimed.

"And also because there's exams..." Stapy added in an unenthusiastic and sluggish tone.

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Then she didn't come into school ever again.

Well, saying she didn't ever again is an exaggeration.

The next time Pastel Highlighter came in, was the last time she came in...

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24/4/16

Message forwarded to contacts: Foldy, Stapy.

'Hi guys, idk if this is awkward but I just wanted to say this. Ur both the bestest friends I could've ever asked for like literally, I don't imagine my life being as great as it is now with u 2 around. None of u asked for me to say this so I'm sorry if I'm dragging this message out for too long. I just want u 2 to know that whatever happens, I want us to stick together and make the best memories! Foldy, ur the best. Ur like the adult of the group. Ur mature and always keep us together, ur funny with the right amount of seriousness mixed into it. Stapy, ur lots of fun. I love cracking jokes with u and pulling pranks on people like we used to do a lot last year. U always make me smile and that isn't an exaggeration whatsoever. Anyways, not gonna make this too long lol, I just wanted to let u 2 know that ur the bestest friends ever. <33'

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'gonna miss u 2 a lot, lol.'

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'ily xx, c u tmr'

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Monday, 25th April.

11:35am.

"Ok class, pick up your pencils and sketch out the flower on the board with as much detail and accuracy as you can! I'm giving you five min-"

"SORRY I'M LATE!!" A loud, joyful voice yelled out before violently gasping for air.

The art teacher raised an eyebrow, turning to see none other than Liy at the door with a smile so large it almost felt robotic.

"What's... with you?" She murmured as Liy walked over to her, her cheeks red and sweating as she breathed in heavily for air as if she'd just finished sprinting for a marathon.

"M-Me? I'm just fine, y'know!!" The lightswitch smiled enthusiastically, holding a hand to her warm cheek as she let out a giggle.

"You're... extremely happy today? What's your reason for being late, Liy?" She questioned the girl somewhat suspiciously.

"Trash duty! I was picking up the... pieces of trash in the tennis court like I was told to!!" Liy continued to smile, her words bold and overflowing with a sort of... familiar confidence.

"Okay... fine. Sit down." The teacher let her go, watching as Liy cheerfully skipped over to her chair with nothing but confusion.

Liy sat quietly, holding her fists together as her legs began to swing somewhat hyperactively. She grinned, trying her very best to hold in the laugh that was dying to come out.

"Right... two and a half minutes left. In a second I'll come see how your flowers are looking!" The teacher smiled as she curiously peered at each of the student's artworks.

She opened her mouth, as if to say one more thing. But as those words were about to come out of her mouth, she heard a gut-wrenching scream echo through the halls, a scream so loud it immediately shut her up, along with several loud footsteps.

"What's... going on?" The teacher raised her eyebrow, taking in a deep breath before opening the door to take a peek of the hallway.

She went silent, her eyes widening as she registered a group of people wearing high-visibility jackets and blue gloves on their hands in the far corner of the hall.

Where the P.E. Cupboard was.

"What the...-"

"IS SHE STILL ALIVE?" A loud voice yelled out, along with the rolling of wheels across the wooden floor.

"Oh God... it looks like someone pushed her down those steep stairs..."

She gasped, slamming the door shut before turning back to the class with a horror-stricken look on her face.

"I-I'm... w-well...! Stay... S-Stay put everyone! Just... g-gonna get my w-walkie talkie... a-and contact s-someone!!!" The teacher gasped out as she ran over to her desk.

Liy blinked nonchalantly, despite being close enough to the door to hear just about everything.

She shuffled toward the door curiously, her eyes turning to look through the other side of the window to see two of the people in

high-visibility jackets walk past the class, their blue gloves smeared with a reddish-orange substance from the fingertips up to the very top of their palms.

"C-Class... I-I'm gonna need you all to stay seated, and not say anything. O-Okay?!" The teacher trembled, holding the walkie talkie up to her face as unintelligible words began to come out of it.

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"W-What...?"

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"Are you... serious?!"

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"O-Oh my God..."

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"O-Okay..."

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And with that, the teacher placed down her walkie talkie, looking back at the class with unease as she took in a deep breath.

"Stay seated... o-okay guys?" She uttered to them once again, still quite shaken up from what she'd seen and heard.

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Liy peered out towards window once more, her curiosity only increasing as she began to unsettlingly smile.

"She's probably... gone..." A voice from outside uttered with a heavy heart - one of the people in the high-vis jackets.

"S-She can't just be gone like that, right!? I mean, those stairs are pretty steep but, still...?"

"She's not breathing. She's likely been like that for at least a half hour, hence why her hands are ice-cold."

"Oh my..."

"I'm sorry. I really wish we could save her. Her state is just so bad it's beyond repair."

"What if we took her to the hospital? They could save her, couldn't they?!"

"...I told you. You can't save someone who hasn't been breathing for almost an hour. You just can't!"

"We should... just break the news to everyone then, just so they don't worry."

"You can't just do that! I understand you're a beginner and you're still new to this job, but you gotta be the slightest bit understanding here. You can't just tell a bunch of schoolkids that there's been a homicide on their grounds while they're learning. You except anyone to have the guts to show up to their next class after hearing that their peer was pushed down a flight of stairs and knocked out to death! That's immoral if you ask me. We should just request that the school sends everyone home so the police can do a thorough investigation of what went down."

"You... have a point. I'm sorry, this job is still quite hard to grapple! I've only been at this for a few months..."

"It's okay. Just... let one of the teachers know so that they can begin to send everyone home!"

"Me?! Okay!"

And with that, the young paramedic ran off into the distance, leaving Liy to turn back and ponder. She blinked, her grin growing larger as she held her hands tightly together.

"Hey miss!" Liy suddenly called out from across the class as she raised her hand, a blank look on her face as the teacher shakily turned to her.

"W-What... do you... need?!"

"I just realised, I left my art book in the dining hall. Can I go get it?"

"NO! N-No... no." The teacher snapped, her body trembling with fear as the girl rolled her eyes.

"How am I meant to do the class if I don't have my book... cmon!" Liy persisted, her voice going high pitched and a little whiny.

"Uh... f-fine! But be back quick!!" The teacher replied back as Liy jumped off the chair before walking toward the door

"Thank you!" She smiled before walking out and closing the door shut.

Liy silently paced through the halls, looking around curiously before noticing a teacher walk right past her, along with someone quite familiar...

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"Just take... a deep breath, o-okay? It's gonna be fine!"

Foldy was pin-drop silent, her eyes wide with shock and her body trembling as she struggled to keep herself upright.

They both walked through the halls with unease, passing by the art class that Liy had just left before reaching the far corner of the corridor.

Foldy blinked, her breaths becoming more shaky as she took a step back.

"Can you tell me what you remember?" The teacher asked her as she turned to the P.E. Cupboard, which was blocked off by tons of cones and police tape.

Foldy took a breath, her eyes watering as she opened her mouth to give a response. But what came out instead was a shrill scream, followed by a series of loud and gut-wrenching cries.

"OH MY GOD, CALM DOWN!" The teacher yelled, shaking Foldy's paper body as if to get her to snap out of it, although it didn't do much.

"LET GO OF ME!!!" Foldy screamed, kicking the teacher hard on the knee before stumbling back and hitting the wall behind her.

"WE NEED YOU TO TELL US WHAT YOU SAW!!" The teacher persisted, yelling at the girl as she sank down to the floor.

"S-SHE... she... was... b-blood... and... I... y-..." Foldy stammered, her eyes glossy with tears as she looked down to the ground.

"What...?"

Foldy looked back up, biting her lip anxiously before breaking quickly eye contact with the teacher and looking down.

"D-Don't... PLEASE!!"

"DON'T WHAT?!"

"GET AWAY FROM ME!!" Foldy shrieked loudly, stumbling back up on her feet before sprinting away from the crime scene as fast as her two legs could possibly take her.

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"My name is Pastel Highlighter! Pleased to meet you!!"

The lightswitch looked in the mirror, holding up a smile as she raised her hand towards her reflection before touching the glass somewhat sentimentally.

"You make my day! Foldy, Stapy, you're my best friends!" She exclaimed, imitating the girl's exact voice, her exact demeanour. Everything was so oddly spot on...

"Hello! Wanna hear this song I wrote! Hahah, I love to sing!! When I'm older, I'm gonna perform on a stage to millions!! I'm gonna be the world's best singer!!!"

Liy's smile faded a little, clearing her throat before smiling once again, slowly raising her two hands up to her face as her fingers formed peace signs.

"I love you!!" She giggled as she playfully stuck her tongue out, a demented look in her eyes as she stared into her reflection.

"Those words aren't a lie! They're the truth!! Hehe..."

Liy's smile quickly faded, her eyes turning away from her reflection and down to the tiled bathroom floor. She held her shaky hands up to her face, letting out a few weak laughs as she turned back up to the mirror.

"I'm just kidding... silly me! That is in fact a lie! I could never tell Foldy and Stapy I truly love them from the bottom of my heart. I don't even know what love is! My mom doesn't love me! My sister is dead and no one cares about me!!" She cried out, still imitating Pastel's voice with an ironic smile before continuing.

"I am not Liy! I'm your favourite friend, Pastel Highlighter! Liy? Psh... she doesn't even have siblings! Don't get her mixed up with me..."

Liy continued, her eyes wide as her smile dropped.

"Don't... get her mixed up... with ME."

...

"D-Don't... g-get..."

Liy paused in her speech, the words fading away as she slowly descended onto her knees with a look of pure shock, her eyes wide and bloodshot as they began to glisten with tears.

She held her hands to her mouth, tears trailing down her face as she shuffled into a corner before huddling tightly against the wall.

"S-Stop it..." Liy stammered under her breath, tears pouring endlessly out of her eyes as she suddenly let out a shrill and ear-piercing scream accompanied with loud, suffocating cries.

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"S-Stop... Please!"

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"I guess... this is my fate, isn't it?"

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"Tell Foldy, Stapy and everyone else that I'm sorry, okay? Just tell them that I'm sorry I couldn't feel their love for me... I'm sorry for being a liar..."

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"P-Please... don't hurt me... PLEASE!"

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Liy gasped for air, her eyes so wide that they looked as if they were about to pop out of their sockets.

But it just wouldn't stop. The girl's voice kept repeating in her head. Those words, repeating over and over again until they felt absolutely unintelligible.

"STOP IT!!!!!!!!!!"

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"The girl is dead, isn't she..." One of the paramedics sighed, a look of sadness on her face as she pulled out a notepad and pencil.

"What are we gonna say to the school?" Her colleague asked curiously, arms folded and stood upright as she continued.

"What we usually do: tell the school about what occurred, clean everything up, and then the school will decide what they do from there..." She explained in a monotone voice as she began to write into the notepad.

"Pastel Highlighter... Found in ground floor - P.E. Cupboard... estimated time of death, 10:35am..." The paramedic murmured to herself subconsciously as she wrote down all the vital information of the case.

"Hey." The colleague spoke again, causing the paramedic to pause her writing before turning her head back up.

"Yeah?" She managed to form a slight smile as the colleague continued.

"You didn't stop to wonder how this actually occurred? I know it's really not our job - well... I mean we're just here to save people and stuff, a-and, y'know..."

"Get to the point." She coldly retorted, causing the paramedic to take a deep breath before folding his arms and continue in a more professional manner.

"What if it was simply an accident? The girl could've likely tripped down the stairs, fractured her ankle and then fatally slammed her head against the concrete."

"That's a plausible theory, but that doesn't explain the blood-covered bat and tennis racket the police obtained at the scene. If it was really a tragic accident, why would those two items be conveniently placed right next to the girl as she died? It's more likely that someone was behind this. They followed behind the girl without her realising, pushed her down the stairs and attacked her with the baseball bat. Before being attacked, she likely picked up the tennis racket in a form of self-defense, hence why it was spotted right by her at the scene!"

The paramedic stared at his colleague, blinking as he stopped to process everything that she had said.

"You... have a point." He sighed, his tone somber and gloomy as he turned to the side.

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That day ended in tragedy. Everyone was sent home early and we were all forced to leave the building within five minutes so the police could investigate the area.

Everyone was wondering what happened. They didn't tell us anything until we came back the next day. We were all brought into the hall and they broke the news there, leaving us with mixed reactions. Cries, gasps, screams.

We were all shocked.

My best friend wasn't one who dies easily. She doesn't back down without a fight, ever. But for some reason, she was knocked down instantly by someone horrible who had the upper hand, leaving us all stunned.

I wish I could've done something, but I couldn't. None of us could.

I was scared, but I still had to come to school anyways. Although, Stapy didn't. In fact, he didn't show up for weeks after.

I wasn't sure what it was. Shock, sickness, fear... no idea. Because he didn't text me at all.

So I waited, and waited.

I knew he couldn't handle it anymore. He couldn't handle *us*.

He had to carry the burden of both me and our deceased best friend. That's really why I think he distanced himself from me.

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He came into school today though.

We'll... just have to see how this plays out, really.

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"Foldy! I missed you, how was your weekend?" Stapy exclaimed, hopping over to Foldy with a bright smile and a cheerful expression.

"Stapy..." Foldy sighed, feeling immediate guilt from his smile as she turned to the side.

"What's the matter!" He nudged her with a forceful laugh, his smile only growing larger as she backed away.

"I-..." Foldy paused in her speech, biting her lip nervously as she continued to slowly back away from the boy.

"What?" Stapy's smile faded a little, his tone growing a little more serious as he folded his arms.

Foldy took a deep breath, looking back at Stapy with nothing but sadness and slight anger in her eyes as she began to speak once again.

"I don't think we should be together anymore."

I could hear the sound of the world collapsing as I uttered those words.

"WHAT DID I DO?!" Stapy immediately snapped, not even giving himself or Foldy a second to process anything. He held up his shaky fist, his eyes filled with tears as Foldy kept a straight face.

"I can't see you suffer like this anymore! Please, just stop sacrificing your own well-being for me! I know you're suffering horribly without Pastel here, and don't you even lie about it!!" Foldy cried out, her heart thumping with fear as she looked back at him.

"That's such a bullshit excuse! I...- I gave you everything and you repay me with this?! I didnt fucking do anything to you!!" Stapy argued back, his voice loud and dripping with fury as Foldy backed away fearfully.

"I got you so many gifts, I made you happy, I took you out places, I bought you what you wanted just because I loved you!! How... HOW COULD YOU JUST DO THAT TO ME!!" He continued, letting out a weak cry as he rubbed his damp eyes clean.

"W-WON'T YOU JUST LISTEN? I-"

"DON'T LIE TO ME!!" Stapy yelled, not allowing the girl to speak for even a second. He let out a few more heartbroken cries, sighing before clenching his fists tightly.

"You just brought this to school to start some drama... Didn't you! All these years of friendship don't matter to you Foldy?! I should've known that you were just using me..."

Foldy gasped, her eyes widening with nothing but shock at those words. She stepped back, her fear slowly transforming into pure and unfiltered rage as she slammed her foot on the ground.

"Are you actually fucking stupid? What do you mean I used you? Are you just finding excuses because you're sad?! I'm doing you a damn favour by breaking off the relationship, because if it weren't for now, you'd probably still be in your room crying and ignoring all my texts, you moron!"

"I..." The words fell out of Stapy's mouth, his look of anger only intensifying as he shuffled closer to Foldy in a threatening manner.

"What did I do...? Why... WHY WON'T YOU FORGIVE ME!!!"

"OH MY GOSH, SHUT UP!!" Foldy screeched, his loud yells ringing in her ears as she stumbled back.

"I WANT TO KNOW WHAT I DID WRONG!! WHY CANT WE STAY TOGETHER? WHY!! I DID EVERYTHING FOR YOU, AND I-"

"I TOLD YOU, I'M DONE!!!" Foldy screamed loudly, shocking him into silence before storming away, not even bothering to look back at him for a second.

Stapy lowered his gaze, his mouth wide open with shock as tears began to fill at the corners of his eyes.

He slowly lifted up his hand, holding it against his mouth as he let out a loud cry, his angry, strong facade slowly breaking apart as he felt himself drown into a thick, cloudy puddle of utter despair.

"W-Why... couldn't I be good e-enough for... h-her!!"

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"Why couldn't you be good enough for Foldy? You're already perfect Stapy! You're my best friend, hehe!!
Now that's another piece I can add to my research..."

Liy looked back down at her notepad, walking away from the utter mess that Stapy was before merging back onto the main hallway, cutting through the jumbled crowd before quickly slipping through a door on her left.

"My science lab project..." Liy murmured, slowly climbing up what looked to be a flight of stairs before turning left to the classroom, a faint sound of clanking glass echoing behind her as she entered the room, although she paid no attention to it whatsoever.

The lightswitch blinked, gently placing her notebook onto the table before walking over to the sink counter, staring at the dozens of colourful test tubes in fascination, her eyes glowing as she observed the different kinds of chemicals that were bubbling in the glass.

She smiled, leaning forward as she gently reacher her hand out towards one of the test tubes.

"I KNOW WHAT YOU DID!"

Liy paused, her eyes widening a little as she slowly turned around, just to be met with a very familiar person, although she couldn't put her finger on who it was right away.

"LISTEN TO ME! THIS ENDS NOW!!" The girl at the door raised her voice loudly, closing the door and locking it shut before stamping over to lightswitch, placing her black handbag on the counter right next to the girl's notebook before towering over her threateningly.

"Who... are you?" Liy blinked, rubbing her eyes and letting out a yawn as she looked up to face the girl.

"Who am I?" The glass cup laughed, folding her arms as she backed away a little.

"I'm quite surprised you of all people forgot about who I am..., you're the one who pushed me down the stairs and left me with this crack on my face last summer, didn't you...?"

Liy went silent, her arms awkwardly behind her back as she let out a childish giggle.

"I'm sorry, but I don't remember you!" Liy batted her eyes, pouting slightly as she imitated that exact voice again, "I'm sure you're a great person th-"

"ARE YOU MAD? HAVE YOU ACTUALLY LOST IT FOR GOOD?! STOP ACTING LIKE THAT AND HAVE A NORMAL CONVERSATION WITH ME, HOLY SHIT!!" Glass Cup screamed, slamming her fist on the counter with full force as the entire room began to tremble slightly.

Liy looked back up, her eyes blank and unsettlingly devoid of any emotion as she listened to the girl continue.

"Right... anyways. You did that to me. You know what you also did? It's very easy to decipher by the way, you're not as smart as you make yourself out to be...!"

"What." Liy uttered coldly, her voice low and lacking of any emotions.

"You killed my friend. Pastel Highlighter."

Liy froze, her blood running cold as her eyes began to widen more than ever before. She clutched onto her trembling fists, letting out a couple shaky breaths before turning her vision back up to face the girl who was spewing out such diabolical, unbelievable, targeted accusations!!!

"No answer? It's okay. I'll let you simmer down for a bit before you admit everything, then you hand yourself over to the authorities." Glass Cup smiled faintly, tears filling at her eyes as she tried to be the slightest bit sympathetic to Liy.

"Shut up."

The girl wiped her eyes, looking up at Liy somewhat fearfully, watching as she began to limp toward her.

"What... are you doing?! I-"

"Just shut up! Shut up. Shut up. SHUT UP. SHUT UP, SHUT UP,SHUT UP,SHUT UP,SHUT UP, SHUT UP!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

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"HELP!!!!!!!!!!"

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Some people say that they heard bloodcurdling screams that they. Along with the shattering of glass, and the slamming of metal against the floor.

Whatever it was, we didn't know. But when we went upstairs to go to our science lesson, a whole new investigation was opened up, and it wasn't to do with our experiment.

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"G-GLASSY?! NO!!!"

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Ear-piercing silence. The ominous drips and drops of chemicals that had spilled all over the counter and onto the floor, giving the room a pungent and suffocating smell.

"S-Stay with me... p-please...!"

The makeup brush let out a cry, holding onto her friend's cold hand in a poorly attempt to wake her up.

Although, nothing. Absolutely nothing.

"DON'T DIE, PLEASE!! I-... I CAN GET SOMEONE!!!" Makeup Brush cried out, her eyes locked onto the lifeless and somewhat shattered state that her friend was in, tears leaking out of her eyes like a faucet as she struggled to process anything that was going on.

"DON'T GO!! PLEASE, DON'T LEAVE ME HERE GLASSY!!!!"

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"W-Without my best friend... who do I have...? You're the only reason I even come to school..."

The girl got back up on her feet, her breaths becoming more and more heavy as she backed away. She let out a loud cry, her heart thumping quickly as she covered her face with her now bloodstained

hands.

"STOP IT! MAKE IT STOP!!!!!" Makeup Brush screamed, stumbling against the desk before dropping to her knees.

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"Let's see... signs of struggle, chemical burns, and broken glass everywhere?"

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"I think someone had to have attacked her with those."

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"There were no fingerprints at the scene other than the victim's. The question is, how did the perpetrator remove all evidence of their involvement in such a short time?!"

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"It's unfathomable. No one could do that in under two hours. But... I have a feeling this is linked to the other homicide that happened in here just four weeks prior. Maybe... the same person who attacked Pastel Highlighter, also attacked this person too?"

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"Oh my God... that's it! But, I have a hunch... maybe it could be linked to that fight that happened a few months ago! Maybe the perpetrator is the boy who provoked Pastel Highlighter! He killed her out of anger, and killed this girl in an attempt to silence the truth! You're a genius!!!"

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06/2016.

"Okay class... open your textbooks to the-"

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"HANDS UP! You're under arrest for suspicion of 1st degree murder. Anything you say or do from this point will be taken into account in court, DO YOU UNDERSTAND?!"

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"I DIDN'T KILL PASTEL, I DIDN'T KILL ANYONE, P-PLEASE, LET ME GO!! I'M NOT A MURDERER!!!!!!!"

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Lamppost reached out his hands, agonising screams and cries coming out of his mouth as he was dragged out of the shining black gates of the school and into the van.

We wanted to believe him, we really did. But if he didn't kill those two, then who else could've?

With a heavy heart, we watched as he pressed his hands against the window, his eyes glistening and leaking with tears as the van slowly drove away from the school and into the distance.

We had lost our classmate for good.

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From then on out, the press was basically invading our school, looking for clues and answers, but mostly to capitalise off the fact that 2 homicides and an arrest had occurred on the grounds of our school.

Everyone was selfish, and had an agenda. The press, the teachers...

No one actually cared that two of my friends were brutally massacred. They only cares about the money they got out of it.

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07/2016

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"How do you feel knowing that two murders happened in *your* school?"

"It's really saddening for our school community. We all remember those two every single day, and continue carry on their legacy."

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08/2016

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"Do you think that the school should've done a better job at protecting your daughter, Pastel Highlighter?"

"Get away from our house, leave me and my daughter alone."

"You don't think they should've kept an eye on her?!"

"Leave Pastel Highlighter be!!"

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"How do you live your life knowing that your younger sister was brutally taken away at the hands of her fellow classmate?"

"I don't know what to do anymore. I haven't been in her room since April. None of us have. We've left all of her things alone, even her phone. All of it is staying there for good. We're just trying to cope."

"Will you ever come to terms with it all? Reprimand her school? Take action?"

"No. I told you, we're leaving it be, so why can't you."

"You don't feel the slightest bit mad at the school for leaving her

to die alone in a cold sports cupboard?"

"I said, LEAVE IT BE!!!"

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And after that, it was as if the hot summer sun had melted away everyone's memory of the tragedy.

Because once we came back to school, they all acted like nothing happened. Smiling, chatting, laughing, all going about their days. Not even a simple assembly was held for those two. They were gone for good, as if the school grabbed their pictures and kept stamping on them until they unrecognisable.

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Me and Stapy were trying our best to move on.

We shared one final kiss and then decided that it was best for us to continue as just friends and nothing more. It was simply for the best.

I still love him. Platonically.

Not that it really matters considering the circumstances but I thought I might as well go ahead and clarify.

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09/2016.

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10/2016

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11/2016

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12/2016

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01/2017

02/2017

03/2017

04/2017

05/2017

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06/2017

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07/2017

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08/2017.

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"I can't... I can't.... I can't..."

The lightswitch wrapped her arms around her cold and trembling body, her eyes wide and teary as she paced back and forth in her bedroom, thoughtless.

"I can't... I can't... I can't... I can't..."

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"Liy."

She immediately went silent, her body fearfully trembling more and more as she turned to face none other than her father.

"What're you doing...?" He uttered, clutching onto an unlit cigarette as he folded his arms. His tone was considerably softer, his demeanour less threatening. Although to Liy, he was still the same, cruel person she had known her entire life.

She quickly backed away, pressing her hand against the scar under her eye as she began to tear up.

"I-I'm sorry...! I won't d-do anything wrong!!" Liy hesitated, looking directly into his eyes with pure terror.

"I didn't come here for that." He cut through his daughter's words, a nonchalant expression on his face as he let out a sigh.

"Wh-"

"Stop making so much noise, I can hear you from the kitchen."

Liy turned to the ground, the words slipping out of her mouth as she was unable to do anything but nod in response.

Her father turned away, silently leaving the room before closing the door shut.

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Liy's eyes darted across the room, her body trembling with fear as she slowly sat back down on the ground.

"Think... damn it..." She grumbled, knocking her fist onto her face as her mind began to wander.

Her mind began to go fuzzy, her eyes straining as her head began to throb and ache with pain.

The white noise began to increase more and more, beating in her head like a drum as she clutched onto her face in agony, sweat trickling down her face as she begged for it to come to an end. But it wasn't enough, nothing was enough.

Liy looked back up towards the ceiling, her eyes glistening with tears as she came to a gut-wrenching realisation.

"I... need to get out of here!" She gasped, shakily getting back up on her feet and hastily facing to the door to check if anyone was there before turning back.

Not wasting another second, Liy picked up her school bag, opening it and emptying it out before grabbing 'her' phone, its charger and plug, and her notebook.

"Pen... pen... pen,pen, I need a pen!" She exclaimed shakily, scrambling around her room before picking up a blue ballpoint pen and shoving it in her bag.

She fastened the bag around herself, wiping the sweat off her face as she quickly ran out of her room before bolting down the stairs as fast as she possibly could.

Taking a deep breath, she turned the lock on the front door, slowly opening it as the hot summer sun shone in her face from the outside - the sparkling sun rays glistening in her teary eyes as she took brave steps forward.

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5 HOURS LATER.

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SOMEWHERE QUITE DISTANT.

"Yo, what do you think of the huts we built?"

"I like them a lot, they're really cozy! Much better than the TLC, and Yoyle City I'd say."

The boy held onto his cup of fruit punch, looking into the drink and watching quietly as it swished around in the cup. He blinked, snapping back into reality before turning back up to face his best friend.

"Pen, you're totally silent dude! What are you thinkin' about *now*?"

"I..." He paused, his hands trembling slightly as he placed the plastic cup on the table beside them.

"I'm gonna go out for a walk in the woods for a bit, 'kay? I'll be back soon Eraser! Tell Blocky and everyone else if they ask where i

ammmmmm.....!!"

Pen's voice faded out into the distance as he quickly sprinted off, leaving Eraser quite confused to say the least.

"Huh. Well, he missed out on the brand new game I downloaded!!"

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Pen silently trekked through the woods, his gaze lowered as he took in the fresh and somewhat cold air.

"It's kinda... c-cold out here today. Gosh, to think that it was just sunny this afternoon!" He gritted his teeth, wrapping his arms around his body as he began to shiver.

"If only I just-"

But before he could finish his own sentence, he felt himself crash into someone at full force before tumbling back down to the ground with a loud thud.

"Ouch!" Pen yelped, rubbing his face painfully as he looked back up to see who or what he had stumbled into.

"D-DON'T TOUCH ME! GO AWAY! DON'T HURT ME!!!" A shrill, fearful and feminine voice screamed, clutching onto a tattered black rucksack before quickly getting up on her feet and backing away quickly before hitting her back against a tree.

"Woah! I'm not gonna do anything, but..." Pen paused, making sudden eye contact with the girl as he felt the words suddenly slip out of his mouth. He stared into her teary, crystalline eyes, her fearful

expression tugging at his heartstrings as he slowly reached his hand out toward her.

"You're... lost it seems! I can guide you back to the huts, and we can get you back into shape!!" Pen held his hand closer, his smile growing larger as the girl quickly clutched onto his hand before rising back onto her feet.

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The girl held both her cold hands tightly onto his, the two slowly and quietly trekking back through the cold, woodland pathway.

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"What's your name...?"

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"Liy... a-and you...?"

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"Pen! So... if you don't mind me asking, when's your birthday?"

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"U-Uh... February 14th...!"

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"No way, my birthday's on February too! February 25th!!"

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"Liy, what brought you to this forest, all alone and cold? Goiky isn't exactly a super safe place in the evening..."

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"I got lost... is... all..."

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"Ah, I see. We tend to sometimes find hikers get lost in the Evil Forest, although it's nothing major. They usually know their way back! Could you be a hiker, too...?"

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"Well, n-no, I was just.... exploring!"

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"I'm back, Eraser!" Pen waved his best friend and everyone else hello as he helped Liy up the steps before closing the door and slowly letting go of her hands.

Liy blinked, her eyes scouring the several others that were currently in the room, staring at her with puzzled and slightly judgmental eyes.

"Pen, who is this? We... don't know her!" A periwinkle-coloured fence stood up from the sofa before walking over to the boy, raising an eyebrow before turning to Liy, looking her up and down before noticing how tattered of a state she was in.

Gaty stepped back somewhat fearfully, looking Liy in the eyes with confusion before looking back at Pen with furrowed eyebrows, as if she was demanding an explanation as to who this mysterious girl was, and what she was doing in their space in such a state.

"Who... is this?" Gaty uttered, taking another step back as Pen cleared his throat.

"This is Liy! She's..."

He felt the words fade away, his mouth gaping open yet speechless as he scrambled to find a quick excuse.

"-I'm his friend!" Liy added with a bright smile, holding back onto Pen's hand once more as he began to tremble slightly.

"His... friend?" Gaty continued to inspect the girl, giving her a once over before screwing up her face a little.

"Yeah! I've known her for about a year now, I figured it was time you all meet her!" Pen grinned, softly pushing Liy's hand away before folding his arms.

"Does your *friend*... always look... this... way...?" Gaty stuttered, noticing the mud and dust all over Liy's face, arms, as well as leaves and thorns that were stuck onto her slightly ripped black rucksack.

"She-"

"What's it to you? I was just hiking." Liy snapped in a sassy tone, rolling her eyes as she placed a hand on her hip.

"I...- okay." Gaty sighed, feeling a little defeated by the response as she turned back to Pen.

"A new friend? Hi, hello, hi!!!" An energetic and extremely cheerful glass bottle emerged from the couch, walking over to Liy and grabbing her hand before shaking it profusely.

"Uh, hi...!" Liy laughed nervously, shaking her hand back before they both let go.

"Thank you Bottle! Make her feel welcome, all of you! I'm gonna get the chocolate cake from the fridge." Pen exclaimed with a smile, watching as everyone came over to greet Liy one by one before turning to the kitchen.

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From the day I met them, I had naively trusted them with all my heart.

I was but a broken girl, escaping from the hell that had destroyed me. Looking for someone to help me. Someone to fix me.

That glint of hope in his eyes when he found me had caused me to immediately throw away all my feelings of resentment and hatred. For a moment, I was convinced that there was one more chance to put everything behind me and march to the future.

Like I said once before, you can slap me in the face for thinking that.

Dirty little murderers with killing pasts have no place in this world of law-abiding citizens.

My mother and father rejected me from the very moment they saw my face. Who's to say anyone else will accept me?

I gave up from the very moment I realised what society was truly like.

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They watched as I was stripped of my right to stay.

Straight-faced, lacking eye contact.

Watching as I was pulled into the depths of the Fourest,

eliminated and forced to live out my days in a classroom. A mathematic hell filled with homework and an eternity of algebraic equations.

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Everyone is a liar.

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14/02/2018 - FOUR'S PROLONGED ABSENCE.

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Liy sat quietly on her desk, her fists clenched and her eyes wide as she stared into the distance.

She tapped her feet onto the ground, facing toward the desk as she sank into her own thoughts, not even blinking once in the process.

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"Okay! Leafy, you've prepared the cake?" Pencil whispered quietly, clutching onto the wooden shelves as she cowered down under Four's desk along with Bracelety and Leafy.

"Yep! I tried to make mine like Pin's cakes, since she's so good at baking. It might not be as good as hers, but I'm confident in it!" Leafy smiled, proudly holding a vanilla cake decorated with light blue icing and chocolate sprinkes on the top, along with a glittery candle pierced atop that read 'Happy Birthday'.

"Nice! And Bracelety, card?"

"YEAH!" Bracelety replied in a shouty whisper, clutching onto the sparkling card as she turned to Pencil, who gestured with her hands to stand up.

Pencil walked infront of the two girls, signalling them to hide behind as she slowly approached Liy with a gleeful grin.

"Liy! You know what day it is?" Pencil exclaimed, slamming her fist onto Liy's table as she walked infront of her.

Liy stayed silent, still too deep into whatever she was thinking about to even notice Pencil's presence.

"Light... SWITCHY!" Pencil yelled, slamming her fist into the desk again as Liy blinked before letting out a fearful shriek.

"Wha- Oh my gosh, y-you scared me!!" Liy shivered, a spark of energy travelling through her as she stood up from her chair.

"Sorry! Hah... ha! You know what day it is, right?" Pencil laughed it off, trodding closer to the startled lightswitch.

"No... not really? Is it math day or something? I forgot!!" Liy chuckled nervously, putting her hands behind her back while trying her best to hold up the curious smile.

"No, idiot! It's your birthday!!" Pencil cheered before shuffling to the side, allowing Bracelety and Leafy to walk through with their gifts.

Liy blinked, looking at the three with a blank expression before turning her vision towards the flashy blue cake that Leafy was tightly holding onto.

"O-Oh!" She forced a laugh, suddenly realising what the three girls were excitedly rambling about before deciding to simply play along with their joke.

"Happy Birthday, Liy! I hope you enjoy this cake that I made just for you!!" Leafy beamed, giving Liy a quick hug before gently placing the cake on the desk.

"AND I MADE YOU THIS CARD, BECAUSE I WANT YOU TO KNOW

THAT ME AND ICE CUBE WISH YOU A HAPPY BIRTHDAY!!" Bracelety excitedly screeched, jumping happily as she placed the card onto the lightswitch's desk.

Liy looked up at the three, the words slipping out of her mouth as she began to analyse their expressions one by one.

How far would people go to make their lie look like the truth?

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Letting out a slight sigh, she got on her feet, pushing her chair in before walking over to Pencil.

"You like?" Pencil asked, placing a hand on her hip with a proud grin as Liy simply looked up at her with a... mesmerised, sort of stare.

Liy nodded silently, her eyes filled with skepticism as she suddenly pulled Pencil into a tight hug.

"W-Woah there! You... don't have to get so... touchy, y'know!!" Pencil stammered nervously, hugging Liy back a little weakly as the hug continued on for an awkward amount of time.

"Thank you so much, seriously Pencil!" Liy pulled out of the hug for a second, looking at Pencil with shiny, glistening eyes filled with courage. She let out a joyous laugh, tapping her foot on the ground as she hugged Pencil once more.

"I-! Uh..."

"I love you Pencil, you don't understand..." Liy murmured under her breath, her eyes unsettlingly wide as she hugged tighter.

"W-What?" Pencil uttered, a little flustered as Liy continued to herself in a quiet whisper.

"Your death will hurt the most."

Liy pulled out of the hug, gasping for air a little before looking back at Pencil with a huge smile.

"Well then, let's have some birthday cake!" She continued with a giggle, picking up a fork before gently pulling out a chunk of the blueberry cake.

Pencil blinked, staying idle for a few seconds as her expression was nothing short of pure confusion.

"I LOVE BLUEBERRY CAKE!"

"I agree Bracelety, this cake I made is amazing!!"

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"W-Wha..."

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"Here's to a happy birthday!"

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"HAPPY BIRTHDAY!!"

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Pencil rubbed her eyes, turning back around just to see that the large blueberry cake was reduced to nothing but crumbs.

"Wow Pencil, you really missed out on a slice of my birthday cake!" Liy chuckled, resting her hand against her face as she sat on her chair.

"S-Sorry... that cake looked really good, you deserved it!" Pencil reluctantly replied back, holding a shaky thumbs up as she formed a crooked smile.

Liy let out a chuckle, looking toward her desk for a bit before turning up to face the window, the shining and somewhat artificial light reflecting in her eyes.

"What are we beyond these walls...?"

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That question lingered in my head for quite a bit.

It was truly a head scratcher.

If we aren't BFB contestants, then what are we?

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"Finally, Free time!"

"Pencil! Free time is only for Bracelety! YOU still have to do your work-"

"Oh be quiet. It's not like Four's here!"

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"Wait... that's not Four."

"EEWW! IT'S A BUNCH OF BOYS!!"

"Hello everyone, it's so good to see you all! I was beginning to think BFB was cancelled."

"Nope, still goin'. And we got eliminated!"

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Indeed, amidst the batch of new arrivals, I had acquired my next target.

An old friend, or should I say foe.

Me and Stapy hadn't talked for quite a while. Let's give it... about 3 years since we talked.

But now he's back, and with a new personality? It seems he wants to move on and make amends with me? This is new...!

But nope! Not accepting it. Although, this was perfect.

My goal with him in the long run is to manipulate him into doing my biddings.

There, I laid my agenda flat for you all to see. I don't care about the boy at all. Not even a little bit.

I just want him to think I care about him and make him believe there's a chance of friendship so I can taunt Foldy with it.

That's all I care about, really. Stapy's just a brick that helps hold up the structure of my actual scheme.

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PLAN B - POST-BFB 16.

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"Stapy!"

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"Hm...?" The red stapler slowly turned around, blinking before being met with Liy, who was smiling somewhat forcefully.

"Haven't you thought about what lies behind that ominous door?" Liy questioned, starting off her sentence very similar to a signature Yellow Face ad, causing Stapy to cringe a little.

"I mean... yeah? I don't think about it all the time, but it's kinda creepy, y'know!" Stapy exclaimed, a smile perking up at his face as Liy turned to the side.

"The question is... how do we go about opening that door without being caught?" Liy pondered, resting her face onto her palm as she turned to face the entrance door.

"Well, I was thinking-"

Before Stapy could finish his sentence, a series of bangs, screeches and muffled screams could be heard from behind the entrance door. Presumably in the Fourest...?

He sprung into action, pushing through the desks and his EXITor classmates before pulling the door handle and opening it up, just to find Four arguing with an unfamiliar green blob of... something.

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"NO! WE CAN WORK TOGETHER FOUR, I JUST WANT TO HOST A SHOWW!!!!!!" The green thing pleaded in a British accent, their voice trembling with agony as Four looked as if he wasn't having any of it.

"SHUT UP YOU... FREAK OF NATURE! DO NOT MEDDLE WITH MY SHOW!!" Four screeched, stamping his feet before holding up their hand to the sky in a heroic manner, albeit having no positive intentions.

"Four, what the, like, Spongy is going on?!" Match interrupted, her and the other EXITors walking out of the classroom as they crowded around the scene.

"FRIENDS! NEGOTIATE WITH YOUR HOST, SAVE ME!!!" The green blob pleaded, turning the the EXITors before receiving a sharp slap on the face.

"NO ONE IS GOING TO SAVE YOU, TWO!!" Four yelled, his hand still in the air before pulling it down, to reveal that they were in fact, somehow holding a jail cell.

The EXITors watched in confusion and slight excitement as Four began to lock the green number - Two - into said jail cell, the screeches and cries being all the more exciting.

"There we go... NO MORE MEDDLING! AND NO POWER!! AND,

AND!!!!.... YOU OWE ME FIVE VIGINTILLION DOLLARS!!!!!!!" Four demanded angrily, springing up into the air at inhumane speeds before disappearing out of sight.

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The EXITors couldn't do anything but blink and exchange confused glances, watching as Two began to sulk and cry to themselves somewhat childishly.

"Oh yeah, Match! Speaking of Spongy, wasn't he gonna be eliminated or something?" Firey Jr. turned to Match, who simply shrugged with a smirk.

"I hope so!" Match giggled, their short conversation quickly becoming ironic as Four suddenly came speeding back down, holding an extremely larger jail cell containing Spongy and Loser, who both looked at the EXITors before turning away in embarrassment.

"PFFT! NO WAY, SPONGY WAS ACTUALLY ELIMINATED!!" Pencil chuckled obnoxiously, her and Match high-fiving before laughing uncontrollably, everyone walking back into the classroom before closing the door shut.

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"Guess I'm not alone...?" Two smiled weakly, looking toward Loser and Spongy, who simply laughed before turning away.

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"Figures."

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So that happened. And along with a few other attempts, which were futile to say the least. But eventually, I was lucky! And I had actually managed to form a genuine bond with Stapy. I had

managed to form an actual bond with the guy who ruined my life... Ironic, huh.

I always manage to attract the worst kind of people, don't I?

I wonder why Stapy didn't think anything of me. I wonder why he wants to suddenly redeem himself.

He's stupid for talking to me. He's stupid for playing nice with someone who plans to end his and everyone's lifetimes. He's just stupid. Stupid, stupid! He's stupid as hell!!

I hate stupid people. I hate Stapy.

I'm going to make him regret trusting me, even though my plan all along was to gain his trust.

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Anyways. Four expanded the EXIT to accommodate the growing amount of eliminated contestants. He had no more time to teach us lessons or to supervise us, they were just concerned about the final 10 that had remained out of the 64 of us.

So we took advantage of it, of course! From karaoke, dance parties, board games, Marker's - urm - Dirt Eating Competitions... anything, everything. Any classroom activity that you could think of, we did it.

It was quite innocent, playful. No inner conflict that could break us as a class apart.

That's until Pencil decided to host a game of Truth or Dare.

This'll play out splendidly.

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01/2019.

"Alright class!" Pencil smirked, hoisting herself onto a desk that was pushed against the locked backdoor before grabbing onto a pile of cards.

Everyone stood around curiously, watching as Pencil's mischievous smirk only grew larger, and larger.

"Match and I made a spinning wheel with all your names on it, so don't cry and say we picked you on purpose - because we didn't." Pencil added, rolling her eyes before pointing at Match, who was sat at the front desk with a laptop, before pointing towards the spinning wheel that was reflected against the board by the projector.

"Like, yeah! Looking at you, Book and Ice Cube!!" Match called out obnoxiously before being returned with dirty looks by said, Book and Ice Cube.

"Whatever, just ignore her Icy!" Book exclaimed before turning away.

Pencil giggled childishly, swinging her legs in excitement before raising her arm in the air and clicking her fingers, to which Match responded by clicking the wheel, causing it to spin.

"Wait, we're starting already?!" Bell yelled from amongst the crowd before being shushed by her peers.

"Yay!" Match cheered, raising her arms in the air as she turned to the crowd.

"Firey Jr."

The small flame smirked, rubbing his palms mischievously before looking up at Pencil.

"Truth or-"

"DARE!" Firey Jr. snapped excitedly as Pencil grinned, picking up a card before reading it out.

"Tell someone here what you truly think of them."

"That's more a truth if you ask me..." Firey Jr. rolled his eyes,

expecting a more exciting dare, but he still complied, walking up to Donut - his former teammate with a confident grin, holding his hands against his hips as he stood tall before the pastry, despite being significantly shorter than him.

"Go on..." Donut sighed, rolling his eyes as Firey. Jr took a deep breath.

"I think you're stupid, ugly, terrifying! I mean look at you, you don't even have a proper mouth! You look like a monster!! I'm way better than you, I could burn you into a crisp if I could! I bet Barf Bag doesn't actually like you, I mean, COME ON! She hangs out with Spongy more than she does with you, you absolute, disgusting, poopy LOSER!! GET FRIENDZONED!!!! What else..."

Firey Jr. continued to ramble on, everyone else being particularly pissed off by how annoyingly predictable the response was.

"We'll just, leave him to it!" Pencil laughed nervously, clearing her throat before clicking her fingers once more.

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"Remote!"

"God, these people are so boring. Truth or Dare?" Pencil sighed before turning to the remote control, who ran up to her confident.

"Truth, please!" Remote replied in her robotic voice as Pencil pulled out a card.

"Is there someone in this room that you have conflict with, or have wronged? If so, would you like to make amends?"

Remote scratched her chin curiously, looking around the room skeptically - unintentionally ignoring Liy before turning back.

"I strive to prevent death and destruction, and to form positive bonds with people. Therefore, I consider everyone my friend! If I've ever hurt you before, I'm sorry."

"Right..." Pencil fake smiled, making nervous eye contact with Liy

before turning back to Remote.

"You're good to go! Next, Match!"

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"Tree!"

"More of these people, huh..." Pencil mumbled before turning to Tree, stack of cards in hand.

"Truth or Dare?"

"Truth." Tree replied a little coldly, shoving his way to the front as he awaited his question.

"What's your favourite book?" Pencil picked a mediocre question, to match his mediocre personality.

"I've been recently invested in this book about the pros and cons of gardening. It's a really good read, I recommend it to any plant lovers."

"Mhm." Pencil sighed, placing the card down as the wheel spun again.

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"Pencil!"

"Wha?"

"Yup! I'll be the judge of things this time!" Match smirked mischievously, sticking her tongue out childishly as she got up onto her feet.

"Why'd you put my name on there?! I'm the host! You can't challenge the host to a Truth or Dare you... donut!" Pencil exclaimed, rolling her eyes.

"Truth, by the way."

"Right! I dare you to tell everyone who you like!!"

Pencil and everyone else let out a gasp, the commotion getting louder as Match simply smirked.

"Match! We're not in Kindergarten anymore! I like no-one." Pencil snapped back a little too quickly, her face red with embarassment as Match continued to smirk.

"Whatever you say, Pence-Pence!" Match taunted her with a giggle, the crowd letting out laughs as Pencil sheepishly sat back on the desk.

"Spin the wheel... Match." Pencil mumbled as the wheel span once more.

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"Marker!"

"Hm. Truth or Dare?"

"I would like to do... DARE!" Marker yelled a little too excitedly, sprinting to the front before rubbing his palms together mischievously.

"Challenge someone to a dirt-eating contest!"

"Oh my artist! I've practised for this!!" Marker giggled, turning to the crowd before pointing at a familiar grey coin.

"Nickel!"

"Wh- WHA?! WHY ME!!"

"Because..." Marker smirked, watching as Balloony picked up Nickel and placed him beside Marker and Pencil.

"I don't want to! Ew!" Nickel gagged as Balloony simply folded his arms.

"It's for the best." Balloony stated a little coldly before walking back to where he was.

"Where are we, like, even gonna get dirt?" Match questioned as Marker quickly sped out from the entrance before coming back with two plates filled with said dirt.

"Okay, begin!" Pencil exclaimed as the two picked up their forks, once enthusiastically and the other quite sheepishly.

"Uh... um..." Nickel hesitated, scooping up a bit of the dirt as he felt himself become more and more disgusted.

"This is sooo easy!" Marker chuckled before taking in another spoonful of dirt, his place half-empty.

Nickel closed his eyes, sweat trickling down his face as he quickly shoved the dirt in his mouth, only managing to take it in for a few seconds before gagging and coughing all the dirt back out.

"EW, EW! I NEED WATER, THIS IS SO GROSS!!!" Nickel screamed, bouncing up onto his feet as he stumbled back.

"You're a scaredy-cat, I've already finished!" Marker smirked, proudly holding up his empty plate for everyone to see, receiving a series of applause as he bowed.

"Well everyone know you're crazy obsessed with eating dirt!" Nickel snapped back before going silent, a look of realisation forming on his face as he began to nod.

"It's quite commendable though!"

"Thank you!" Marker grinned as he placed his plate back down on one of the desks before walking back to Nickel.

"Let's - yeah... Let's forget about this competition and be friends!!" Nickel exclaimed with a shining smile as Marker ecstatically nodded.

"Yeah, let's play RPS! I finally learned how to thanks to Stapy!!" Marker explained as the two sat down, quickly delving into conversation.

"That was kinda wholesome, NEXT UP!!" Pencil clapped her hands in a cheerful manner as Match spun the wheel once more...

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"Liy!"

The room went silent, some out of fear, some out of excitement, and some silent just because the others were. Whatever the reason, Liy didn't care one bit. She put on a large smile, strutting through the crowd of contestants with such elegance that she had left some of the others stunned.

Liy put her hands behind her back, slowly opening her eyes as she let out a cheerful giggle.

"What question do you have for me?" Liy uttered, her eyes sparkling and glimmering, her demeanour and general aura leaving Pencil and the other mesmerised.

Those are the eyes of a liar. The eyes that leave everyone on their knees, anticipating any word that comes out of their mouth. The power to make their lies look like the truth.

"Truth or Dare?" Pencil asked, a little more enthusiastic this time.

"Dare!" Liy replied back, blushing and holding up an innocent smile as Pencil began to look around the room, before locking eyes with a familiar duo.

"Well, after watching BFB 2,
I've always wondered about what kind of beef you have with Foldy! What lead you two to exchange such sly remarks?" Pencil smirked mischievously, watching as Liy's expression abruptly dropped, the light fading out of her eyes as she turned to face Foldy, who was equally as annoyed.

"Hey, hey! You can't just pry into stuff like that, Pencil!" Stapy called out in his best friend's defense, hopping over to where Pencil and Liy was with an irritated look on his face.

"Yeah! Stop trying to cause drama all the time!" Foldy yelled from across the crowd, sat on top of a desk next to her friends - Marker

and Bell.

"That's the point of Truth or Dare, asshole!" Pencil snickered as she placed a hand on her hip, looking at Stapy before slowly turning to Liy, her eyebrows raised smugly as she began to speak.

"I dare you... to do something that'll make Foldy angry." Pencil dared the Lightswitch, a shadow cast over her face as a malicious smile began to form.

Liy shrugged with a smirk, looking at Foldy before turning back to Stapy, who was a little nervous.

"Stapy." Liy uttered, inching closer to the boy as he began to hesitate.

"Wh-... y-yes?"

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"This girl is being really mean...!" Liy whined in an annoyingly childish voice, huffing as she crossed her arms.

Stapy's eyes widened in confusion, his eyebrow raising as Liy began to chuckle to herself a little.

"You're my best friend, like, we've been best friends since we were kids! Please, please solve my problems!!" She exclaimed a little, stamping her foot on the ground as she glanced at the boy a little threateningly, startling him into silence and allowing Liy to continue her unusual act.

"Solve my personal problems for me already, ugh!! Or would you just let people rip me up into little pieces of paper?" Liy whinged, batting her eyes repeatedly as Stapy began to shuffle back.

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"What the fuck is she doing?!" Foldy exclaimed in a shouty whisper to her friend Bell, who was right beside her watching the scene unfold.

"I... dunno!"

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"Fold- I mean, Liy... calm down! There's obviously-"

"Liy...?" The girl paused, her eyes widening creepily as the entire room went dead silent with anticipation.

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"I HATE HER SO MUCH!!! SHE'S SO... SHITTY!!!!!!!" Liy screamed loudly, stamping her foot on the ground repeatedly and somewhat manically - the way she was acting now reminiscent to that of a spoiled young child.

"What the-"

"I hate iance too! They got you eliminated! They took you away from me, and it's not fair, because you belong to me, AND ME ONLY! NO ONE CAN TAKE ME AWAY FROM YOU!!!!!!!!!!"

The crowd immediately burst out into uncontrollable laughter, a smirk perking up on Liy's face as she turned back around to face everyone.

Stapy was in utter shambles, his expression an unintelligible mix of confusion, anger, realisation, sadness and so much more. He turned to Foldy, noticing a look of embarrassment on her face as her eyes began to well up with tears.

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"Guys, guys! No need to laugh, I was just playing someone we all know too well! It's not nice to her at all!!" Liy exclaimed in an extremely mocking tone, her eyes widening as she began to giggle.

"SHUT UP!! YOU KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU'RE DOING, YOU DUMB BITCH!!!" Foldy suddenly began to scream loudly from across the room, causing everyone in the to go silent once more.

"Wha? We're all friends here Foldy, you silly goose! You don't need to

be so negative y'know...!!" Liy pouted, her voice going all childish once again.

"BE QUIET, I SWEAR I'LL-"

"FOLDY, NO!!" Marker yelled, running up to Foldy and holding onto her as if to make sure she wouldn't do anything.

"Don't do anything, she's not worth your time Foldy!" Bell added, staying beside Foldy as she got up on her feet.

"You're right. People like Liy are just plain old attention seekers, let's just leave her to her little followers. Y'know, like **Stapy**!"

"WHAT?!" Stapy yelped, his jaw dropping with shock as he quickly hopped over to Foldy, only to be rudely shunned and death-stared.

"You heard me damn well! Now fuck off!!" Foldy snapped, rudely shoving him before swiftly exiting the room - Marker and Bell following along.

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"I think we should end it here, hah... hah!" Pencil chuckled, a somewhat large smirk on her face as she collected her card before getting back up on her feet and simply walking away from it all, leaving everyone else to process what had just unfolded between the two infamous enemies - Liy and Foldy.

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Hi there!! Oh my gosh, this chapter was so long haha. took so much

time & effort to write but here we are and I really hope you enjoyed!

Word count: 23,186

Chapter 21 is likely to release around October-November so stay tuned! As well as a colourised comic of chapter 4 which is set to come this month **(to be posted on my 'Art and more' book - go check it out! 😁)**

As always, have an amazing day and i'll see you super soon!

Dean, out!

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24/04/2016.

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Everyone always says that there's light at the end of the tunnel. That there's some sort of hope, or salvation that you have to look forward to. To stay, because you never know what happens sooner or later in life.

But that's exactly it. Why do I have to wait for something good to happen? Why can't it happen now? Why can't I have my hope, or joy, or whatever the teachers shove down our throats these days.

You think that spewing out happy-go-lucky bullshit to everyone everyday, listening to people spread rumours about me every single fucking day, having to be pushed and shoved through the halls, taunted for that God awful talent show that I performed for back in 1st and 2nd year, thinking that I had a damn chance as a singer. Y'know. Those things. Definitely helping me form my enriching future. Coming home just for my stupid mom to bitch about my grades and how I've stopped talking to her and dad, and my brother even though I do and she's too stupid to notice! Or yet another group therapy session with some random ass person she paid like 5 dollars for!!

I just can't take another second of this anymore. I'm done. I'm really over this.

I just want to be at peace. I want to be loved, and to enjoy my life! It doesn't have to be a birthday gift, or a celebration, or a boyfriend, or any of those temporary happy things that pass by the older you become.

I just want my happy ending.

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Sorry if I wasted your time.

God, I'm over-exaggerating here. I have school tomorrow. Even though... I dunno. I feel like something bad's going to happen. Like, someone has a target over my head or something. Imagine

I jinxed it?

Whatever.

If your day feels brighter or more sunny tomorrow, you know why.

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This is goodbye.

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- Pastel Highlighter.

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FIN.

piano. - chapter 21

⚠ TW: SU*C*DE, VERBAL ABUSE, GRAPHIC VIOLENCE⚠

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"Don't you remember?"

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"Remember... what?"

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"All of that I just showed you. You don't remember a thing?"

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"I-I...."

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"You don't? Not even... your best friend?"

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"I do! I... do..."

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"Oh."

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"W-What...?"

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"I've just decided that I don't care!"

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"Wait, what do you mean, I-"

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"You're gonna die now!"

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"N-NO, PLEASE!! I CAN'T, NOT YET! I HAVE SO MUCH T-"

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"They all say that. It used to be entertaining but now it sucks. Can't you shut up?"

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"D-Don't do this... I know you still have a heart in there somewhere Liy!"

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"Wait, you think that I'm Liy...?!"

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"..."

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"That's hilarious, really! Liy's gonna go through the same fate as you're about to!!"

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"N-NO! STOP! I'M BEGGING YOU, DON'T KILL ANYONE!!!!!!!!!"

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"Shut up!"

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PIANO - CHAPTER 21.

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ACT 1.

01/2001.

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"So, how's your weekend been?" A tall, intelligent-looking sunflower

questioned the girl, holding onto a clipboard and a pen with a collected expression on her face.

"Uh... It's been good actually!" The blue lamp replied, holding up a smile as she clutched a little shyly onto her rucksack.

"Really? What did you get up to then, care to share?"

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"Oh. Uh, well..." Lampy went blank, a bit of an embarrassed look on her face as she held her hand over her mouth.

"Mhm?"

"Nothing much! Finishing my assignment!!" She blurted out before crookedly smiling.

"I see. That's really nice, I see you're focused on your studies then? You did anything other than that? Going on a walk, meeting up with a friend, shopping?"

"Oh I met a 'friend' alright..." Lampy mumbled under her breath awkwardly as the therapist shot her a confused look,

"What was that, sorry?"

"N-Nothing! I was just remembering the forces... a-atoms and... urm... I-"

"You don't have to say anything if you don't want to." The sunflower clarified with a subtle smirk as she held the clipboard up to her face.

,"This is a safe space. No-one's listening in on us if that's what you're worried about. Anyways, shall we move on? I'm particularly interested in how you've been getting on with your studies!"

"Okay..."

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"So.. how was your weekend?"

"Everyone asks me this...!" Lampy exclaimed angrily, before smiling at her best friend once again.

,"I don't mind you asking though."

"So...?"

"The therapist lady kept bugging me about it, but well, I didn't actually complete an assignment, hahah!!" The lamp laughed before being met with an unimpressed expression in return.

"What did you do then?"

"Nosy much?! Well... I actually lied to my mom about going to the library and... saw *him* again!" Lampy exclaimed, more mischievously this time.

"Damn! I thought your mom, like, never lets you out of the house alone..."

"She did... But I thought by saying something she'd like to hear - like the library revision thing - she'd let it go! I finally found a loophole!"

"Damn! So how was, uh, seeing *him* like?"

"Oh, we just went to the movies! Watched some random horror movie, then we went to his house!"

"And...?"

"Watched another movie! Him and his parents have, like, this whole collection of movie CD's in the lounge - they're quite... fans... of movies."

"Ah. What was the point of going to the cinema if you were just going to watch movies at his house?"

"I dunno..." Lampy shrugged, acting clueless at the oncoming questions.

,"His house is massive though, like, his parents are super rich or something! His bedroom alone is like the size of my entire house! And the dining hall is like those ones in the films with the rich businessmen and their royal families or something... I dunno... I just... y'know..." The lamp smiled, a mesmerised look in her eyes as she held a hand to her cheek.

"I have a feeling you're exaggerating."

"I'm not! Come to his house and you'll see!!"

"Why... would I ever have to come to his house."

"Whatever."

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"Finish... y-your assignments.... A-ALREADY!!!!"

This is such bullshit. I never get an actual greeting when I come in.

"HEY! ...LISTEN TO M-ME!!"

Lampy rolled her eyes, placing down her bowl of fruit salad onto the table before turning to face her weirdly enraged mother.

"I've already finished them." She sighed, piercing her fork into a kiwi before placing it in her mouth.

"NO... Y-YOU HAVEN'T!!" The woman yelled before letting out a violent cough, holding onto her chest as she sat herself up on the couch.

Lampy sighed, picking up another fruit before turning to face her mother.

"Yes I did..."

"R-Really? Place it all on the table in front of me so I can see!!"

"Mom, this is so stupid, I'm 20! I should be moving out of the house by now but you're still treating me like I'm in elementary school or something!" Lampy scoffed, angrily slamming her fork into a strawberry before picking it up.

"YOU'RE D-DRIVING ME CRAZY WITH YOUR B-BULLSHIT!!! JUST LIKE HOW YOUR S-STUPID FATHER WAS!!!!!" Her mother screamed, gasping for air with bloodshot eyes as she clawed onto the couch.

Lampy went silent at the mention of her father, ...whoever that was.

"A-Anyways, why can't you just be a little e-empathetic?"

"What do you mean? I'm already nice." Lampy replied back nonchalantly as she took another bite out of the fruit bowl.

"No... y-you're not! Your sister, she was so s-sweet, and patient... gosh. I... miss her!"

"You drove her out of the house too, mom." Lampy snapped back as she shoved her bowl to the side.

"N-NO, I DIDN'T!!!! She... found a good job and loving h-husband is all."

"After the countless months of arguing, you had no choice but to let her go... you also forced her to take on that job. That's why she doesn't talk to you, or me!!"

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"W-Whatever, fuck you Aria. I'm gonna... water the f-flowers!" Her mom murmured angrily, slowly getting up onto her feet before slowly walking out of the living room.

"That's not my name....." Lampy muttered, rolling her eyes once more, turning to her backpack before quickly and sneakily pulling out a grey flip-phone from the front pocket before holding it up to her face.

She opened it a little excitedly, immediately clicking on the messages section before finding that there was one new notification.

"You... of course it's you..." Lampy giggled, blushing a little as she read the name of the sender.

'Where r u? waiting 4 u'

"Wait, w-what?!" Lampy hesitated, quickly looking around before turning back to the message.

"No... you're not... do not... joke, like, that!!" Lampy read out her message as she typed it, hitting send before receiving a swift response just seconds later.

'No serious, I just saw ur mom come out with a watering can'

"Oh dear..." Lampy sighed, folding her arms and nervously tapping her foot on the ground as she turned back to the message.

"Hide... and wait a... second! I'm on my way..." She read to herself before hitting send, nervously shoving the phone back into her backpack before picking it up and scurrying over to her mom.

She opened the door, trying her best to suppress her look of excitement as she stepped out of the door.

"Mom. Library...?" Lampy asked hastily as her mom turned back up with a look of annoyance.

"Fine, go!" She sighed, watching as the blue lamp smiled before running off into the distance.

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04/2019.

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"So yeah, she was quite a secretive person! I'm not sure what she was up to, well, I was just her professor. I have a feeling she met someone special..."

"Someone... special?" Pillow blinked, hands on her hips as she felt her curiosity only increase.

"Well, her grades began to decline right as February of 2001 rolled by. Whoever this person was, they were really distracting her!" The professor chuckled a little, pushing his glasses up to his face as Pillow stayed creepily idle.

"Lampy... what an interesting individual!" Pillow smirked, laughing a little before receiving a confused look by the professor.

"How do you... know her again? You seem pretty young, too young to be delving into this."

"She's my... uh... aunt... in-law? What was I gonna..."

"Excuse me?"

"Aunt-in-law! Thrice removed!" Pillow blurted out with a large grin

"Thrice removed? How does-"

"Sorry. Couldn't tell ya'!!"

The professer looked at Pillow, sighing before turning to face a pile of papers.

"Look kid, you can't speak to someone else about her? Like, Lampy's family? I'm not really a reliable source. I was just her professor."

"No! Her mom, sister and dad are dead, don't you know?" Pillow snapped back, the tragic information causing the professor to let out a gasp.

"O-Oh my God... I'm so sorry! I guess I must tell you what I know then..." The professor gave in with a saddened expression, watching as Pillow's expression lit up even more than ever before.

"Thank you, sir!!!"

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02/2001.

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"Woah..." Lampy's eyes lit up with excitement.

,"This food looks so good, thank you so much!!"

"Anything for you, dear. You're so sweet and respectful!" A significantly older woman with a heavy French accent replied to her with a smile from across the table, before turning to her son, who was sat right next to Lampy with an awkward expression.

"Tu ferais mieux d'être bon avec elle ! Ne faites jamais rien qui puisse la blesser!!"

"Wh- I'm not!!" He snapped back, turning to the side with embarrassment as his mother simply smiled.

"Good. Just so we're on the same page here."

"Yeah, yeah..."

"HÉ! NE RÉPONDS PAS À TA MÈRE COMME ÇA!!" The woman yelled so loud that the whole table began to shake, taking in a deep breath before turning back to Lampy with a smile.

"Sorry about that, dear."

"I-It's okay!!" Lampy nervously laughed, trying to play along despite not understanding a single word of what she had just said prior.

The three went silent, turning back to their plates.

Lampy kept silent, grabbing onto her fork and knife before turning to her food a little nervously.

"Hey." She heard, along with a tap on her shoulder.

"Y-Yeah?" She turned to see it was none other than her boyfriend, who was for some reason facing toward her plate rather than making eye contact with her.

"Your fork and knife are on the wrong hands. Here, let me help you!!"

He smiled, laughing a little as he gently grabbed the fork off of Lampy's right hand, the knife off of the left hand, before switching them around.

Lampy smiled a little hesitantly, raising an eyebrow at the excessive and a little unnecessary etiquette that they had as she turned back to her plate.

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"Why'd you look so scared earlier?"

"I was just shocked at the way you're so... aware of how you hold cutlery... and the etiquette in general, y'know!"

"Ah. It's just something you get used to overtime, y'know?" The boy smiled, leaning back a little on the beanbag as he stared right into Lampy's eyes.

"Oh, okay... You live quite a different life to me! It's kind of dystopian." Lampy sighed, turning her vision to the ceiling as she began to reflect.

"How so? Your mom and dad don't watch over you like that?"

"N-No... well, my dad. Is kinda not around... and my mom is just so, so weird to me! I don't really know what it's like to be loved, and protected, or whatever parents do with their kids." Lampy admitted, her eyes watering slightly as she turned back to the face the boy, who had a look of guilt on his face.

"I see... In that case, I'll protect you and love you at all times! I'll do an even better job than anyone in the world!!"

Lampy went silent, watching as the boy gently held onto her hand, interlocking her fingers with his before looking into her eyes, his face going flushing into a warm red colour the more he looked.

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04/2019.

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"So, like I said, her grades were deteriorating. She was increasingly distracted, seemed to zone out a lot..."

"Uh-huh..." Pillow mumbled, keeping silent as the professor continued to go on.

"And eventually Lampy had stopped coming in. A-Around October of 2001. I don't really remember exactly. She said something about her mental health, family problems, something along the lines of that. But all the days before that she was quite... disoriented."

"How so...?" Pillow persisted as the professor took a second to remember.

"She... always sat out of class. Always sick and cooped up in the medical centre not so far from the department she was studying in. One day I ran into her outside of class and she told me that she had the flu or something. She was barely able to walk, limping even, as if she had fractured a bone. I was gonna ask her something else but she scurried off before I could. It was like she was going through something, maybe something more serious like what she said before she went on hiatus."

"Huh..."

"And I forgot to mention, Lampy was always walking around campus with this girl, as far as I remember. Always chatting, laughing, they were like best friends!"

"What did the other girl look like?" Pillow questioned.

"She was... a Magazine I'm pretty sure. She had a flashy pink cover, not hard to miss. She studied English Literature here too. Before she randomly disappeared around... March of 2002."

Pillow's eyes widened at that specific month and year, immediately being reminded of a certain event she remembered that had come up on the news a long time ago.

"Well... that's certainly interesting, I wonder what drove her out!" Pillow exclaimed with a slight chuckle, acting stupid on purpose.

"Anyways, what else..." The professor let out a sigh, rubbing his temples as he tried his best to remember.

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03/2001.

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"Mom."

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"W-What do you want.... and don't... don't waste my time!!!"

The blue lamp swallowed in her nerves, inching closer to her mother with a look of fear as she grabbed tightly onto her hands in an attempt to surprise the overwhelming amount of fear she was feeling.

"I... was wondering... if i... could... rent out my own place... since I'm in college now!" The girl smiled, cluctching onto her hands even tighter as her mother began to let out a loud gasp.

"You...?! A-As if!!" The woman stuttered loudly, slowly getting up from the old brown couch before grabbing onto the table in an attempt to regain her balance.

"Why not?!" Lampy snapped back with a look of hurt on her face as the old woman walked closer.

"You're a reckless... little girl! If I let you out then you'll... you'll n-never succeed! NEVER!!"

"But... BUT I WILL!"

"NO YOU WON'T!!" The old woman's loud, raspy voice echoed through the room as her daughter went silent.

"I know you... an insufferable failure, just like the man who fathered you!!"

"..."

"Your sister was never... never like this! She s-stayed here until she graduated and now she has an actual l-life... with a loving husband..., you though... YOU JUST WANNA TAKE ANY CHANCE YOU GET TO RUN OFF AND FAIL YOURSELF! SIT YOUR FUCKING SELF DOWN H-

HERE!!"

"I..."

"DON'T EVEN T-THINK... ABOUT RUNNING AWAY EITHER! Whatever happens... you're staying with me..." The woman mumbled, tumbling back onto the sofa, her eyes mixed with anger and extreme exhaustion.

"I-I'M 20! LET ME HAVE MY OWN THINGS!!" Lampy screamed, slamming on the wall as hard as she could in an attempt to spark a jolt of realisation into her stubborn mother.

"S-SHUT UP! YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE!!"

The lamp sighed, her hands shaking with fury as she slowly walked out of the living room in an attempt to calm her nerves.

"DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT PACKING UP YOUR THINGS EITHER!!"

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"I-... I don't know what to do! My mom's insane and she won't let me have any freedom whatsoever, but at the same time she wants me to be independent?!" Lampy cried out, folding my arms angrily as I tapped my foot onto the ground.

"Well... I-"

"Just go anyways, what's the worst she'll do to you? You're an adult!" An older looking girl interjected without thinking, blowing gum and holding a flip-phone up to her face as her brother sighed.

"Thanks a lot, Sherlock. She's already tried that!" He snapped, a look of annoyance on his face as his sister shook her head.

She scoffed, rolling her eyes as she continued.

"All I'm saying Lamp,Lampy, whatever your name is... just... I dunno, get your mom to stop? Try couchsurfing!!" The boy's sister exclaimed with a slight eyeroll, clearly annoyed as she put a hand on her hip.

"Couchsurfing... Do you know how rude you sound right now? You're suggesting that when she can just move in and stay here in our massive house! Mom and Dad wouldn't mind because we have an extra bedroom downstairs by the kitchen!!" He interjected, turning back to Lampy with a slight smile as she sighed.

"Well...! I... oh my gosh, I can't right now!!" The girl began to run of words, crossing her arms with a stressed look on her face as she stormed out of the lounge before slamming the door shut.

"I'm sorry. She's an asshole when she wants to be, y'know?"

"It's... okay..." Lampy mumbled, folding her arms as she softly leant against his shoulder.

"Maybe your mom will understand if you tell her about us... maybe?" He suggested with a smile as she let out a fearful gasp, her eyes widening as she turned to him.

"W-What, no, we can't! She'd actually slaughter me if she knew you were involved in my life!!" Lampy cried out, clutching tightly onto his arm with fear as he sighed.

"Well I don't know what to do then! We can't just keep hiding, because eventually your mom will find out anyways! You need to come up with something."

"Like... what?" She mumbled quietly as he turned to me, his eyes glowing as if a revolutionary idea popped into his head.

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"Hey mom!"

"...What? Don't s-say something stupid... b-because you know the answer will be NO!!"

Lampy took in a deep breath, fidgeting with her hands nervously as she swallowed down her anxiety.

"W-Well, spit it out!!"

"I was thinking, I have such a long and time consuming, super scary exam coming up soon, and I need lots and lots of time to catch up and revise...!" Lampy let out an exaggerated sigh, trying her best to suppress her smirk.

"So...?" Her mom persisted in annoyance.

"I need at least two days to revise, and me and my best friend were thinking that I could stay over at her place, b-because we were gonna pull an all-nighter to do revision and-"

"I d-don't like that girl! She's obnoxious, a-and rude!" Lampy's mother snapped, her face scrunched with annoyance as the blue lamp sighed.

"I need to catch up on my studies mom, don't you want me to get a good job...?" Lampy pouted, batting her eyes with an exaggerated frown as her mother slowly gave in.

"Wh-... fine, but just this once! You answer to every text, o-okay!!"

Lampy nodded, picking up her bag before quickly scurrying off into the streets.

"You don't even know how to use a phone, bitch."

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THE NEXT DAY.

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"I'm so exhausted..." Lampy groaned, holding her hands to her face and rubbing her eyes before looking back up to her best friend, who was more than curious to know why.

"Why?"

"I-..." Lampy paused, her eyes widening a little as she looked to the side and back.

"You...?"

"Spent the entire night going through this stupid textbook, just reading and reading until the words were unintelligible!" The blue lamp quickly shot back an excuse, letting out a yawn before leaning her head against the table.

"Well, well... that my friend, is called revising! A brutal yet useful

method to go over and memorise your studies!" Magazine laughed, patting Lampy softly on the shoulder as she let out a sigh.

"No shit..." Lampy mumbled, digging her head into her arms as she attempted to close her eyes for just a little bit.

"I really need an iced coffee right now..."

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"Velocity is a vector quantity since it is described with both a magnitude and a direction. When describing the velocity of a car, it is necessary to mention both its speed and the direction in which it is travelling..."

Lampy looked up at the professor, barely able to grasp what was written on the chalkboard as she dug her head back into her arms. She let out a soft yawn, trying her very best to stay awake through the lecture.

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"I know you... an insufferable failure, just like the man who fathered you!!"

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"S-Shut up..." The girl mumbled, both her hands on her face as she tried her best to forget.

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"Your sister was never... never like this! She s-stayed here until she graduated and now she has an actual l-life... with a loving husband..., you though... YOU JUST WANNA TAKE ANY CHANCE YOU GET TO RUN OFF AND FAIL YOURSELF! SIT YOUR

FUCKING SELF DOWN H-HERE!!"

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"Stop..."

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"You're a reckless... little girl! If I let you out then you'll... you'll n-never succeed! NEVER!!"

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"YOU'RE D-DRIVING ME CRAZY WITH YOUR B-BULLSHIT!!! JUST LIKE HOW YOUR S-STUPID FATHER WAS!!!!!"

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"No... y-you're not! Your sister, she was so s-sweet, and patient... gosh. I... miss her!"

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"SHUT. UP!!!!!!!"

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"Lampy, what's the matter? You're usually really eager to study!"

"I-... I'm sorry. I was just, well, having bad thoughts...!" Lampy nervously laughed, placing her rucksack down on the floor as the Sunflower looked her deep in the eyes.

"You look like you're hiding something." The sunflower immediately caught on, a stare so piercing and intimidating that Lampy felt herself shiver a little.

She went silent, a shadow casting over her face as she looked down to the floor with shame.

"Do you... wanna tell me?" The therapist formed a smile, her demeanour becoming more calm as if to entice the girl into saying something.

Lampy turned back up, tears in her eyes as she anxiously bit her lip in an attempt to shut herself up before she let her thoughts out.

"How's life been going? Anything you got up to...?"

"..."

"Remember, this is a safe space to share any issues you might be facing." The therapist continued to persist, clutching onto the clipboard as Lampy kept silent.

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"You don't have t-"

"I! HATE! MY! MOM!!!!!!!!!!!" Lampy suddenly screamed on the top of her lungs, her eyes wide and bloodshot as tears flew out of her eyes at light-speed. She immediately held her hands to her mouth, continuing to sob and slowly break into pieces as her head dropped to the floor.

The therapist went silent, holding her clipboard to her face as she waited for the girl to say more.

"I seriously... can't do this anymore... SHE TREATS ME LIKE RUBBISH! I HATE HER SO MUCH! I'M SO DONE, I REALLY AM!! I JUST NEED SOMEONE ELSE BUT I ONLY HAVE—"

The girl suddenly paused in her speech as she looked back up, the immediate realisation flooding back to her as she began to blink and clutch onto her mouth in shock.

"You were... saying?"

"What was I saying...?" Lampy blinked, her words blank and lacking emotion as she turned back to the ground.

"It's okay. Like I said, you don't have to continue if you don't feel ready. My main priority is making sure you feel safe and comfortable in your school environment, and to also give you life advice." The sunflower explained, placing the notebook back onto her lap as Lampy formed a slight smile.

"Thanks."

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"My mom won't ever let me do anything..."

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"At least you convinced your mom to let you out for long amounts of time. That's quite an upgrade if I do say so myself!"

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Lampy sighed, laying down against the soft pillow as she looked up at the ceiling.

"Is it normal for your mom to compare you to your siblings...?" She asked the boy quietly, turning to face him with a smile as he began to think.

"She does it occasionally... not like, in an extreme way. Sometimes she makes me, my sister and my two brothers, dad, basically gathers the whole family for dinner and then asks us about what we got up to. If we got promoted in our jobs, in my older siblings' case. She asks my dad how his job is going. She asks me what I've achieved. And

well, I don't really know what to say! It's okay though, she's not too pushy. She just likes to know what we've all been doing."

"Oh. That's nice..." Lampy murmured, feeling a little jealous of his laid-back lifestyle.

"She's so persistent when it comes to me, it's kinda funny!" He chuckled as he continued.

"She's always like *'Assurez-vous de faire quelque chose de productif avec votre temps!',* and I'm just like, *'Okay mom, I am!*"

"I... don't understand a word of what you just said." Lampy laughed, the two looking at each other in silence before bursting into laughter.

"If you want, I'll be your French tutor! You're bound to be a fluent speaker in less than a year!" The boy smiled, blushing a little as he gently held onto the lamp's cold hands.

"I really do wanna learn another language. It sounds so useful... like imagine how many new opportunities could open up for me just for having another language on my resume?"

"It's not as spectacular as you think, really. I know three languages but there's still nothing really going for me. It's so annoying."

"Oh."

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"I wonder why my sister doesn't talk to me..." Lampy silently admitted, clutching tightly onto the boy's hands as she felt tears form in her eyes.

"You... have a sister?"

"Yeah... don't worry, not like she's a relatable or reliable person anyways. She's like 9 or 10 years older than me. Just plain boring. Boring job. Boring life. She just lives with her husband in the countryside with some pet bird or something. She said she always

wanted a parrot."

"Having an older sibling is kinda fun actually. They always tease you, but it's just because they care. I should know, I'm the youngest anyways... But, why doesn't your sister talk... to you?"

"It was like 1999 or something, my sister used to argue with my mom every single day because she was so reluctant to let her go and get married. She just wanted us two to stay together or something. It was so weird, it was like she just us all to herself with no one else. E-Eventually, my sister lost it, called the cops. Some big argument and then eventually they took my sister's side and mom had no choice but to comply and let her go..."

"What does that have to do with you though? She should at least talk to you, you're her sister!"

"I dunno..." Lampy frowned, leaning her back against the pillow as she turned to look at the chandelier above.

"Maybe she just wants to forget about everything...? Forget about mom, forget about the house, forget about Goiky, forget about everything! And that included me... b-but I'm sure she still loves me...? Maybe she's just... too scared to talk to me... maybe she thinks that mom will find out and get in contact with her again..."

The boy smiled a little, shuffling closer before pulling the blue lamp into a hug.

"I'm sorry... you don't deserve some deadbeat sibling like that..." He murmured, anger in his voice.

"D-Deadbeat...?"

"No one should ever treat you like that, ever. Your sister missed out on a beautiful, talented girl like you."

Lampy stayed silent, her eyes watering with tears a little as the boy continued.

"You shouldn't feel guilty about something that's her fault. It's her loss that she left behind such a spectacular person. She's stupid for that."

"Y-Yeah..." The blue lamp mumbled, tears trickling down her face as she tried her best to keep calm.

"No, d-don't cry!" The boy immediately wiped away her tears, a scared and fearful expression on his face as he hugged the girl tighter.

"Sorry... That was stupid of me to cry, I know."

"No! Don't apologise! Stop apologising, gosh!!" He exclaimed, his tone becoming more forceful and furious.

"...Okay."

"B-Besides... if you want an older sister, you have my older sister!" He smiled a little, a trying to brush off his cold and stern statements from earlier.

"That's... nice."

"She's kinda... annoying at times. She has so many of these bags and she puts on so much makeup! She's funny at times but most of the times she'll be talking on the phone or doing her makeup. She's so boring... but I love her either way."

"That's sweet." Lampy smiled back a little, turning to the side before slowly getting up from the bed.

"Where are you going...?"

"My mom. She's gonna be mad if I come home too late, you know how she is!!" Lampy laughed nervously, clutching onto her bag and holding onto her flip-phone with her other hand before walking towards the door.

"Can't you stay for just a bit more? Your mom wouldn't notice if you stayed for an extra hour!"

"I told you! I... have to." She quickly shut him down, pushing down the door handle before opening the door slowly.

"Sorry, bye." Lampy smiled a little sadly, waving goodbye before

closing the door shut.

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04/2019.

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"Right! So, she did seem to display a lot of pent-up anger and hurt. Lampy would sometimes become hostile and refuse to talk to anyone else... she snapped one time in a lecture and had to be taken out to talk to a therapist. It got worse from there... she'd snap back at professors, including myself, and would argue with anyone who tried to help her simmer down. The only exceptions were the therapist

and, like I said earlier, that best friend of hers."

"She did have underlying issues then, didn't she...?" Pillow replied, still trying to hide her inner excitement towards the whole situation.

"She-"

"Wait!" Pillow snapped, the professor going silent as she dug into her backpack before pulling out a... tablet?

"Do you... recognise this girl at all?" Pillow asked before playing Liy's infamous BFB 5 elimination speech, turning the screen around so the professor could get a clear look.

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"So many of my hours and so much of my willpower was spent on saving instead of murdering!"

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"O-Oh my..." The professor gasped a little, Liy's voice being so familiar yet nostalgic to him.

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"I thought you guys would support me, but I guess you won't! And if you won't, then WHATS THE POINT IN RESTRAINING MYSELF...!"

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"She sounds exactly like how Lampy did! They have such similar voices, and that girl carried herself just like she did. They look so strikingly similar too that it's scary. She sounded exactly like Lampy when she was mad or distressed. Who... is this?"

"That's her daughter." Pillow stated with a straight face as she went back on the tablet.

"D-DAUGHTER?! Blimey... I should've known. I'm so blind to the simplest of clues." The professor sighed, beginning to feel guilty about everything.

"Watch this video!" Pillow turned the screen to him again, this time playing BFB 16.

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"No, what I meant is. We should all be together out there!"

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"Gosh..."

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"Bracelety, what I'm trying to say is that we should escape from the EXIT. We're strong enough!"

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"What an oddly specific plan, but go for it!"

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"Uh-oh, there's nothing left to throw!"

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"H-How did I not notice...?!" The professor sniffled, his eyes watering as his voice began to tremble.

Pillow kept silent, a mischievous smirk forming on her face as the professor slowly broke down.

"L-Lampy was struggling, a-and I was so blind... there was so much on her plate, a-and she was too scared t-to rely on anyone! I've f-failed her, and her d-daughter...!" The professor began to cry,

covering his face with his hands as he continued to sob.

Pillow sat awkwardly on the chair, smiling a little as her eyes darted across the office.

"I-I'm sorry, just a little emotional here...! You want to know more about her, don't you?"

"Mhm!!" Pillow nodded with a smirk as the professor took a deep breath.

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"Okay so... where are we going first?"

Lampy silently walked through the shopping mall, clutching onto her bag a little shyly.

"Hot Topic!"

"Sis, we're not going to Hot Topic. Pick something else!"

"But I want to get this CD!!"

"Non, on n'ira pas là-bas! Je t'ai dit, choisis un autre endroit!!"

"...Whatever."

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"What about you...?" The boy tapped softly onto Lampy's shoulder, watching as she quickly turned to face him.

"Y-Yeah?"

"Where do you wanna go?" He asked, a smile on he is face as the blue lamp turned to the side.

"I don't mind. Wherever you want to go, I'll come too...!"

"Tu es tellement ennuyeux." The boy's older sister scoffed - deliberately in French -, rolling her eyes before going on her phone.

"Shut up!!"

"You shut up!"

"Wow. By the way, where's Glowstick?" He randomly asked before receiving a weird stare.

"I left him at home with mom and dad."

"Wow, you're such a great mother aren't you?" The boy remarked quite rudely, only to be met with nothing but silence from his sister.

He rolled his eyes, turning back around to Lampy with a smile - this time a forced one.

"Let's go to a cafe, then!"

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"How's your coffee?"

"It's okay I guess..." Lampy mumbled with a slight smile, fidgeting with the mug a little nervously before turning up to face the boy, and then his sister, who was looking through her phone - her expression more enraged and annoyed than before.

"Sis, what about you...?"

"..."

"Sis..."

"Wow... Tu es vraiment un frère de merde..."

"Excuse me?!" The boy yelled, slamming his fist angrily on the table as his sister finally decided to put her phone down.

Lampy stayed silent, holding onto her warm mug of coffee in an attempt to distract herself from the unfolding tension.

"Pourquoi dois-tu te comporter comme un connard?!" The girl shouted back, her eyes glossy with tears as her fists began to tremble with anger and stress.

"Je ne t'ai rien fait, alors arrête de t'embarrasser!"

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"You said earlier that you think Lampy had met someone special? You have any idea who the individual could be?" Pillow persisted, a desperate look on her face as the professor wiped his tears.

"W-Well, I've never seen him face to face before. He's never came around campus, so I couldn't-"

"Just try to remember!!! Please?!" Pillow pressurised him, her desperation and need for answers only intensifying.

"Fine! Well... hm..."

The professor rubbed his temples, slowly shutting his eyes as he tried his best to remember at least one occurrence. Just one.

"Think.... Think....!!" Pillow mumbled agonisingly, tapping her foot on the ground as the professor slowly opened his eyes, a sudden jolt of realisation flowing through him as everything began to piece itself together one by one. He picked up his pen, hands shaking with sudden energy as he took a deep breath.

"I was at a coffee shop in Goiky Mall! Around April of 2001, I was on break. I had just ordered a latte, and as I was about to sit down, but a sudden yell had startled me. I walked a little closer to see what was going on, acting like I was just off to pick up a packet of sugar from the counter, when I suddenly see Lampy sitting at a table, a coffee mug in her hands, and... I don't remember his face, but the other person was a... Flashlight!! I don't remember who he was arguing with, but he were bantering in French with some... girl."

"Flashlight?!" Pillow gasped, her lips curling into a grin as her eyes sparkled with joy and excitement. Yet another mystery had solved itself.

"Flashlight!!" The professor nodded, quite shocked that he had managed to remember something that had occurred at least 17 years ago at this point.

"Wait..." Pillow scratched her chin before turning to the large, sleek looking monitor and keyboard that was on the professor's office desk.

"Do you have a LinkedTogether account?" She asked randomly, receiving a nod in response before continuing.

"Search up Flashlight on LinkedTogether, maybe you could find out if he's employed!"

"A-Are you sure? That's kind of an invasion of privacy for both him and Lampy..." The professor meekly replied before receiving a dark stare.

"You said that you felt guilty for Lampy, right? This is your chance to make up to her. So go on, search it up!" Pillow uttered with a cold, intimidating stare, her eyes wide and unsettling as the professor silently turned to the PC.

"You have a point." He replied in realisation, logging onto his account and opening up the search engine before beginning to type at lightning speeds.

Pillow tapped her feet impatiently, her eyes darting across the room as she screwed up her face a little. She sighed, blinking before turning back to the professor, who now had a look of confusion painted on his face as he scrolled through the search results.

"There's nothing... the only thing I can find is from a high school in Northern Goiky. Class of 1999...?"

"So he's unemployed?" Pillow replied back, a little bummed at the lack of results.

"Pretty much what it seems..." The professor sighed, looking back at Pillow with a defeated expression.

"Darn... sorry kid. It's down to you to find out about this guy. But... more about Lampy, right?"

"Mhm!"

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"POURQUOI NE TE FERMES-TU PAS ET NE VAS-TU PAS T'OCCUPER DE TON ENFANT? C'EST TOI QUI VOULAIT VENIR DE TOUTE FAÇON!!" Flashlight screamed, grabbing the attention of pretty much everyone at the cafe at this point.

"MON ENFANT NE TE CONCERNE PAS! POURQUOI NE VAS-TU PAS CHERCHER UN TRAVAIL?"

Lampy hesitated, looking down to the ground in guilt as she began to tremble. Suddenly, the two arguing siblings were cut off, the sound of grunting and the scraping of chair legs against the wooden floor replacing their screams and angry dialogue.

"No more arguing, you kids are distressing our customers!" The manager showed up, pulling Flashlight back by his arms, his sister being pulled back by another worker.

"I'm not a kid, I'm 23!" The girl clarified a little proudly before being death-stared.

"No-one, ugh, CARES!!" Flashlight yelled back, struggling to break free from the manager's grasp.

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"AND STAY OUT!!" The manager yelled, letting go of Flashlight before storming, leaving him and his sister stranded outside.

Lampy got up from her chair, leaving her coffee mug behind before running over to Flashlight, who was seemingly exhausted with anger.

"O-Oh my gosh, are you okay?!" Lampy exclaimed, a sweat trickling down her face as Flashlight let out a laugh.

"Oh, I'm perfectly fine!" He replied back, his words dripping with bitterness.

"Yeah, just please your girfriend. No need to be concerned about me..." Flashlight's older sister grumbled, clutching onto her handbag before storming off, leaving the couple to themselves in the middle of the mall.

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"What shop do you wanna go to...?" Flashlight asked, attempting to form a smile as he clutched onto the blue lamp's hand.

"I don't mind... l-let's just walk around!"

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Lampy and Flashlight quietly walked together through the mall, holding hands as they glanced at the shops they passed by. Some booming with business, some relatively quiet, and some completely empty... run down and seemingly abandoned, left to rot in a world where you had to constantly innovate and come up with new ideas...

"Do you ever wanna just... throw away everything and run away to a place where no one knows your name?" Flashlight broke the silence,

his voice filled with emotion and also regret.

"Y'know what... yeah, I do. I always have." Lampy sighed, looking to the ground with an extremely saddened expression.

"I know what you might think..." Flashlight continued, holding onto her hand a little tighter as he began to speak.

,"That my life's already good, that my family's wealthy so I'm basically already set for life... but that's exactly it! I'm forced to just follow these expectations, behave in a certain way, essentially just be my mom's perfect son. But I just want to be me... you're the only one, Lampy, who sees me... for me..."

Lampy stayed quiet, leaning on his shoulder in an attempt to comfort his nerves.

Eventually, the mall began to quiet down, the shops becoming less and less of a common sight the more the two walked.

"Y-You understand, right...?" Flashlight persisted, their walk coming to an abrupt pause as he let go of her hand.

"I do...!"

Flashlight looked down to the ground, standing right in front of Lampy with an expression full of hurt and fear.

"I don't need anyone else, I don't need my sister, or my family, or anyone! I just want you, o-only you!!" He cried out, his eyes welling up with tears as he pulled the blue lamp into a tight hug.

Lampy's eyes widened with shock. Unable to say a word, she simply hugged him back, hoping that alone would comfort him.

"I need you, j-just you! No one else has ever treated me the way you have. You're always nice, and patient, and you love me for me! And I swear to God, if anyone ever hurts you, I'LL MAKE THEM PAY!!"

Lampy bit her lip with guilt, her eyes leaking with tears as she looked into Flashlight's dimmed and worn out eyes filled with tears of pain and hardship.

Flashlight opened his mouth slightly, wanting to say something. But before he could even make out the words, Lampy hugged him tightly, looking into his eyes before slowly kissing him on the lips.

After a few long seconds, Flashlight hesitantly pulled away, crossing his arms and looking to the side a little anxiously as Lampy stood still, the smile on her face still present.

"I-I'm sorry... I'm so weak. I'm no good for someone like you. Y-You wouldn't want to handle some sore loser like me, would you?!" Flashlight held his palms together with a frown, looking down to the ground before feeling a warm hand press against his cheek.

"I love you so much. More than anything in the world, and never doubt that for a second, o-okay!" Lampy exclaimed, her eyes glistening with hope as Flashlight looked back up at her.

"I love you... too..."

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"I'm kinda sad that I didn't get to finish that coffee..." Lampy yawned, leaning against Flashlight's shoulder as she covered herself with the blanket.

"That's okay, we'll go again tommorow. Just the two of us!"

"Okay...." Lampy mumbled, closing her tired eyes as she slowly began to fall into a deep sleep.

Flashlight stayed still, his eyes scouring the room and looking into his

closet as if he was trying to find something.

He slowly got up from his bed, pacing silently through the room as he slid open the doors to his closet before clutching onto Lampy's handbag, which was placed there the moment they got home.

Opening the bag, he dug his hand in, scouring through the contents before pulling out a grey flip-phone.

"Right..." Flashlight mumbled quietly, placing down the handbag on the shelf of his closet before opening the phone.

The light of the screen shone dimly, the simplistic format of the phone making it quite easy for him to open Lampy's list of contacts.

His eyes were wide, not even blinking once as he scrolled through the minimal amount of people the girl had on her phone, before landing on the singular contact that was under the letter 'L'.

"Lantern...?" Flashlight quietly read out, quite confused. But he continued, clicking on the contact and watching as the text messages opened up before him.

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MESSAGE SENT AT: 01.02.2001

'Hi sis, missing u a lot lately. hows life?'

NO REPLY

'I love u big sis'

NO REPLY

"u never deserved that treatment'

———-

MESSAGE SENT AT: 14.02.2001

'I know u will never reply. I just wanted to tell you that I love u 4ever.'

NO REPLY

'Why do u think I'm mom?!'

NO REPLY

'sorry love u'

NO REPLY

And with that, Flashlight slammed the phone shut, an intense and unexplainable amount of rage filling him as he got back up on his feet.

His fists trembled with nothing but anger, a furious look on his face as he stormed out of the room, Lampy's phone still held tightly in his hand.

"Where's that goddamn phone...!!" He exclaimed in a shouty whisper, his voice breaking and quivering as he burst into one of the empty rooms upstairs.

Flashlight shook his head, locking the door shut behind him as he began to look through the drawers, cabinets and anything he could find before spotting a seemingly unused phone laying in a box beside envelopes and some other things.

He opened up both phones, reading out Lantern's phone number and typing it into the other phone digit by digit before quickly saving the contact into the spare phone.

"Your time is coming..." Flashlight repeated those words to himself maniacally, his eyes wide and lacking any emotion as he unlocked the door and swiftly made his way back into his room.

And as if nothing happened, Lampy's phone was placed back into her bag. Except, something was different. Something she for herself would never realise until it was too late.

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01/05/2001 - Conversation started at 01:06.

'Hello Lantern. I just got an email saying something about you verbally assaulting someone and pushing them down the stairs about a week ago. I don't wanna believe that this is true, but if you have nothing to say in your defence I'm going to have to take this further.'

'What are you talking about? I was off a week ago.'

'A member of the public saw you do this to an elderly individual. According to the email, you swore at them and slapped them three times in the face before pushing them down a flight of stairs.'

'I would never do such a thing. I'm sorry, but I think you're mistaken. The only time I went out last week was to the supermarket. I was sick with the flu all of last week.'

'I apologise, but if you can't prove it, I'm going to have to take this to the higher ups.'

'This is a mistake.'

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'I'll love you forever. I'd do anything just to protect you from harm. I'll destroy whoever hurts you and gives you pain.'

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04/2019.

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"Hey, Professor! Have you ever heard about the 20th of March murder in 2002?" Pillow questioned, her arms folded as a smile formed on her face.

"I can't say I have...?"

"It's the case of a 21 year old woman, named Magazine, a magazine with a flashy pink cover, blah,blah, but... here's the thing. She died to a single stab wound in her own house in Central Goiky. The perpetrator was almost identified by the fingerprints on the bouquet of orange lilies that was left to soak in her blood. They managed to take a few fingerprints, but they were unable to link it to anyone... so the case was dropped!"

"M-Magazine?! You don't mean..."

"Yes, I mean the Magazine girl that used to hang out with *your* student, Lampy. Brutally murdered just one month after Lampy's

daughter was born. What a shame..." Pillow uttered, slight sarcasm in her voice as she seemed to take the whole ordeal quite unseriously.

"This is starting to get really dark... oh dear. Are you sure you want to know more, uhm..."

"Cushion! My name's Cushion!" Pillow lied, laughing a little as she did.

"Cushion, right... well. If you insist..."

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Why did you kill me...?

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ACT 2.

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05/2001.

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"Hey, Magazine..."

"Mhm...?" The pink and white Magazine mumbled in response as she drank out a cup of iced coffee.

"I've been feeling weird and sick lately..." Lampy uttered, a little sluggish but still trying her best to stay awake.

"Sick how?"

"Like, I dunno... lightheaded, even more tired than before, even though I sleep at like, 8am! I, uh, feel..."

"Like what...?" Magazine laughed a little, placing the cup of iced coffee back down on the table.

"Ew, is that iced coffee?!" Lampy spat, her voice filled with annoyance as Magazine shuffled back a little.

"Yeah... what about it?"

"Coffee is disgusting!" (W opinion)

"What? No... I swear you liked coffee a week ago, Lampy!" Magazine sighed, a little bummed that her once coffee-fanatic friend had switched sides.

"Never again! Coffee is terrible!!"

Magazine rolled her eyes a somewhat jokingly, taking yet another sip out of the cup just to spite her friend.

"I feel like we're just like a moody old couple..."

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"Cheese!"

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"What do you think?" Lampy smiled, pulling back down the camera for her and Flashlight to see.

"It's too dark. Fortunately, I can help with that!!" Flashlight laughed, flipping the switch on his side as a soft, yellow light began to illuminate around the bedroom.

"That's so cool! My light's so dim, I hate it..." Lampy mumbled, watching as Flashlight turned off the light before turning back to face her.

"You're fine just the way you are. You're a beautiful, kind little blue lamp and I wouldn't ever change a thing about you!" Flashlight smiled lovingly, holding onto the girl's hand with a degree of possessiveness.

"I love you. I wish we could just be together forever in a tropical island with a pet husky."

"Husky on a tropical island? I don't think those match!" Flashlight chuckled as Lampy simply shrugged.

"It's whatever. Huskies are cute!"

"You're more cuter than all the huskies in the world!"

"You don't need to compliment me every second you know..." Lampy mumbled, yawning as her eyes closed a little.

"But... I love you."

"Yeah, me too...!" Lampy replied back a little dismissively, leaning her head against the pillow as she slowly closed her tired eyes.

Flashlight went quiet, frowning a little as he turned to the other side.

"I'll make you love me."

"Wha...? ...did you say...?" Lampy murmured, half asleep at this point.

"Nothing! Just go to sleep, it's okay."

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"What time is it...?"

"Uh, 8am!"

"Oh..." Lampy mumbled, turning around to face Flashlight with a smile.

"You okay?" He asked, holding onto her hand.

"Never better..." Lampy's smile immediately dropped, her face screwing up a little as pushed his hand off before turning back around.

She closed her eyes after that, expecting nothing but pure silence as she tried to go back to sleep.

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"Speak to me, please..."

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Flashlight's voice was dripping with frustration and confusion, his eyes watering a little as he tried his best to hold himself together.

"I'm fine..." Lampy replied a little reluctantly, trying her very best to shut down the boy's oncoming questions.

"You're not! Is it your mom? University? Assignments? I can help you with Physics, I passed it with flying colours back in high school and I-"

"I told you, I'm fine."

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"Do you hate me...?"

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Lampy laughed to herself a little after hearing that statement, turning back around to face him with a slight smile.

"If I hated you, why would I be in your house?"

Flashlight went silent, and it wasn't long before a large, somewhat artificial-looking smile crept up on his face.

"I love you." He simply uttered, getting up on his feet with that smile still on his face as he went back to his closet to search for a certain something.

"What're you doing?" Lampy mumbled, distracted on her phone as Flashlight quickly pulled something out of the closet, holding onto it

tightly and somewhat secretively as he slid the doors shut.

"Did you get a new phone?" Lampy persisted, immediately catching onto the small burner phone in his hand.

"N-No! It's just a spare I was gonna... sell." Flashlight fumbled, plastering a smile on his face as he slowly walked out of the room.

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27/05/2001 - Conversation started at 16:24

'Good evening, Lantern. After a talk with the higher ups, we've unfortunately been left with no choice but to immediately suspend you. I hope this message sees you well. We'll not be answering any further complaints or enquiries.'

'I don't understand, what did I do?!'

NO REPLY

'Speak to me, please! This job is the only thing I rely on!'

NO REPLY

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"Goddamnit, this shit's so unfair..."

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04/2019

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"Lampy *was* attending uni, right?"

"Every single day. She never missed a single day, until 1 month before her hiatus. She only came in for 14 days in September, exactly 14." The professor stated, his voice throbbing with guilt as he began to think about it all once again.

"That's oddly specific." Pillow mumbled, yawning a little before smiling once again.

"Y'know what... I don't think I need you to tell me what happened anymore, I know the rest for myself!" She added in her typical innocent-sounding voice.

"You... do?"

"Yup! The dad broke up with Lampy, Liy's born in February of 2002, her aunt dies, Lampy and Liy move to a different town, blah, blah..."

"Lampy moved to a different area?!" The professor gasped, his eyes so wide they looked as if they were going to pop out of their sockets.

"Yup, it's a very run of the mill town called Rosemead. Gosh, even the name bores me! I bet she picked a quiet town on purpose, how typical."

"I feel... so sorry for her." The professor admitted, his voice filled with guilt and misunderstanding.

"You don't have to be. She's probably all good and well watering those aloe veras, so don't worry!"

"Aloe... veras? How do you know so much?!"

"I don't! Just an assumption..." Pillow stated, letting out an extremely stupid excuse.

"Anyways, it's just sad. Controlling mother, absent father, deadbeat partner, child, deceased friend..."

"Eh, you can feel that way." Pillow shrugged, not a care in the world.

"Excuse me? What are you talking about?!" The professor snapped, mildly offended.

"Everyone makes choices. Lampy made the choice to date an obsessed monster. Just like I made the choice to come here and talk to you. Just like the choice you made to become a university professor. We all make choices that include a degree of thought beforehand. You likely took a lot of time to think through being a professor, and Lampy still thought about her choice - although quite minimally."

The professor stayed silent, immediately facepalming before letting out an elongated sigh.

"Look, kid. That's a pretty black and white view you have on life. And

a potentially damaging view too. Just..." He paused in his speech, rubbing his temples before pushing up his glasses.

"You need to know that not everyone is super aware of the things that they do, until they witness the result. You might not be aware that you're walking into quicksand until you actually find that you're halfway in. Same thing with Lampy. She didn't realise the kind of person she was with, because she lacked a support system outside of him, so she didn't realise what kind of mess she found herself in straight away..."

"So you're telling me she was none the wiser?" Pillow snapped, a look of irritation showing up on her face as she simply struggled to understand what the professor was getting at.

"Exactly that."

"That's just wrong! Wrong, wrong, WRONG!!" She yelled back, slamming her fist on the table a little childishly.

The professor stayed silent, somewhat in disbelief and somewhat in annoyance.

"How would she not realise it?! People aren't perfect liars, no one is a perfect liar, there was obviously signs that Flashlight wasn't alright, but Lampy deliberately ignored them! Why? No one know-"

"Because, like I said, she lacked a support system. Her own mother didn't provide her love and care, so she clung onto the only source of love she knew." The professor cut through Pillow's words calmly, his statement immediately causing Pillow to go silent.

She looked down to the floor, a shadow cast over her face as she immediately began to smirk before looking back up at the professor with an angry snarl, her eyes sparkling with what seemed to be tears as she began to speak again.

"T-That makes no sense! I had no parents either, I grew up in an orphanage. What does that mean? I lacked a support system! But you know what I didn't do? SLEEP WITH AN ABSOLUTE INSANE MANIAC!!!" Pillow's forced screams and yells pierced through the air,

her shocking final statement immediately causing the professor to get up from his chair.

"ALRIGHT, THAT'S OUT OF LINE! GET OUT OF MY OFFICE BEFORE THIS ESCALATES!!!" The professor yelled, his voice throbbing with anger, his expression irritated as he clearly took offense from Pillow's words.

Pillow shrugged, humming with a smile as she picked up her backpack before walking towards the door like nothing had happened.

"Bye-Bye, see ya' soon!!" Pillow waved him goodbye, a giggle slipping out as she slammed the door shut.

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"Gosh, what a long day I had..." The professor sighed, sitting back down on his chair as he began to reflect on it all once again.

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"How is there so much about you that I couldn't decipher, Lampy?"

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25/05/2002.

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I've tried. I really have. I spent my whole life working toward something that was predetermined. Something I never had a say in. I've been silenced for my entire life by the people around me, but mainly by my mother.

She is partly the reason things are the way they are. She forced me to go to university. She forced me to get this job. And she tried to force me to stay with her forever. But I couldn't.

I had found the love of my life, and told mom that I was planning to move out and live with him. Of course, she rejected it, and it spiralled into a massive situation. Eventually, she was forced to let me go. And at long last, I was free from her clutches.

But there was still someone who wasn't. My little sister. I stupidly left her behind out of selfishness and young love, thinking that she'd be fine without me, thinking that maybe mom would calm down.

I'm so sorry to Lampy, my little sister. Firstly, because I never spoke to you after I moved out. I was so scared of mom finding out, and I wanted to be out of her grasp completely, which of course meant leaving you behind too. I never wanted to ignore you, little sister. I never wanted to make you feel worthless, or like you did something wrong. I only ever wanted the best for

you. I wish we could've spoken again.

And secondly, I'm sorry. I'm sorry that I didn't have the guts to tell you about dad. How he died just months after you were born. If he was still here, things wouldn't be the way that they were. But mom had him on a chokehold. He was forced to comply, forced to be an enabler to mom's actions. Mom... was always like this. She didn't just develop it later in life. She was like this for ages. Maybe that's why she clung to us... but in Dad's case, I feel as if she loathed him. After you were born, she wouldn't make eye contact with Dad, or mention his name. She would just say something along the lines of this: 'You're gonna die.'.
Repeatedly so. I was 9, I didn't really understand what was going on and mom forced me to stay silent. And then, May 1981. Dad was abruptly admitted to hospital. I don't know why, and never will know why. But we had lost him. Lost him for good. I feel horrible for you, little sister. I had the pleasure of being by dad's side for nine years, but you never did. You didn't get to see him once.

And so, I'd like to say this. I wish things could've been different. I wish we could've been a happy family. But unfortunately, that was never possible.

And finally, to the person who made me lose my job. The constant texts, phone calls, emails. Living in fear of your presence, being gaslit into thinking I did something wrong. Unable to get a job, or live happily. This is your fault. All your fault.

So, this is the end of the road for me. Go and live your dreams. Be the best version of yourself. Because I never did.

See you.

- Lantern.

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"Lantern...? I'm home!"

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"Hello...? I brought dinner with me!"

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Cautious and calculated footsteps, the floor creaking ever so slightly.

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"L-Lantern...? Are you sleeping?"

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"Lantern...?"

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Taking a deep breath, he reached for the door handle, nervously lip-biting and swallowing down his emerging fear as he pressed it down.

Then,

He gently opens the door.

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"L-LANTERN?! N-NO... BABE? I-I'M... I'm..."

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He held his cold hands against his mouth, pacing closer before stopping.

He looked down, tears welling up at the corners of his eyes.

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"W-What did you d-do...?"

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Lantern's lifeless body laying on the ground, her hands motionless and her eyes closed shut as the silence grew louder.

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He dropped to his knees, his mouth gaping open as his eyes scoured across the bedroom before finding a slightly scrunched piece of paper laying neatly atop the mattress.

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"I've tried, I really have... I spent my whole life working towards something that was predetermined...? Something I... never had a say... in."

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"I've failed you… m-my love…"

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PRESENT.

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Hello...? Are you there?

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Right then! Hello, I'm Remote and this is my best friend, Tree. Welcome to a day in my life.

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Well, saying *my* would make it look like I'm a selfish person.

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Anyway, first thing I do is wake up and look out the window. I always make sure to take as much time as possible to appreciate the beautiful, intricate landscape. The birds, the nature, the buildings... The breathtaking landscape that our empress Liy gave to us. We must always be grateful to her every single day.

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Next, I head downstairs and look in my mailbox. Usually, it's the daily news, but this time I've received an important looking letter...? Huh. I will save that for later. Our empress Liy advices us to ignore junk mail.

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After that, I put on my beautiful purple scarf and walk down the

beautifully beautiful streets, the clean pavement and the beautiful nature making me feel all the more grateful to our beautiful empress Liy. We're like ants to her. We're truly worthless, yet she gave us worth. She gave us a reason to stay. A reality. We must always be grateful. We must always appreciate Liy.

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I then make my way to the shrine. I get down on my knees and hold my weary palms together as I look into the portrait of our dear Pastel Highlighter. She was a talented, kind, beautiful, wonderful, elegant soul who unfortunately died by the hands of that disgusting, paper creature.. Empress Liy advices us to be grateful to her every single day too, so we're grateful. We must appreciate what Pastel Highlighter left behind for us. Her hope, her talent, her memory always, always lives on for eons.

We love and appreciate her, but Empress Liy first. Our existence is all because of her, so we must always praise our empress Liy.

.

After I'm done, I turn back, pulling out the envelope from earlier before slowly opening it up just to be greeted with some flashy, bold text.

'COME JOIN US - Beautiful Music Ceremony. Hosted by Empress Liy. Don't be late!!"

How dare I not open this up earlier! I must be immediately punished. But I must not be late! I grab onto Tree's hand, smiles on our faces as we bolt down the beautiful pavement for what seemed to be ages before reaching a black gate.

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"What do you think this is?" Tree uttered, holding his palms together a little hesitantly as Remote turned back to him with a grin so large.

"It's Empress Liy's Beautiful Music Ceremony. Oh boy, I'm so excited! Our empress has such an angelic voice..." Remote awed in her robotic voice, swaying back and forth excitedly as she softly pushed the gate open.

"Empress Liy's so amazing, anything she does is angelic!" Tree replied, his smile also large and brimming with excitement for the wonderful experience that was about to come.

The two slowly paced through the gate and into a dimly-lit hallway, holding hands as they calmly observed their surroundings - various posters of Liy slapped onto the walls, from BFB Promotional photoshoots, to group photos, to selfies, and to simple screenshots from her screen moments.

"Oh... Liy is truly eye-candy!" Tree blushed, his eyes glowing and tearing up a little as he looked at each and every poster of Liy he could spot with his own two eyes.

Remote smiled, turning back to face what looked like a wooden, aged door, the door handle rusted and almost falling off.

"Do we... go in?" Tree uttered, still somewhat in his senses unlike Remote, who pushed the door open with full force before grabbing Tree by his wrist and pulling him in.

"You dare doubt Liy...?" Remote creepily smiled, her eyes wide and bloodshot as the two turned around.

And so they watched, watched as the white floor they began to slowly transform into black and off-white tiles, the sky flipping from a baby blue into a greyish-red as a gargantuan piano cartoonishly emerged from the ground before towering above them.

"Isn't this just..." Remote giggled, blinking before simply continuing.

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"Absolutely stun-"

But before she could even come close to finishing, a shrill, ear-bleeding scream pierced through the atmosphere, along with loud

stamping and slight tears of paper.

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"Isn't it fun?! Right, Liy?" Pillow cackled, smiling from ear to ear as she clutched tightly onto Foldy's paper body, her nails digging into her teal, paper skin with full force.

"O-OW, STOP! IT HURTS!!" Foldy sobbed, wincing and kicking her feet in the air in an attempt to free herself from Pillow's suffocating grasp.

"Why won't you answer me, Liy...? Don't tell me you're mad at me!"

Liy went silent, pale with nothing but pure fear and horror. She cautiously stepped back, hands over her mouth as she began to tear up.

"I said... ANSWER ME!!" Pillow suddenly screamed, shaking Foldy off of her hands and watching as her weak body splatted onto the ground. She grumbled, stomping over to Liy before grabbing her by the wrist with such force that you could almost hear her bones cracking.

"STOP IT! WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME, HUH?!" Liy screamed, watching as Pillow's frown began to slowly morph into a large smirk.

Pillow stayed silent, slowly looking away from Liy and towards the large crowd before suddenly pointing at a specific someone.

"W-WHAT ARE YOU-"

"Let's go!!" Pillow exclaimed, dragging Liy by the wrist and walking over to the large crowd before abruptly pausing.

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"You...!"

The silence grew, the chants and shouts of all the others dying down as the lightswitch slowly emerged from the ground.

Liy held together her trembling palms, sweat dripping down her face as she walked over to the individual that Pillow had led her to with a look of pure guilt and fear.

"Go on... SPEAK." Pillow stated harshly, her strong words like a slap to Liy's face. Taking a deep breath, she held out her hand, looking up with the slight smile that she had managed to form.

"H-Hey, mom..." Liy tried her best to smile, tears filling at the corners of her eyes.

"Hi, Lampy! We haven't yet formally met, I'm Pillow!!" The demented cushion cut through Liy's words, shoving her to the side before grabbing onto the blue lamp's hands and shaking them with full force.

"Y-You... d-did..., y-!"

"Well, nice to meet you!" Lampy smiled back, slowly letting go of Pillow's hands before turning to face the emotional wreck that was Liy, eyes wide and devoid of light.

"Who's that...?"

A giggle slipped out of Pillow's lips, her deranged smile only growing larger as she continued to speak.

"That's your daughter, don't you know?" She stated with a stupid-looking smirk, before continuing in a whisper,

"She killed your friend....!"

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Lampy blinked, looking toward Pillow and then back to Liy before letting out a laugh.

"Me, daughter?! I think you're mistaken..."

Her tone lowered, her eyes wide and her voice dripping with pure anger and disgust.

"My daughter died a long time ago at the hands of a filthy murderer..."

"W-What are you talking about...?!" Liy uttered, a nervous laugh slipping out through her speech as her expression immediately dropped.

"Yeah, Liy?" Pillow slowly turned to face Liy with a hypnotising stare, her lips curled into a malicious smile.

,"Why did you ever decide to, y'know, kill so many people. First it was your classmates, and now you've decided to lock your fellow contestants in a hotel to murder them one by one...?"

Liy shrieked, stumbling down to her knees as she held tightly onto her face, her breaths coming faster and faster as she felt the world around her crumble into pieces. She let out a cry, tears continuing to leak out of her eyes as she just begged for it to all end. For all of it to stop! For everyone to just **SHUT UP!!**

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"You want it to end, don't you?"

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"The humiliation, the shame, the constant laughs and constant scolding. You just want *her*, to stop?"

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"Yeah, I do... I really do..."

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07/2001.

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ACT 3.

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"So tell me Lampy, tell me in your own words how your mother treats you."

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"She treats me like shit... l-like I'm a burden. Like she... never wanted me. Yet, she refuses to let me move out! She won't let me start my own life, and she acts like I'm 12 or something!!"

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"I see... well, you can't just ignore her commands and leave anyways?"

"I-... can't bring myself to!" Lampy cried, her expression filled with guilt.

,"She'd go absolutely crazy if I wasn't there. I'd... feel too guilty."

"I see..." The sunflower uttered as she wrote into a notebook.

"I've already been staying out late, coming home past curfew, p-past 11pm...she's already been shocked as it is!"

"Curfew? You're 20!" The sunflower exclaimed, just as shocked as Lampy.

"It's kinda... a long story."

"Anyways, what were you even doing that would cause you to come back home past midnight?!" The sunflower persisted a little unprofessionally.

"S-Studying!! I was... studying." Lampy blurted out before turning to the side, a look of embarrassment on her face.

"Right... well. Why don't you try what I told you then, hm? You need to stop feeling guilty for someone who obviously doesn't care about how you truly feel."

"B-But, she's my mom!" Lampy cried, confused and angered at the same time.

"Just try what I told you. Maybe your mom will snap out of it, who knows?"

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08/2001.

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"Hey, Magazine."

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"Yeah?"

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"Have you ever thought of... y'know, moving out of Goiky? Going to a different town, starting a new life...?" Lampy uttered, reaching her hand up to the ceiling as she began to think to herself.

"I dunno, I don't really see anything I could do outside Goiky. This city already has everything we need! Jobs, public transport, school districts, people, a-"

"W-Wouldn't you eventually get tired of that?!" Lampy exclaimed, unintentionally cutting through her best friend's speech.

"I mean, I guess so... yeah..."

"I wouldn't wanna stay in the same environment forever. I want to see new things..."

Magazine smiled, looking up to the ceiling before turning to face Lampy.

"Wherever you go, I'll go. Promise!"

"S-Sure...? You're like the last person I have left y'know. Ever since... Flashlight..." Lampy looked into her best friend's eyes, tears forming in the corners as she tried her best to smile.

"I'll never, ever leave you. No matter your circumstances! Besides, remember when I let you stay over at my house that one time during high school? Where you ran away from your mom for a bit?"

"Ok! Don't need to remind me of that...!" Lampy chuckled before leaning in to give Magazine a hug.

"You're my best friend 'till the end Lampy!"

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Oh, how those words became ironic.

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Seems that history repeats itself every single time.

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09/2001.

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"Ugh, my professor is so weird and old and so full of conspiracy theories to share mid-lecture!"

"Conspiracy...?" Lampy mumbled, not really focused as she sat down on the warm couch in the cafe, clutching shakily onto a scorching cup of coffee.

"He's so, so weird. He's always like, 'One day, a new generation will come and repeat our history eternally, creating a loop in the time continuum...' before laughing hysterically like some mad scientist. This is English Literature. He's so stupid!" Magazine rolled her eyes, sipping on a hot chocolate as she imitated her professor in a childish voice.

"I think he's teaching the wrong subject!" Lampy laughed, although that sentence stuck in her head for quite a while afterwards...

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"A new generation will come and repeat our history eternally...? Hm."

The blue lamp quietly mumbled to herself, hanging her handbag on the peg as she locked the house door shut. She quietly hummed a tune to herself, walking down the hallway before making her way to the living room, just to see her mother laying down on the couch, half asleep with a full and steaming cup of coffee placed on the small table beside her.

"Mom... Did you make dinner?" Lampy uttered, squinting her eyes and bracing herself for the quite obvious answer.

"No... you're 20, s-stop acting like a stuck up brat and go manage y-yourself!" Her mother mumbled, rubbing her eyes as she reluctantly sat herself up on the couch.

Lampy sighed, rolling her eyes before quickly storming off into the kitchen.

"Just have to do everything by myself, every single day... no help, no nothing! Clearly I can manage myself, but you refuse to let me go..." Lampy grumbled, quite livid at this point as she sliced open a tray of ready-made mac'n'cheese before shoving it into the microwave.

Lampy sighed, closing the microwave shut before walking back to the living room, her expression filled with an amount of anger that was quite unusual for her.

"W-What do you want now, h-here to whine again?!" Her mother blurted out, huffing as she folded her arms.

Lampy stayed still, beginning to laugh to herself a little before turning back up to face that devil of a woman.

"I'm so, so fucking tired... OF YOU BEING SUCH A BITCH!! WHY DO YOU ACT LIKE I'M JUST SOME RANDOM STRANGER, HUH?!" The blue lamp suddenly screamed, slamming both fists on the table as she stood up from the couch.

"D-DON'T YOU DARE SPEAK T-TO ME LIKE THAT! HOW C-COULD YOU?!" Her mother screamed back, shakily getting up on her feet before pacing closer to Lampy.

"LIKE WHAT, HOW YOU SPEAK TO ME EVERY SINGLE DAMN DAY?! FOR AS LONG AS I CAN REMEMBER, YOU'VE BEEN NOTHING BUT TRASH MOM!!"

"T-Trash...? I NEVER RAISED YOUTO SPEAK LIKE THAT TO ME!"

"YOU DIDN'T RAISE ME AT ALL, FUCK OFF!!"

"YOUR SISTER WOULD NEVER SPEAK TO ME LIKE THIS! THIS... MUST BE YOUR DAD, O-OR YOUR STUPID FRIEND!"

"STOP IT, WHY CAN'T YOU JUST ADMIT YOU'RE A SHIT PERSON AND AN EVEN WORSE MOTHER!!!!" Lampy yelled on the top of her lungs, causing her mom to immediately go silent.

"Wow... w-what changed you? You used t-to be scared of me!" Her mother scoffed, looking her up and down before turning to the side.

Lampy stayed silent, clenching her fists as her mother looked back at her with an expression of realisation, her eyebrows raised as she walked even closer to her daughter.

"You weren't actually studying or going to the library when you went out, isn't it?!"

"W-What are you talking about...?" Lampy trembled, sweat trickling down her face as she began to shiver fearfully.

"What w-were you doing, I wonder... maybe, you have a secret boyfriend, D-DON'T YOU...?!"

"N-NO I DON'T!" Lampy immediately snapped back, screaming and in tears as her mother let out a laugh.

"To think I could a-actually trust you! Y-You're a disgrace... staying out for the whole night and coming back home in the afternoon? I wonder what the hell you were doing because I know damn well... IT WASN'T STUDYING!!"

"M-Mom... I didn't-"

"YOU S-STILL HAVE THE AUDACITY TO CALL M-ME 'MOM'?! You're s-so hopeless, Aria. So, so hopeless and lost. Studying? What exactly? Y-You're practically failing anyways, all focused on some stupid boy instead of your university a-assignments! HUH??"

"That's... not my name..."

"L-Listen... you? You'll never be like your sister, Aria. Never, EVER!" Her mother yelled, her shaky, loud voice startling Lampy into utter silence.

,"She was strong-willed, determined to shape her l-life! You... J-JUST SCREW IT UP OVER THE FIRST GUY THAT SHOWS EVEN THE SLIGHTEST BIT OF A-AFFECTION FOR YOU!"

"..."

"You're nothing but a SELLOUT!!" Her mother screamed on the top of her lungs, raising her trembling hand up into the air before delivering a hard slap onto Lampy's face, causing her to stumble back in shock.

The blue lamp stayed silent, letting out a painful cry as she held onto her face. She looked to the ground, a sudden rage building up within her like never before. An uncontrollable, dangerous amount of anger.

"HOW COULD YOU JUST SAY THAT TO ME?!" Lampy screeched back, her voice breaking with utter fury as her mother stepped back, half out of fear and half out of anticipation for what the girl was gonna do next.

"W-Well, sometimes you deserve T-"

Before the woman could finish, she felt a pair of hands grab onto her, the grip tightening as she struggled to forge another word.

"SAY IT AGAIN, SAY IT!!!" Lampy cried, her grip only tightening as she felt her nails dig in. She breathed heavily, watching as the life slowly began to slip out of her mother's eyes.

"I... C-CAN'T... BRE...ATHE....!!" Her mother managed to wheeze out, letting out a loud cough as her body began to go faint and lifeless.

Although Lampy wouldn't stop, she couldn't stop. The sheer amount of anger was so uncontrollable that she wouldn't stop. Not until she found her mother laying on the ground, just a slither of life left within her, although knocked fatally unconscious.

Lampy looked down, her eyes welling up with tears as it all suddenly hit her. She let out a loud cry, her body trembling as she struggled to comprehend anything.

She looked around hastily, her vision blurry and her heart beating faster than ever before as she suddenly laid eyes on the steaming cup of coffee that had been sitting on the throughout the whole predicament.

Lampy let out a shaky sigh, holding onto the cup before quickly chucking it onto the ground, watching as it spilled across the floor next to where her mother was laying.

She bit her lip anxiously, quickly grabbing her phone from the table before dialling a number into it.

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"H-Hello...?"

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"Y-Yes... she choked... on... h-her drink."

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"No, s-she isn't moving...!"

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"I-... need to go away from this place! Now!!" Lampy cried, gripping onto her best friend's shoulders with tears in her eyes.

"Where...?!" Magazine exclaimed, absolutely petrified.

"I don't know! But I just need to leave, b-before she... returns from the hospital!"

Magazine nodded, quite shaken up although she still wanted to help her out best friend as much as she possibly could.

"Have you ever thought of going to one of those quiet towns by the airport?"

"N-No...? I mean, I did live in the countryside until I was 11, but I'm so used to the city!" Lampy exclaimed, fidgeting with her hands nervously.

"Do you have another choice? It's either this, or your mom ruining your life forever!"

"Uhm, f-fine... what town do you think? Maybe I could... rent out a flat there or something." Lampy sighed, beginning to accept her desperate situation.

"Northern Goiky?" Magazine stated, a little bluntly.

"No way!" Lampy snapped, a look of worry on her face.

"Why not?"

"That's still *in* Goiky, and besides, he... lives there."

Magazine went silent, blinking in confusion before suddenly letting out a gasp of realisation.

"OH! I see..."

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"What do you think of... Rosemead?"

"Rose... what? That sounds like some weird old garden." Lampy shivered, grimacing a little at the name.

"It kinda is, but look! It's way less expensive than the city, and it's about 10 or so miles from Goiky." Magazine stated, a little excited.

"I-Isn't that a bit too close...?" Lampy sighed, beginning to think about her mother once again.

"Unless you wanna go cross-country, I think that's the only option..."

Lampy went silent, folding her arms and anxiously holding her palms together as she began to think about it all. The possible benefits of being away from the bustling and restless city. A chance to find some sort of peace.

Maybe, just maybe, a chance to start over again...?

.

"Alright, let's go looking then!" Lampy finally gave in, jumping back up onto her feet as she clutched onto her handbag.

"Yay! Let's find you a new house, girl!"

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03/2002.

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So I ended up moving there about 4 weeks after Magazine recommended me to do so. So quick, I know. But it was for the better. Now here I am, a little regretful.

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Just me, and Liy.

Not me and mom.

Not me and Flashlight.

Me, and Liy.

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She was the only reason I kept on going. So I want to make sure that I'm the best mother for her!

I'll do everything in my power, just to make sure that Liy doesn't live the life that I did. So she can be truly happy. Confident. Outgoing. Successful.

Not some sad college dropout.

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"Yeah, I know!"

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"Oh... what?!"

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"Ah, I see." Lampy smiled slightly, clutching onto the grey flipphone as she slowly turned to face a small blue lightswitch, who was quietly sleeping on the couch, wrapped in a blanket.

"Yeah, It's good! Liy just... sleeps. But she's the best! Life's so much more peaceful here with her. I feel genuinely happy for the first time... in ages... I feel like I'm actually in control of my life, y'know!!"

Lampy let out a laugh, leaning back on the wooden rocking chair as she continued to talk on the phone.

"Huh, what do you mean...?"

She went abruptly silent, clutching onto the phone a little more anxiously than before.

"Her... d-dad? Flashlight?! I was planning to introduce him to Liy, funny you mention!"

.

"But I can't... not yet."

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"I'm sure he wouldn't wanna be burdened by all of this. Maybe I should just leave him alone!"

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"O-Okay. Well, bye! Talk to you later!!"

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Lampy placed her phone down with a slight smile, looking towards the shining blue sky from out the window.

Her eyes glistened, tears trickling down her face as she felt the warm

breeze brush against her cold skin.

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The world is constantly evolving. People are actively changing. Our atmosphere transforming. Nothing will ever stay the same forever. Everyone, and everything has a due date, so we all try to give it our best shot with the time that has been provided for us.

Nothing stays the same.

And we will all die out eventually, making way for the next batch of people to fill our places.

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20/03/2002 - THE SAME DAY.

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"Yeah, I think you should! Don't keep him in the dark or anything..."

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"Well, I have to go now! I was just about to pack my things to go to the library!"

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"Cya soon!"

.

Magazine silently hung up, placing her small and somewhat dated phone on the staircase as she let out a deep sigh of exhaustion.

She rubbed her eyes tiredly, leaning against the wall as she struggled to keep herself awake. It felt as her world was held together by a trembling cameraman, her eyes wide open as the atmosphere and everything around her was shaking and spinning around constantly with no end.

"Ugh..." Magazine mumbled, clawing onto her face as she silently begged for it all to stop, even if just for a single moment.

She looked towards what seemed to be her front door, reaching out her hand to it weakly as she paced forward, her tired, dull eyes beginning to glisten and show a sign of life for what seemed to be the first time in forever.

Determined, she continued to trek forward, the only thing that seemed to be flowing through her head was the simple promise of escape.

And as if it was mere coincidence, there was a harsh and somewhat hasty knock at the door.

Magazine gulped, quickly tumbling against the door before slowly but surely unlocking it, just to reveal a mesmerising set of sparkling, amethyst green eyes that belonged to a slightly taller figure, stunning the girl into silence as the door opened more, and more.

"Y-You're here... for me?" Magazine uttered out subconsciously, her eyes wide and fully mesmerised by the unknown individual as she

felt herself blush a little.

"Well, of course!" The figure replied back warmly, a laugh flowing through his speech as he leaned forward, staring directly into Magazine's eyes and watching as the light in her eyes suddenly went out, her bright pink cover beginning to fade slightly as she let out a gasp.

The girl let out a violent cough, utterly frozen in place as she felt something cold and sharp dig deeper.

"How does it feel?" The boy quietly uttered, his warm smile slowly transforming into a look of pure and genuine disgust as he clutched onto the item in his hand, a meticulously sharpened, now bloodstained kitchen knife that he quickly pulled away.

Magazine stumbled back through the hallway along with a thick trail of blood, her weak structure hitting against the living room door as she slowly slipped down to the ground. She let out a weak cry, watching with blurred vision as the individual came closer and closer before stopping, a demented look on his face as he dropped a bouquet of flowers onto the ground.

Orange lilies.

Tears filled at Magazine's eyes, a slight smile forming on her face as she looked up at the individual.

"Ah, I remember you... Flashlight, r-right? You c-came with me and Lampy to our college party... that was good fun..."

The individual, Flashlight, remained silent and still, his eyes widening slightly as Magazine let out a weak laugh.

"Y-You loved her a lot... didn't you...? I-I'm... happy for you..."

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"Y-You took her from me..."

.

"What...?"

Flashlight clutched his fists, his eyes watering with tears as he continued in a rage.

"ALL THIS TIME, YOU TOOK HER AWAY FROM ME WHEN YOU KNEW!"

"K-Knew... what?" Magazine muttered, her weak and low tone tinged with confusion.

"SHE LOVED ME! SHE LOVED ME, AND ME ONLY AND YOU TOOK HER FROM ME WHEN SHE WAS MINE! IT'S BECAUSE OF YOU THAT SHE PUSHED ME AWAY, BECAUSE OF YOU THAT SHE NEVER SAID ANYTHING TO ME! I LOVED HER, SHE LOVED ME AND SHE WAS MINE ONLY! SHE DOESN'T BELONG TO YOU, OR ANYONE ELSE!!!"

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Magazine stayed quiet, her eyes wide and slowly losing life as she opened her mouth to utter one final statement.

"Y-You really love her...? Go take responsibility and meet your daughter, Liy..."

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Flashlight, speechless and stunned, dropped the knife, the entire situation beginning to take its toll as he fearfully backed away from the scene.

He held his face with his bloodied hands, those damning final words repeating in his mind as he ran for the door before quickly slipping

out.

Leaving Magazine's lifeless body there, leaning against the bloodstained glass windows of the door as it slowly dragged down to the floor...

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07/2002.

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"Do you ever get one of those days when you feel so empty...?"

Lampy mumbled to herself, leaning against the grey couch as she turned to Liy with a smile, not really expecting a response.

"N-No... not just slight sadness. It's like a lingering feeling that just won't go away, like you wanna do something but you have all these voices, all these inner demons dragging you back..." Lampy continued, ranting on to her daughter, even though she knew that she wouldn't ever understand what she's saying.

Liy silently looked towards her mother, her blue eyes filled with nothing but pure, youthful innocence as Lampy leaned forward to hold onto her small hand.

She smiled, tears beginning to fill at the corners of her eyes as tried her best to hold all of her emotions together for once as she continued to look into Liy's eyes.

"I-... j-just feel so useless!!" Lampy's smile quickly dropped as she burst into tears, putting a hand to her mouth as she couldn't help but relentlessly sob.

"Mom was right, Liy! I can't d-do anything on my own, y-you deserve a better mom... not an emotional wreck!!"

Liy remained silent, of course unable to forge a word or even understand anything that her mother was saying for that matter.

"P-Please don't end up like me, promise? You're gonna have an amazing future with l-lots of friends, a-and you're gonna graduate - if you want to of course - and then do whatever your heart desires. Y-You're gonna the best, for mom and... dad..."

Lampy went abruptly silent, wiping her tears as she reluctantly reached for her phone before turning back to the lightswitch.

"You're never gonna end up like me, I'm not repeating the same mistake twice!" She exclaimed, quite determined as she went through

the contacts on her phone before landing on the one.

She got up on her feet, anxiously biting her lip as she dialled the number.

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"H-Hello...?"

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"What? No..."

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"Yeah, you do. Do you wanna meet her?"

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"Wait, no! I don't live there anymore."

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"Right, my new address is ———"

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Lampy let out a sigh, placing her phone onto the small dining table before turning to face Liy with a smile.

"Guess who's coming to see you, Liy!!"

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Lampy paced back and forth around the living room, arms folded as she began to slowly doubt her decision. She kept glancing back at Liy, who was silently sat on the couch, fidgeting with the soft, red blanket that was left beside her.

Her face was pale with fear, nervous sweats trickling down her face as she suddenly heard a loud and somewhat forceful knock at the front door.

"S-Stay here, okay?" Lampy mumbled to the unknowing lightswitch as she scurried over to the door.

She gulped, slowly reaching her hand over to the doorknob as she began to think the worst.

"No, I won't let my stupid fears get the best of me again!" Lampy exclaimed in a shouty whisper as she suddenly twisted the doorknob open, watching as the door slowly opened to reveal exactly who she thought it was.

Lampy held up a smile, watching as Flashlight slowly made his way in without warning before gently closing the door shut.

"H-"

"I missed you!" Flashlight immediately broke the silence, a large and somewhat disingenuous look on his face as he pulled the girl into a hug.

"I... missed you too." Lampy replied quietly, blushing a little as she hugged him back.

He slowly pulled out of the hug, looking Lampy in the eyes with a mix of happiness and confusion.

"Why do you look so scared?" Flashlight immediately picked up on her body language, her trembling hands behind her back, the forceful

smile of reassurance.

"M-Me? I'm not scared! It's just really warm today isn't it! July's always hot, b-because it's summer!!"

Flashlight raised an eyebrow, looking Lampy up and down before smirking a little.

"You always make me laugh." He uttered, turning away before walking into the living room. He looked around, meticulously analysing each and every piece of furniture and decoration, not even paying the slightest bit of attention to Liy, who was curiously looking up at him.

He blinked, looking away before turning to Liy, his eyes widened with a mix of shock and slight disgust as he turned back to Lampy, who simply held up a smile.

"She looks like you." Flashlight simply uttered, a feeling of resentment growing within him the more he looked at Liy.

"S-She does?" Lampy stammered back, her voice trembling with anxiety as he turned back to face her.

"Mhm."

"O-Oh... I see...! Well, y-you..."

Flashlight remained silent, a slight smile on his face.

"Do you w-want tea...?"

"Sure, I don't mind." He shrugged, sitting himself down on the couch as Lampy scurried over to the kitchen.

He glared at Liy, a shadow cast over his face as she turned to face him.

"So clueless..." Flashlight mumbled under his breath, his voice throbbing with anger as he began to clench his fists, his eyes wide and his expression filled with a burning rage as he slowly got up on his feet.

But before he could even think about anything, Lampy returned to the living room with a tray, a simple smile on her face as she placed it down on the table before picking up Liy.

"So, um... how was life?" Lampy smiled, completely oblivious to Flashlight's growing anger.

"It's alright. But... it felt lonely."

Lampy stayed silent, listening as he continued.

"Without you by my side, life started to lack meaning..." Flashlight uttered, putting on an expression of sadness as he turned to the side.

"What do you mean...?"

Flashlight looked back up, a smile on his face as he shuffled closer to her.

"Do you... wanna start over with me? We could be a happy family, and I'll never hurt you again!"

Lampy stayed silent out of pure and genuine shock, watching as the boy held his hand out to her.

"I-"

"Please, we can spend the rest of our days together, side by side. And I'll never, ever do anything to make you upset! Please..."

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Lampy smiled, reaching her hand out before holding tightly onto his.

"Okay...!"

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heyy! hope you enjoyed this chapter!! :)

word count: 17,687

what are your thoughts? tell me in the comments and make sure to leave a vote if you enjoyed!

have a great rest of your day <3<3

- dean, out!

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_____

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"Wait... you thought that this was over?"

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PRESENT.

LOCATION: ???

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Liy clawed tightly onto her face, letting out a cry as she slowly turned back to face Pillow, her malicious smile sending deathly shivers down her spine.

"I'm actually really grateful to you, Liy." Pillow uttered, holding up that grin of hers as the lightswitch stayed silent.

,"Because of you, I can create whatever I want in this world! Limitless!! That's why I gathered everyone here today..."

Liy gasped, turning away from Pillow and looking up towards the gargantuan piano that towered above them all, a size so big it made everyone look like specks of dust in comparison.

Liy looked back at Pillow, holding her hand out and opening her mouth to say something, but before she could even get the chance to, she felt a pair of hands latch tightly onto her, holding her back.

"You're not going ANYWHERE! STAY PUT!!" Lampy yelled loudly, clawing onto Liy's arm as tightly as she could.

Pillow cackled, not a hint of remorse in her voice as she picked up Foldy from the ground.

"I've gathered you all to watch The Beautiful Music Ceremony! But it's not any music ceremony, no, no, no..."

Pillow inched closer to Liy, a crazed look on her face as she held Foldy towards her, as if she was a toy.

"L-LET GO OF ME, I SAID!!" The origami screamed, kicking her feet in the air as Liy watched in horror.

"SHUT UP!" Pillow yelled back at Foldy before turning her attention back to Liy, who was in tears at this point.

"You wanted this Liy, so I'm only here to do your biddings."

"I DIDN'T WANT THIS!!" Liy snapped back aggressively, tears in her eyes.

"I DIDN'T WANT ANY OF YOU TO GET INVOLVED, I DIDN'T WANT ANYTHING! I just..."

"You just...?" Pillow uttered, her grin only growing as Liy began to sob.

"YOU RUINED EVERYTHING FOR ME, FOLDY! You're the reason this is all happening."

"I-... don't get it, I-"

"IT'S YOUR FAULT! YOU AND YOUR STUPID FRIENDS RUINED MY LIFE, W-WITH YOUR STUPID JOKES AND EVERYTHING!!" Liy screamed on the top of her lungs, her voice breaking as the tears poured out relentlessly.

"YOU BULLIED ME! AGAIN, AND AGAIN, AND AGAIN!! EVERY SINGLE DAY OF MY DEPRESSING LIFE! STEALING MY STUFF, PUSHING ME DOWN STAIRS, HITTING ME, WATCHING AS I BLED THE HELL OUT!! BUT YOU DIDN'T CARE DID YOU? BECAUSE IT WAS ALL JUST A HARMLESS LITTLE JOKE, HUH?!"

Foldy remained silent, tears filling her eyes as Liy continued on.

"EVEN SO, EVEN AFTER IT ALL! SCHOOL, THE SHOW, THE HOTEL!! I... didn't wanna kill you. I-... I mean I did at first! B-But seeing you look utterly heartbroken and defeated after each death... watching as you fell to your knees and cried just like I once did! It gave me all the satisfaction I needed..., killing you would be pointless, because seeing your stupid little reaction to each and every one of them die was the best. Watching as you lived in fear in that hotel. Knowing that everyone around you was as good as dead. Watching the hope leave your eyes... it released the years of pent up anger within me! So thank you. Thank you so very much."

"Is that all...? Right! Let's begin the execution!!" Pillow announced, clapping her hands as both Foldy and Liy gasped.

"EXECUTION?!" The two both exclaimed in unison as Pillow began to laugh hysterically.

"Now, IT'S TIME!!"

"NO, P-PLEASE, I DON'T WANNA DIE!!!" Foldy sobbed, reaching her leg out to Liy as if to save her, although that didn't do anything.

Pillow held a remote control in her hand, looking Liy in the eyes as she quickly pressed a big red button before turning to Foldy, watching as two metal claws dug deepinto her paper skin before dragging her up in the atmosphere at light-speed.

She screamed for dear life, closing her eyes shut as the two metal hooks slowly dragged her onto a cold, plastic key - one of many on Pillow's weirdly massive piano.

"Now, what song do I think should you play...?" Pillow pondered, scratching her chin and thinking for an infuriatingly long amount of time before gasping, her eyes sparkling as she continued.

"Y'know, I used to want to be a musician a few years back, especially the piano scene. There's this one song I remember off by heart, it's such a meaningful song to me. I'd kill just to hear it one last time!"

The silence was piercing, the suspense slowly building up as Pillow raises her hands to the air.

"Für Elise."

The two hooks slowly dragged Foldy up, and as Pillow clicked her finger, the origami was sloppily and violently slammed against a key before being dragged up again, the cycle continuing as the tune began to become intelligible.

"Oh yes... this is art." Pillow watched, holding a hand to her chest sarcastically as Foldy continued to get brutally tossed around, key after key, her desperate screams being muffled by the sounds of the piano.

"I... never meant for this to h-happen..." Liy uttered weakly, her eyes bloodshot and tearful as her entire body began to go numb with nothing but pure guilt, tears of regret pouring out of her eyes as she slowly began to detach from her reality and back into the dark, tainted void of her memories.

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"Come on, don't be so shy! It's our first class together! You like math, right?"

There she is...

I remember her face so vividly. Those shining eyes filled with childlike glee. That pure, genuine smile on her face. That eager walk through the halls as she tried to contain her inner excitement. The soft swishes of the air as her paper body swayed through the hallway in a slight hurry.

She tried to push aside all of her feelings of resentment just for me at the very start of it all.

Just to be my friend. My very best friend.

There seems to have been something in the way, throughout our friendship. An unsolved fate. As if a giant rock plummeted from the sky and landed right between the two of us, creating a deep rift between both of our worlds.

Your exciting and joyous world with Stapy and friends.

My depressing and self-destructive world of no one.

Seperated by a paper thin line.

Two worlds once together seemingly split. And that's when I truly self-destructed...

But of course I would never admit that. I, Liy would never admit that.

Because I was so deluded with twisted pride to realise it was my fault all along.

It's my fault that Foldy bullied me.
It's my fault that dad hates me.
It's my fault that I was eliminated from the show.
It's my fault that everyone died.
It's all my fault.

I'm sorry, Foldy. I wasn't a good enough friend to you, Pastel or Stapy. I spiralled out of control and I deserved to be bullied.

I'm sorry, Dad. I'm so horrible and useless. Now I see why you don't love me. I dropped out of school and ran away from you. I deserve punishment for that.

I'm sorry, viewers. I was such a pushy, stuck-up brat. I don't deserve your sympathy. I ruined your favourites. I hurt TD and Ice Cube. I hurt Bell. I hurt so many others. I deserved to be eliminated.

I'm sorry to everyone else. I'm so stupid and crazy to have locked you up in some hotel when you all wanted to have fun. I blamed you for my own stupid problems, and in turn forced you all to end each other. I deserve nothing but punishment.

I'm so, so sorry. It's all my fault. I'm a horrible, disgusting creature and I don't deserve to be forgiven. I ruined everyone's lives. Just by existing. It's my fault.

It's my fault. All my fault.

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The music continued on and on, Foldy's lifeless husk of a body being repeatedly slammed into piano keys as it slowly ripped apart.

The metal hooks lifted her up one last time, throwing her motionless body onto a key before detaching and letting go of her completely, leaving Foldy to plummet downwards from the massive piano straight to her demise.

"FOLDY!!!" Liy screamed with agony at the very top of her lungs, trying her very best to free herself from Lampy's grip.

But it was no use.

Foldy's paper body fell right before her eyes, speeding down before hitting the ground at immense speeds, blood splashing all around her as she slowly died in her place.

"And that my friends, is the finale! Clap, clap!!" Pillow announced with glee, bowing as the crowd erupted into applause and screams of pure and utter joy.

Pillow slowly walked over to Liy, a large smirk on her face as she folded her arms.

"It's all done." She uttered coldly, a shadow cast over her face as Lampy finally unhanded Liy, causing her to tumble onto her knees.

Liy looked up to Pillow, her mouth gaping open as she began to sob and break down.

"I'm your saviour, Liy. I've cured you of your addiction. And you, my friend, can pat yourself on the back - for you've finally killed all of your bullies!!" Pillow exclaimed, not a hint of remorse in her voice as she towered over Liy's sorry state, something she once thought that she was never capable of achieving.

Finally overpowering the mastermind.

"It truly makes you sit and wonder what the point of the hotel was when you could've just quickly got it done and over with, ya'know?"

Pillow revelled in the fact that Liy wasn't responding whatsoever, the whole thing causing her to let out a loud, manic laugh.

"I'VE ACTUALLY DONE IT!!!!" She screamed out, raising her arms up into the air as she looked up toward the blood-red sky.

"This is what you want, right Liy?"

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FIN.

my sweet, sweet angel. - chapter 22

⚠TW: GRAPHIC VIOLENCE, BLOOD⚠

2013.

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Sweaty palms held together, shaking and trembling as you lean your body against the the wooden school door, anxiously peering through the window to the hall, silently praying that no one sees you.

One job. Just to find them. The group. Then just casually walk over and sit with them. No issue? No issue...

.

"O-Okay, it's gonna be okay Liy! It's been a few weeks since you last sat with them... but it's gonna be okay. P-Please...?"

The lightswitch's voice broke as she spoke silently under her breath, drops of sweat trickling down her plastic face as she scoured through the hall with her two eyes, silently inspecting each group before locking onto the spot that they were usually sat at. Although, there was a difference. A major. Detrimental. Spirit-crushing difference.

They were not there.

Foldy and Stapy, gone with the wind.

Their usual sitting places replaced with the backpacks and lunch

trays of the other kids.

"W-Wha...?!" Liy shrieked in a shouty whisper, stumbling back and hastily looking all directions, hoping and praying that maybe, just maybe they would show up and casually walk into the dining hall anyway.

Although, nothing.

Liy's expression dropped to a slight frown, and accepting defeat, and she hoisted her black backpack onto her shoulder, turning her back and walking toward the door that led out to the sports building.

Maybe she could find herself a spot in the cupboard to hide, again.

"Fine. Maybe, next time." Liy sighed, glum and defeated as she began taking steps toward the door, her vision angled toward the barren floor as she began picking up the pace.

That was until, she felt a warm hand pat her shoulder.

Liy's eyes widened, flinching slightly as she shakily turned around, backing away slightly as she slowly looked up.

"Why are you so in a rush, Liy?!"

That familiar voice of Stapy she immediately recognised.

Blinking, she turned her vision to see his best friend, Foldy - of course, and... someone else?

Liy stayed quiet, opening her mouth ever so slightly to ask a question, although before she could even breathe a single syllable, she held both her hands against her mouth, her eyes welling up with tears as her body began to shake, her heart thumping loudly as she stumbled back.

"Liy? What's the matter?" Foldy uttered, raising a slight eyebrow as she watched the lightswitch quickly turn around before slamming the door open and scurry off without warning.

The three followed her footsteps, stopping at the door and peering out just to see a teacher sort of... console the girl.

"What... was that?" Foldy mumbled, an expression of confusion as she turned to Stapy, who shrugged.

"Let's just talk to her later, maybe she needs some space." Stapy uttered, also quite confused as he turned to the person beside Foldy.

"Don't worry Pastel Highlighter, Liy's nice! Usually..."

"Uh... okay!!" The purple highlighter uttered shyly, holding up a smile before quickly going silent again.

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PAST AND FUTURE - CHAPTER 22.

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"Have you found them all...? Anyone you think we missed?"

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"No, I think this is it..."

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The blue clock blinked in horror, walking through what seemed to be an abandoned, aging old mansion.

He gulped, turning to his detective cousin - who seemed to focused

on his notes to look up - before turning back to the small flame on his left, who was more or less neutral about it all.

"Right, Clock, Firey Jr., you two stay here. I'll go check this first room." Clock's detective cousin - Sundial - finally spoke up, turning to the two boys with a look of distrust.

"Wha- no fair! I'm not a baby! I deserve to see too!!" The Jr. immediately argued back, folding his arms angrily as Clock sighed.

"It's only fair. Sundial is way older than the both of us, he has way more experience. We're lucky he even let us come anyways..." Clock replied back with surprisingly rational points as FJ simply rolled his eyes.

Clock turned back to Sundial, who put on a pair of gloves before entering the first room with careful and calculated steps, the two watching as the door slowly creaked open.

"E-Ew, what's that smell!!" FJ stumbled back, covering his mouth as Sundial immediately let out a gasp.

Clock raised an eyebrow, sniffing the air a little before finally catching onto the scent. He gasped, stepping back as Sundial pulled out a face mask from his rucksack.

"What is it, Sundial?!" Clock called out to his cousin, who didn't answer at all. Although, the look in his eyes was quite telling.

"I-It's... a body..." He uttered, fear in his voice as both Clock and FJ let out horrified gasps.

"Do you k-know... who it is?" FJ mumbled, walking a little closer as Sundial got on his knees to inspect.

Sundial looked around the room, searching for any signs of struggle before it all immediately became clear...

The rugged bedsheets, the multiple weapons scattered around the room, a tattered, ripped journal with a navy blue cover laying on the ground, pictures scattered everywhere. And worst of all, the victim. His lifeless body leaning against a set of brown drawers, dried blood

scattered all around him.

"Y'know... I think that..." Sundial gulped, nervous sweats dripping down his face as he continued.

"You might know him."

The detective's voice was tinged with sorrow and guilt as Clock and FJ trembled in their places. He quivered, holding onto the blue cap before gently pulling it off.

"This familiar to you?" Sundial uttered as he got back up on his feet, holding the victim's blue cap as the two boys screamed.

"PEN?! I THOUGHT THEY WERE... at... a...."

"I might need to call backup, it seems like he isn't the only one..." Sundial bit his lip anxiously, gently placing the blue cap onto Pen's head before quickly scurrying out of the room.

"C-Clock... I kinda regret tagging along..." FJ admitted, blue in the face and deeply horrified by what he'd just discovered.

"Y'know the grasslands aren't exactly safe right now, it's better we stay under Sundial's supervision in case... y'know... something happens...!" Clock replied back, equally shaken up by the horrible sight.

"But I can just... b-burn anyone who tries to attack me, right...?"

"Firey Jr., that's not exactly ideal." Clock replied back as the two followed behind the detective before abruptly pausing.

"W-What now... D-Detective...?" FJ uttered, trembling with fear as Sundial got on his knees once again to investigate.

FJ got on his tiptoes, trying his best to see what the detective was seeing. He leaned forward, turning his vision a little to the right before noticing a faded out cyan colour.

His small heart sank, his eyes filling with tears that immediately vaporised against his flaming skin as he stumbled to the ground.

"Is that Bra-"

"D-DON'T TELL ME!!!!" FJ screamed, putting his hands over his eyes as he let out a dreadful cry.

Clock teared up, walking over to Sundial before looking down to see exactly who he thought.

Bracelety's cold and motionless body laying on the ground, dried down blood covering her face and her side.

"It looks like she's been there for weeks..." Sundial uttered, using a magnifying glass to analyse the details and condition of the once lively girl up close.

"No... no... no..." FJ muttered to himself, his breaths rickety and out of control as he began to remember it all again. His final, final memories with his best friend.

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"ME AND ICE CUBE ARE SO SIMILAR, I FEEL SO SPECIAL!! DON'T YOU, FIREY JR.?"

"What are y-"

"O.M.G. ICY USES SUNSCREEN?! I THINK I SHOULD START USING SUNSCREEN TOO!"

"You're being SUPER weird Ringy... Why do you even like Ice Cube so much anyways?"

,"Braceletyyy... Earth to Bracelety!"

,"Hmmmh..."

,"Hey Ringy, you know uhm..."

,"You... I... Uhhh..."

"OH MY GRIP FJ! THE HOTEL, I ALMOST FORGOT!"

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"FIREY JR.!!" Clock yelled at the boy, immediately causing him to snap out of his thoughts. He quivered, facing Clock with tearful eyes.

"D-Don't..."

"FACE THE TRUTH, OKAY?! IT'S HER."

Firey Jr. went pin-drop silent, a flood of tears pouring out of his eyes and quickly vaporising as his mind refused to believe any of it whatsoever.

"S-Say her name at least... that's my best friend... y-you're referring to, asshole..." FJ mumbled quietly, trying to keep up a tough persona amidst it all as he got up on his feet, quickly wiping the tears off his face as he folded his arms.

"Hm... it seems she died to a stab wound of sorts. It's hard to tell - since she's been left out for weeks at this point - but, she likely died instantaneously. Probably... a surprise attack." Sundial explained in an extremely detached tone, his voice monotone as he turned back to the two, who both looked traumatised already.

"H-How could this happen? Did they go crazy, o-or something?!" Clock stammered, unable to process a single thing.

"For now, that's beyond my knowledge. But, we need to find out more. That's why we came, right? At least... this gives us some sort of knowledge as to where your fellow contestants have been this whole time." Sundial replied, forming a slight smile on his face as Clock turned to FJ, who simply huffed before following along.

The three continued, looking through the hallway before stumbling into yet another person.

"Fries." Clock mumbled quietly, utterly shocked by the state that he was left in.

Sundial got on his knees once again, inspecting the scene with his trusty magnifying glass.

"His chips are going stale, you can see a slight greenish colour..." He immediately spotted, pointing at them before turning back.

"Gosh... I can't believe it. Did they all just die here?!" Clock exclaimed, turning to the small flame only to get no response in return. Just a piercing stare.

"His paper body is all... deteriorating? Dried blood, maybe he was also surprise-attacked..."

Sundial got back up on his feet, dusting himself off a little before turning to the two.

"Guys, you need to stay put for a second. I'm gonna call backup. This is too much for just one person to investigate..." He uttered, the two nodding as he pulled out a walkie-talkie from his bag, pressing a few buttons on it before holding it up to his mouth.

"Sundial here, receiving?"

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"Yes, I'm at the location. I have Clock and Firey Jr. here with me."

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"25 minutes? Got it."

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"See you soon, yeah."

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"Thank you, FJ. I-... I know that we've been through a lot with Team Icy. So I thought, that maybe-"

"No, Bracelety. Team Ice Cube are stupid! Donut is stupid, Barf Bag is stupid, Gelatin is stupid, Naily is stupid, they're stupid for treating you the way they did! Stupid, they all are! They're nothing but liars! They toyed with both your feelings and mine. They made us both feel special for a bit, and then threw us away when we were at our lowest."

"I... know!"

"They're horrible traitors. You never deserved that! So stop, will you?! Stop thinking that it was all your fault, because it's not, and it never will be! Please..."

"I-I'm sorry, FJ."

"Don't be, they did the same thing to me too. But hey, at least our shared experience led us to become best buddies!"

"YEAH! YOU'RE MY BEST FRIEND, FIREY JR.!!"

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"Huh... wuh... yeah, we'll... friends.... 'till the end..."

"FJ? Are you seeing stars or something? Snap out of it! We need to move on, okay...?" Clock persisted, nudging the small flame on his arm multiple times.

"Bracelety..." FJ mumbled her name once, tears filling at his eyes as he slowly turned back to Clock.

"We need to get a move on, okay?"

FJ silently nodded, walking away from Fries and back to the detective.

Clock looked toward his cousin, taking a deep breath as he began to open his mouth to say something. Although, before he could say anything, Sundial came to an abrupt pause.

"What now...?" FJ rolled his eyes, trying to keep up his act of being unaffected as Sundial began to examine.

"Yeah, w-who is it Sundial?" Clock added with genuine curiosity as he walked over to the scene.

"Gunshot wound, blood everywhere..."

Sundial raised an eyebrow, continuing to inspect what looked to be a faded out, dented... Marker.

"I-Isn't he meant to have a cap on...?"

Clock blinked, looking around before spotting Marker's signature purple cap laying not so far from the main scene.

"Ah."

Sundial walked over, picking up the purple cap before quickly noticing a large dent.

"There's a bullet in here!" He gasped, noticing the small metal part dug deep inside the dented purple plastic.

"S-Sundial... just how can you be so calm about this?!" FJ suddenly spoke up, stammering and utterly stunned by it all, but mainly the detective's odd stoicism.

"What do you mean?" The detective replied back with a slight eyebrow raise.

"All these people dead... t-their lives stripped away from them! And you're just calm? Do you not care?!"

Sundial sighed, folding his arms as he continued.

"It's not like I don't feel bad. I feel terrible! It's just... the job. Someone needs to do this, if you want your friends to get the justice they

deserve. You get it, don't you, kid?"

FJ stared at him, not really paying attention and sort of... zoned out. He turned his vision down to the floor, a shiver travelling down his spine as he suddenly felt a familiar voice raspily whisper into his ear.

"Why... why..." It repeated those words into his ear, a slight chuckle slipping out as the Junior gulped with fear.

He teared up a little, slowly turning around just to find her staring back at him once again.

"B-Bracelety...?" FJ gasped, a slight smile appearing on his face as he held his hand out to his best friend, before being ruthlessly slapped on the arm.

"O-Ow, what gives?!"

"You think you can just act like you didn't do anything...?" Bracelety mumbled, her eyes bloodshot and twitching with pure and utter rage as FJ stepped back.

"What... w-what do you mean?" FJ replied back, utterly clueless to the bracelet's anger.

"Why did you let me go to the hotel?"

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"Wha..?"

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"Why did you leave me to die."

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"B-Bracelety!" FJ yelled, his voice trembling and breaking with pure and utter guilt.

"What did I ever do wrong? All I did was love Ice Cube. I wanted to share my love for her with others. Make people happy. I've not done anything wrong. I didn't deserve what happened to me. Surely you agree...?"

"I... d-didn't know about the hotel, BRACELETY! J-JUST PLEASE, DONT GO! DON'T LEAVE ME HERE, YOU'RE MY ONLY FRIEND!!" The flame cried out, running over to the girl as she slowly began to fade away.

"Get justice for me. Or suffer with the consequences of your own mistakes eternally." Bracelety finally stated before dissolving into utter nothingness.

"No..." FJ dropped to his knees, tearing up before letting out a shrill scream.

"BRACELETY!!!!!!!!!"

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"It'll be okay, Jr."

The door of the police van slammed shut, the loud noise of the walkie-talkie slowly fading into nothingness.

Clock's words lingered in the air, the once optimistic and Loser-devoted light in his eyes slowly dimming as he looked out the tinted window of the van.

He sighed, slowly turning back around to face the small flame, who was sat quietly in his seat, not a single word since the hotel.

"Jr... you can't just stay silent forever." Clock mumbled, a little irritated but still quite upset.

He turned back, hoping that Firey Jr. would reply back, but it was just silence.

Pure silence.

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"Pencil, Pencil!! Look, I made a drawing of me and Ice Cube! Do you like it?"

"I don't get what you see in Ice Cube, honestly."

"What do you mean? Ice Cube is awesome!"

"She's... ehh... all I can think about is her... ugly face!! BLEH!!!!"

"Oh... okay!"

-

"FIREY JR.!!!!"

"Wha? Oh, Ringy."

"Do you like this drawing I made of me and Ice Cube?"

The cyan bracelet held it up to his face, her hands trembling with excitement as she clutched onto the paper.

"Y'know what, yeah. It's actually quite good!"

"Thank you! I love Ice Cube with my whole heart, so I just had to draw this, y'know? She's my celebrity crush!!"

"Bracelety, she's not a celebrity. You two are both on the same show, just talk to her like normal! She won't bite."

The Jr. let out a snicker, a laugh slipping out through his words as Bracelety's eyes glowed.

"D-DO YOU REALLY THINK SO??"

"Duh."

"O-OH MY GOSH! S-SO I CAN ACTUALLY BE HER FRIEND?!"

"Yeah, it's possible. Just don't, y'know. Act so... obsessed around her."

"O-okay...!!!"

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I'll never see her again.

Never again.

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EXITOR INTERVIEWS - 62ND PLACER.

"So, Liy, Liy... what do I say to you? You're a very commendable individual! First, you go out of your way to prevent a whopping 2,753 deaths in the span of 5 months! You placed 3rd in the favourite EXITor poll that the viewers voted for, against fan favourites like, say, Pin, Pencil... could I say, Tree too? You're passionate and strong-

willed! You deserve more praise than you receive, y'know!"

"Aw... thank you, Two! You don't need to butter me up! I'm not *that* special, hahah!!" Liy chuckled, holding up an innocent laugh as her blue eyes shone brightly with what seemed to be joy.

"You deserve it! Your teammates didn't exactly show that praise when Four eliminated you, did they?" Two clapped back with a smirk, trying their best to hit a nerve.

"What are you talking about, my teammates are so sweet!"

"None of said goodbye to you, as far as I recall, anyway!" Two continued to persist, trying to get an interesting answer out of Liy as much as they could.

"Well, it's okay." Liy simply smiled, her expression blank and robotic as her eyes widened.

,"Not like it was the last time I was ever gonna see them, huh? Hahah!!!"

"It hurts though, doesn't it." Two stated with a low, menacing tone. Their calm expression dropping into a frown as Liy held up her smile.

"It doesn't hurt. Nothing hurts. Because there's nothing to be hurt about!" Liy exclaimed, almost obviously lying through her teeth as her smile began to feel more forced than the last.

Two stayed quiet, nodding slightly as they turned to a clipboard full of questions they wrote down specifically for this interview. Smirking a little, they looked back up, adjusting the camera a little before continuing.

"How would you rate your experience on this show, on a scale of 1-10?"

"Hm... 10!!!" Liy giggled, holding her hands together with a large smile as she let out an innocent chuckle, her sudden and overly-positive demeanour almost resembling Leafy's.

"10? Why?"

"Well, everyone's so kind here, and the challanges are... fun...!! And Death... P-P.A.C.T..... erm... I l-love... preventing death with them!!! Hahah, yeah!!!!!"

"Nice! Seeing that optimism of yours shine through as usual, Liy!" Two held up a thumbs-up as Liy began to act flustered.

"Aw, it's nothing!!"

"Well, who would you say inspired you to be the strong, courageous person you are now, huh? Do you have a role model? Who do you look up to? A friend... or say, your mom or dad...?" Two immediately shot another question, smirking as they took in the abrupt silence that followed afterwards.

"M-My what...?!"

Liy began to sweat nervously, looking down to the ground and holding hands against her face as if to try and hide the fact that her eyes were beginning to water.

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"C-Can't I just stay with mom for a bit, P-PLEASE?!"

"What did I just say... NO YOU CAN'T! I TOLD YOU LIY, FUCK OFF AND LEAVE YOUR MOM ALONE ALREADY!!"

"WHY? I JUST WANT MY MOM!!!"

"SHE DOESN'T WANT YOU! HAVEN'T I SAID ALREADY?"

"W-What...?"

"GET IT IN YOUR FUCKING HEAD ALREADY, SHE DOESN'T LOVE YOU. I DON'T LOVE YOU. NOBODY LOVES YOU. YOU RUINED BOTH OUR LIVES JUST BY BEING HERE. WHY DON'T YOU GET IT?!"

"I... I'm s-sorry."

"Sorry? It's way too late to say sorry."

"..."

"You should've said sorry fourteen years ago, y'know, when you weren't here! Or better yet, don't say anything at all. I can't stand listening to your disgusting voice anyway."

"..."

"Blame yourself and your pathetic, naïve excuse of a mother, I'm gonna go outside."

"..."

"DON'T disturb her. She's tired."

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"I wish you could love me, mom..."

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"Hey, Liy...? You still here?"

"Huh? Oh, yeah!" Liy laughed nervously, blinking multiple times as she looked back and forth to make she was in the right place.

"Do you have an answer, I'm eager to know!" Two exclaimed with a smile as Liy blinked cluelessly.

"H-Huh, oh yeah, I... uh..."

Liy sank back into her thoughts, her hands on her face once again as all the memories came flooding back into her mind..

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"Liy... Liy...?"

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My fingers clawing against the wooden door, tears streaming

down my face as I began to wonder why.

Why does everyone else have a loving mother? Why do everyone else's mothers care about them?

Why doesn't mine...?

Question after question, it all started to float around in my head as I slowly broke down to the ground, my mother clueless to it all.

Two people under the same roof, but in completely different worlds.

One in a world of restless partying. Lights, music, drinks.

The other in a word of eternal suffering. Darkness, silence, neglect.

I kept holding into the door, letting out a loud and desperate cry as I heard the front door open...

And there he was, his eyes wide and bloodshot. Anger pumping through his veins as his fists began to tremble with pure anger.

I don't know what I ever did to make my father feel so strongly about me. I never will.

The cigarette fell out of his hand, a look on his face that I couldn't even describe as he dragged me up by my arm.

"What do you think you're doing...?"

,Are the last words I remember him saying before I spaced out.

All I could hear from that point was echoed screams and shouts. I drew a blank.

None of it was clear to younger me. Not until I felt blood gushing down from under my eye. Left eye to be specific.

And then it all came crashing down.

My father let go of me and stumbled back, slight shock in his expression as he scrambled for the landline...

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"O-Oh... well, I don't really have a role model. W-Well, I guess you could say I'm my own role model!! Hah, I'm self-made, self-taught, self-everything really!!" Liy laughed nervously, holding up a smile as Two nodded.

"That's nice to hear!"

Liy went silent, looking to the side as Two began to read from their clipboard once again before looking back up.

"What was this whole... rivalry you had with Foldy and Stapy? Everyone's been so curious!"

"H-Huh? Oh, everyone asks me this!! Hahah, I guess... I must say... w-well..."

The words slipped out of Liy's mouth, her expression going blank as a single tear slid out of her eye.

"Liy...?"

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"You know something, Liy?"

,"You're fucking crazy. Though, now I know where you got it from."

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"That's why I never really liked you."

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"You're fucking annoying. No one can tolerate you so just give up on your antics and be normal for once!"

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"It's not just Stapy, it's you in general! Like I said, you're annoying! Do you ever stop and wonder how long people will tolerate you before getting tired?!"

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"I see why you're unloved now. You lack any positive figures in your life so you come and infiltrate my friendships!"

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"I miss you, Stapy. Y-You were one of my first friends. Maybe that's why I... l-loved you."

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"I'm sorry Liy, I can't love you."

Can't... love... me...

No-one... can love... me...

...

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"O-Oh, them? Just a stupid high school rivalry, hahah, y'know...!!"

"I see! Although, wouldn't it be good if you and Foldy were best friends? I can totally visualise i-"

"T-Thats enough, Two!!!" Liy snapped, trying her very best to mask her inner annoyance and rage as Two paused in their speech.

"Hm...?"

"Please... just don't. That's enough." Liy sighed, trying to hold up a smile as Two raised an eyebrow.

"Okay, if you say so. I didn't wanna hurt you or anything... just was reading what the viewers write to us."

Liy sighed, nodding weakly as Two placed the clipboard down on the sofa beside them.

"Do you wanna... continue this later?" They asked a little more gently as Liy got up on her feet.

"Yeah, of course! Glad to do business with 'ya Two!! Hahah!!!" Liy held a cheerful thumbs-up, chuckling forcefully as she exited through the door and back out into the grasslands.

Two sighed, switching off the camera and gently unplugging it as they thought to themself.

"Liy... you are an interesting one." They muttered, looking towards the blank white wall.

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"Screw the show... screw them all, I HATE EVERYONE!!"

The blue lightswitch yelled out tearfully, looking up to the ginormous trees of the Evil Forest as if they'd provide an answer.

"No..., I need to do something. I can't have these people... no one... no

one in MY world. T-That's right, I *am* saving the world! So, that means... I should..."

She paced back and forth nervously, spinning in circles as she tried to her very best to keep calm.

"If I were to drain the world of its impurities, why can't I just... gather as many people as possible and kill them all at once!!" Liy exclaimed enthusiastically, her eyes glowing with a seemingly innocent joy as her body began to tremble with excitement.

"Hahah! Like bugs under a hydraulic press! Each little ant getting crushed down, guts oozing out as they slowly sink back into the soil to be used as the fertiliser for my beautiful, cleansed world!!"

She giggled, screaming to herself with joy as she jumped up and down childishly.

"Then, after it all, I shall destroy Foldy with my own hands..." She uttered in an exaggerated British accent as she cackled to herself.

She took in the cool forest air, an uncontrollable surge of excitement rushing through her as she let out a manic laugh.

"At long last, I've finally found the key to destroying the root cause of my suffering!!!...."

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"It's been a long time, Pastel. I miss your presence. Seeing those eyes, it stabbed a deep hole into my heart than can never, ever be healed. It's so weird, really. That we'll never, ever see eachother again. Even after the world ends, you'll be up in the clouds pointing below and laughing at me as I burn in hell."

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"Ah, I may as well remember you as much as I can. Your stupid face is burned into my retinas so I can never, ever get rid of you whatever I do. You're a special, special girl. You're my very first kill..."

05/2019

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"Hey, Liy..."

"What?" The lightswitch mumbled in response, half-focused as she scrolled through her laptop.

"What was your life before BFB like?" Pillow asked, a look of genuine curiosity on her face as Liy rolled her eyes.

"Why do you ask?"

"Just curious, I guess... we're working together so I might as well get to know you, Boss!" Pillow chuckled, winking as Liy cracked a slight smile.

"You don't have to call me that, y'know. I have a name." Liy replied back, typing something into her laptop as Pillow raised an eyebrow.

"So...?"

"Uhm... it was okay." Liy mumbled, a blank look on her face as Pillow sighed at the purposefully mediocre response.

"That's it? No one comes to mind? Not your parents, family, no one?"

Liy stayed quiet, facing back to the laptop as Pillow groaned loudly.

"How was it like with your parents, anyway...?" Pillow uttered, her lips curling into a smile as Liy was caught off guard.

Liy blinked, her eyes widening slightly as she slowly shut the laptop.

"T-They were... something."

"What does that mean, Liy?"

Liy remained silent, turning to the side as Pillow huffed with annoyance.

"You seriously don't know about any of the sacrifices that your mom made for you?"

"What?" The lightswitch snapped back, genuinely unsettled as Pillow smirked.

"So you don't know, do you?"

"N-No..."

"Pfft, she literally ran away from the city and abandoned everything just for you!!" Pillow exclaimed before breaking apart in laughter, her loud and obnoxious cackles echoing in Liy's ears as her eyes began to water.

"What's so funny about that, huh?!"

"Nothing, nothing. It's just crazy that you don't know!"

"..."

"She was some sad college student who would sneak out and lie to

her mom and professors just to be with your dad! It was bittersweet, two young lovers trying desperately to find an escape from their lives, but they ended up finding eachother in the process..."

"M-Mom was... huh? I don't... get it..."

"No one told you? Damn...!" Pillow chuckled obnoxiously, grinning from ear-to-ear as Liy stayed silent with pure shock.

"Stop laughing, n-nothing's funny!!" Liy snapped, stammering as her face began to go pale with shock.

"But it is!"

"Don't. Laugh. AT MY MOM!!!!" Liy screamed loudly, slamming her fist against the bedroom wall with full force as Pillow went deadly silent.

"..."

"I swear... MY MOM ISN'T YOUR LITTLE JOKE, SO STOP LAUGHING AT ALREADY!!"

"Wow!" Pillow exclaimed, a grin on her face as Liy paused.

"W-What...?"

"How do you straight away defend your mom and not your dad, Liy? Even though your mom has never even paid attention to you ever... don't you see? You're just a burden to her." Pillow uttered quietly, her ice-cold words tugging at Liy's heartstrings as she felt everything around her break apart into small pieces that were getting repeatedly stamped on until they were absolutely nothing.

"M-Mom..." Liy uttered, tears trickling down her face as she held a hand onto her mouth.

Pillow smirked as she slowly tucked herself into the sleeping bag, watching as Liy began to cry herself to sleep, her face dug into a pillow as her muffled sobs echoed through the room.

She closed her eyes, laying on the sleeping bag as she took in the

loud and dreadful cries. Letting out a slight giggle, the pillow closed her eyes, Liy's cries being music to her ears as she slowly and surely fell asleep...

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"MOM! I'M SO SORRY!!!!!"

Liy burst out into tears, screaming in the top of her lungs as she threw herself onto the blue lamp before slowly descending to her knees in utter heartbreak.

"Honey, what for...? You didn't do anything wrong!" Lampy replied back with a confused smile as Liy looked back up to her with tearful, swollen eyes.

"I ruined it a-all for you! I'M A HORRIBLE PERSON!!"

Lampy shook her head, gently grabbing onto her daughter's two hands before slowly lifting her up from the floor, a warm smile on her face as she slowly pulled her into a hug.

"Why on earth would you think that you ever did anything wrong to me, Liy?"

"B-Because... I m-made you drop out, a-and—!"

"No, no... enough with that, okay honey? You were never to blame for everything that happened back then. You're wanted, okay? You... saved my life, really. If it weren't for you, I'd still be rotting away in my mom's house with dozens of unfinished assignments and all!!"

"Really...?" Liy murmured, a slight spark of hope flickering in her eyes as Lampy nodded.

"You mean everything to me. You're not a burden, and you never will be. I love you so much, and as long as we have eachother, everything will be okay."

Liy smiled from ear-to-ear, tears filling at her eyes as she began to cry onto her mother's shoulder.

"I-I'm sorry, I'm just so weak! I'm a terrible, underserving-"

"Stop right there, okay? You're my brave, courageous and determined girl."

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Oh how I wish she'd say those words to me.

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PRESENT DAY.

LOCATION: UNKNOWN.

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And so here I am, facing the demons of my past once again.

He stood before me, a piercing stare as I slowly got up from the ground, tears filling at the corners of my eyes as he folded his arms.

Yet again, I have to face him.

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"What's all of this...?" Flashlight mumbled with a slight smirk as Liy weakly got up from the ground, looking at him with eyes of fear as she stepped back.

"H-How do you know about this? How did you even manage to come here anyway!!" Liy snapped back, her voice trembling as her father simply smiled.

"That friend of yours is something. She's more insane than you."

Liy sighed, rolling her eyes before continuing.

"Pillow's not my friend."

"That's a shame. To think you've finally found someone who matches your personality..."

The lightswitch looked to the side, a mix of anger and insecurity on her face as she turned back to him.

"I don't need friends anyways. I'm not gonna make the same mistake as mom and end up with someone insane like you."

"Touché." Flashlight simply chuckled, not taking any of Liy's words seriously.

"You told her about mom, didn't you?" Liy snapped back, her voice firm and laced with anger as Flashlight stared back at her.

"What are you talking about?"

"Are you gonna lie to me again? Seriously, you're just pathetic!" Liy yelled, clutching her fists with rage as she stamped forward.

"I told you, I don't fucking know! That girl's crazy, she probably went looking herself!!" Flashlight shouted back, violently pushing Liy back with a grimace.

"A-And you just let her?!"

"Well what the hell was I meant to do? I didn't think that she was *that* clever." Flashlight shrugged, rolling his eyes with a scowl as Liy went silent with shock.

Liy sighed, shakily this time. She folded her arms, turning away as if to hide the utter fear on her face.

"What can I even say to you anymore? You ruined everything for me... some random girl knows more about my family than I do, just because you refused to tell me what was true and what wasn't! Mom thinks that I killed her friend, or whatever because of her! I don't even know who that friend of hers is!!"

"What friend? I never knew your mom had friends." Flashlight replied back with a smirk before letting out an obnoxious laugh.

"Huh?"

"I mean, she just clung onto me like a sore puppy! You think anyone with a brain would choose to be friends with someone like her? That's like social suicide."

"..."

"You see, even her own sister didn't want anything to do with her. Nope! She just packed her bags and left her life the moment she was given the opportunity."

"M-Mom has a sister?!" Liy exclaimed, a look of pure and utter confusion on her face as tears filled at the corners of her eyes.

"You didn't know? Then again I didn't tell you..." Flashlight smirked, Liy's puzzled tears making the situation all the more enjoyable for

him.

"So, I have an aunt?"

"Well, *had.*" Flashlight replied back, the smile on his face growing

"Wh... you..." Liy's eyes widened as she let out a slight gasp.

Her heart dropped to the floor, her body beginning to feel faint as she stumbled back slightly.

"Why are you so mad? It's not like she died at *my* hands. But then again, maybe I did go too harsh on her!"

"WHAT DID YOU DO?!" Liy screamed on the top of her lungs, crying so much that she was barely able to see anything.

"Nothing! It's not my fault. The law would say it is, but it really isn't. Hah... so much for that, I guess. It was fun while it lasted, seeing her scared texts and desperate pleas for help. The best part was watching as the replies stopped coming in, how she went completely silent forever!! Ah, so much fun that was..."

"WHAT?!!"

Flashlight stared back at his daughter, his smile slowly fading as he turned to the side.

"She hurt your mother, Liy. I just couldn't stand to see it. So I killed her! Just... not really." He stated, a completely blank look on his face as Liy remained silent.

,"Some people just deserve to die. No bias, just truth!"

"..."

"On the bright side, look at your mom now! All free from those terrible, disgusting people that pushed her into a pit. Her mom, her sister, that... friend of hers, and y'know! I just love her so much like that, I would quite literally kill for her!!"

"Y-You... what?! WHEN?!" Liy snapped back, her voice breaking.

"Before you could even form coherent thoughts. Which is funny, because I feel like you still can't even now!"

"..."

"Aren't I hilarious? Tell me I'm funny."

"I... d-don't understand...!" Liy stuttered, tears pouring down her cheeks as she struggled to figure out what the hell Flashlight was even saying anymore.

"I mean that I got rid of what was hurting your mother. She was such a broken girl when I first met her, y'know... just because of those people."

"..."

,"Your mom was so naïve and scared. She looked to me for solace and comfort, because everyone else in her life just disregarded her."

Flashlight shook his head, turning back to Liy with a smile as he continued.

"Don't you see, I helped your mother. I saved her!"

"No..."

"I love your mother so much, so very much. If she died, I would die with her. I love her forever! So I had to look after her at all costs!!"

"YOU-... DESTROYED HER LIFE!!"

"What? Me...?!"

"S-SHE... STRUGGLES TO REMEMBER SIMPLE THINGS, HECK, SHE CAN'T EVEN WALK PROPERLY ANYMORE! YOU RUINED HER!!"

"I did that? Don't be stupid, Liy."

"She can't even remember anything, s-she still thinks she's living in 2003 or something!! What the hell is wrong with you?! WHY WOULD YOU DO THAT TO HER!!!"

"I didn't do anything? Geez... to think that you were actually clever like everyone says you are. You're just silly and stupid!!!" Flashlight chuckled, his eyes lighting up with glee as the light in Liy's eyes began to fade away.

"STOP ACTING LIKE THAT! J-JUST GROW UP ALREADY!!" Liy spat, wiping the tears off her face as her father began to laugh to himself.

"I didn't do anything wrong." Flashlight mumbled, his laughs dying down as his eyes widened.

Liy stared back at him, utterly terrified by the sheer amount of deflection and lack of guilt. Although, kind of unsurprised, she was the same...

"Don't you see, Liy? We may not look it, but we're exactly the same!"

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2 WEEKS AGO.

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"Liy, it feels like just yesterday you were brought home from the hospital, y'know...?" Lampy smiled, clutching a little weakly onto the lightswitch's hand as the two walked down the street.

"Yeah, okay..." Liy mumbled, trying her best to look away from the mess that was her mother.

"How o-old are you again?" Lampy suddenly asked with a slight smile as Liy rolled her eyes.

"Seventeen."

"Ah, Seventeen... you look so pretty!"

"Okay." The lightswitch murmured in response as Lampy chuckled softly.

"Were you not just...? Uh..."

"Huh?"

"Why are you seventeen?" Lampy raised an eyebrow as Liy paused, the two standing in the middle of the pavement as the lightswitch began to screw up her face.

"What kind of a question is that?" Liy snapped back, startling her mother a little.

"Y'know... w-weren't you like, a year old when I last saw you or something?"

"Mom, no." Liy replied coldly in an attempt hide her extreme confusion.

"Oh, okay!" Lampy simply smiled before looking to the side.

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"W-We're the same?!" Liy stammered, genuinely scared at this point as Flashlight continued to laugh to himself.

"Well, of course! Like father, like daughter right?" Flashlight smiled, not even the slightest bit serious about the whole thing.

"N-No..."

"Yes! Don't you see? We're so similar to eachother! You killed people, I've killed people... We're like copies of eachother, Liy!!"

Liy went silent, her eyes widening and her mouth gaping open as she began to remember everyone's agonising screams... their cries for

help, the tears in their eyes as they tried their very best to stay alive amidst the torture.

Pencil's bloodcurdling scream as she was set ablaze.

Marker's cries and coughs as he tried his very best to stay alive.

Match's loud gasp, the look of terror in her eyes as she knew it was too late to do anything, accepting her terrible fate.

Puffball's vocoded cries and shouts as she watched her best friend slowly and painfully die on the ground.

Eraser's loud scream as the saw came rushing toward him at lightspeed.

The glint of hope in Barf Bag's eyes, a genuine smile forming on her face as she thought she truly made it, only to be double-crossed.

Bracelety's excitable and energetic personality, her jumps of joy and her love for Ice Cube, destroyed. Gone for good.

More, and more, and more deaths. Many more.

And it was all caused by Liy...

"NO, N-NO, I REFUSE!! I CAN'T BE LIKE YOU!!! I JUST CAN'T!!!!" Liy cried out, her voice breaking apart as she felt a wave of fear and anger wash over her.

"It's something you can't help, okay? Just stay calm!" Flashlight simply smirked.

"HOW THE FUCK CAN I STAY CALM?!" Liy spat back, tears pouring out of her eyes as she held onto her face.

And as if it was out of a movie of sorts, Flashlight's cheery, mocking demeanour was suddenly flipped onto its head, his pesky grin turning into a snarl laced with deep-rooted and genuine disgust, his eyes widening as Liy began to step back.

"SHUT YOUR FUCKING MOUTH, DON'T SPEAK TO ME LIKE THAT,

YOU BITCH!!!" Flashlight screamed back on the top of his lungs, causing Liy to become startled before immediately crying and breaking down in pure fear.

"I'M SORRY, I'M SORRY!!!" Liy cried back, breathing loudly amidst her tears as Flashlight suddenly grabbed onto her arm with his full strength, causing her to let out a loud scream of pain.

"I HATE YOU SO MUCH, YOU KNOW? I WISH YOU NEVER EXISTED, JUST LOOKING AT YOU MAKES ME WANNA THROW UP!!! YOU'RE SO REPULSIVE AND PATHETIC, EVER SINCE THE DAY I FIRST SAW YOU, I HATED YOU SO, SO MUCH!!!!"

Liy stayed quiet, a slight smile forming on her face as Flashlight slowly unhanded her.

"Why...?" She simply stated, tears trickling down her swollen eyes as she tried her best to hold up her smile.

"..."

"I-... D-Don't get it, if you love mom so much, w-wouldn't you love the kid that you had with her... t-too?"

"..."

"What did I d-do, that causes such a strong reaction... f-from you...?"

"..."

"Funny, I shouldn't even be the one saying this... but what did you actually expect, huh? Nothing? Because of your recklessness, Mom had to throw away her whole life and run away to a town that she didn't even know!! See the difference, even after all of that, even after leaving behind the life that she had worked so hard for, she was brave and accepted the reality of the situation. She accepted... me. My existence. She loved me with her whole heart and took such a courageous step forward... but, you? The difference is, Dad, you're weak deep down. You didn't wanna accept me because to you, I ruined your so called 'perfect relationship', with your so called 'perfect girlfriend'. A false, over the top reality that you were too scared to let go and move on from. Why? I'll never know. But your

stupid problems? They cost me my entire life."

Flashlight went quiet, his anger simmering down a little as his daughter's angered speech began to sink in. Or so it seemed.

After what felt like minutes of just standing still and looking toward different directions, Flashlight suddenly let out a loud and unpleasant sounding laugh, clapping his hands together as Liy stepped back.

"Wow, just wow! I never knew that living trash could be capable of speaking such words!!" He chuckled, continuing to clap his hands together as Liy bit her lip with disappointment.

"You-"

"Okay, should I tell you what you want to hear? Plain and simple. I love your mom. I love her. And I hate you! There doesn't have to be a reason, I just do, okay! You didn't have to be so... identical to her. Just like how you hate basically everyone else in the world! Because you're depressed or something right? Am I sounding hip and trendy like you teenagers? You're like so, hilare... ious... how do you say it nowadays? Gosh, just so much new slang isn't there, hahahah!!!!!!!!!!!"

"Stop..."

"What do you all say nowadays? Come on, help your Dad out Liy!!! Help me, help me, help me, help me!!!!!!!!!"

"I said, s-stop!!" Liy yelled back, holding her ears as Flashlight stepped closer to her, a crazed look on her face as he only continued.

"You're so mean and rude, wow! You remind me, you really really super remind me of this one girl that your mom was friends with!! She was so, extremely, super duper, without fail, super duper rude, rude, rude!!!!! A-As she was dying on the floor, you know what she told me, you know, you know, you know, you know, you know????!!!!"

"St-"

"She blamed everything on me, and me ONLY!!! Gosh, she was, so,

so, so, super rude, rude, rude, rude, and you're starting to turn out to be a lot like her, like, like, like, super like her, so just SHUT UP ALREADY!! STOP, stop, STOP!!!!!!!!" Flashlight rambled on the top of his lungs, his speech fast and extremely hard to keep up with whatsoever. Liy blinked tiredly, holding onto her head as she stumbled back.

"T-There wasn't... a need to-"

"Do you see, see, see THE POINT IM TRYING TO GET ACROSS!!!! You, all of you, everyone, everyone but your beautiful, innocent mother all deserve pain and hell!!! ALL OF YOU!!!!!! NO ONE DARES TO INTERFERE WITH LAMPY BUT ME!!!!!!! ME, ME!!!!!!"

"OH MY GOSH, STOP!!!"

"DO YOU HEAR, HEAR WHAT IM SAYING????!!!!"

"NO, NO!!!" Liy screamed back, tears flying out of her eyes as his loud words began to overlap in her mind, creating a scratchy, loud sound that was so extremely difficult to unhear. Taking a few shaky breaths, she gathered her remaining strength, turning her back to her father before running away as fast as her two legs could possibly take her.

"HEY!!!" Flashlight yelled, watching as Liy bolted away from him, running through the squishy, uncomfortable terrain of the realm they had found themselves in.

He grunted, quickly running after his daughter as fast as he possibly could.

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"What I've done."

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Flashlight ran as fast as he could, bolting across the bustling street with immense speed. With every breath he took, he pushed forward, his dark green eyes glistening in the slight sun the cold winter had to offer.

He looked down at his hands as he ran, dark red trickling across his palms and elegantly dripping onto the concrete floor, it's bright colour seeping into the ground and leaving an impermeable stain on both the streets, and Flashlight's oh so precious reputation.

How ironic it must be for him. For a man with such a strong, hard-working background found himself sinking back into the depths of utter failure. What a shock it must be. Two well-educated and well-spoken parents who both stood out amongst the crowd, both renowned lawmakers in the world of order and justice, and thus lighting a path of greatness for their children to follow along.

How could it be that the son of lawmakers has now found himself breaking the law...?

What a head-scratcher indeed. But alas, he kept moving, pushing his weary and tired body forward, towards the distance. And eventually, he had made it. Made it on time.

He found himself in the crowded metro station. Lost within the crowd of hasty commuters, all moving toward different destinations, their lives a seemingly all in one piece. Struggle free.

Flashlight grunted, clenching his bloodied fists as he began to shove past everyone as hard as he possibly could, not giving a single care in the world for the shouts and scoffs of those he had pushed into. All of those unaware that he had committed a dangerous crime. All of those unaware of his bloodied hands.

Unbearable commotion, the sliding of feet against the porcelain station floor. Unintelligible intercom noises. Beeping. Flashing lights. Screeching of high speed trains as they bolted through the railroad. Talking, loud talking. Laughs, screams, tears, yells, smiles. Glasses clinking together and plastic wheels rolling against the plastic floor of the carriage. Tapping. Loud tapping. So much tapping. Talking. Loud talking. So, so much talking. Beeping. Doors sliding shut. The loud screech as the train sped past station after station.

Flashlight sank to the ground, his stomach sinking as he turned around, just to see the seat beside him was empty. No one. Absolutely no one.

She was all gone. His love. His only true love, gone with the wind. Tears welled up in his eyes as he pictured her sitting beside him. The naïve look in her eyes. Her anxious yet loving gaze. Her beautiful smile, laughs slipping out of her lips as she would hold onto his hand. And then time would stop. Her eyes would widen, her smile fading slightly as her cheeks began to flush red. She'd hold onto his hand tighter, unsure of what to say or what to do, even though deep down in her heart, she knew exactly what it was that she wanted.

She just wanted love. And now, well, it's all down the drain, really.

Past is past. You only have moments like that in life once. Never again.

And so Flashlight found himself sitting in the train. So alone. So out of place amongst these elites. So... unloved. Unloved by the one he once loved. Oh how he just wanted to see her again. Say her name. Hear her voice. Look into her eyes.

He just wanted Lampy back.

The final words of his victim stung hard, leaving a permanent hole in his heart. One that was unforgettable. No matter how hard he'd try to pretend it was, it struck him deep down.

"Damn you..." Flashlight would utter quietly, smearing his face with that bright red as he tried to wipe the tears off his face.

Some things will never go unnoticed, though. It will always lurk, even in one's brightest moment.

'Don't forget me.' The girl would crawl out of the grave, her freezing-cold hands wrapping around Flashlight's face as she spoke into his ear, before letting out a demented laugh.

He gasped, tears trickling down his face as he held his soaking hands against his face, letting out loud and panicked breaths as he begged for it all to end.

And for a second, it went deathly silent, the world darkening as he suddenly found himself sinking down onto the scratchy woollen floor of his room.

Remember what I said about silence? I lied.

Several loud thuds could be heard from the door, screaming and rattling of the doorknob.

Flashlight blinked, tears sliding down his bloodstained face as he slowly got up from the ground.

He rolled his eyes, his usual, dismissive personality slowly coming back as he unlocked the door, opening it just to see a set of fearful eyes look back at him.

But before he could speak, a shrill scream echoed through the room, accompanied with a loud cry as she forced herself into the room before slamming the door shut behind her.

"YOU'RE COVERED IN BLOOD!!!!"

Flashlight blinked, his green eyes filling with slight confusion as the girl wiped her tears.

"What are you talking about sis, I'm fine!" He replied back, laughing a little as her expression stayed firm.

"Don't call me your sister when you're looking like that!!" She snapped back with her usual sharp attitude as she wiped her tears.

"Okay, Camera!"

"Do you not see yourself? D-Did you get into an accident? What happened?!" She exclaimed, looking around the room to see if there was a mirror somewhere.

"What... do you mean?"

Camera rolled her eyes, picking up the small mirror that she spotted lying around on the desk before shoving it into Flashlight's hands.

He blinked, slowly lifting it up to his face as he slowly began to realise exactly what his sister meant.

"So tell me!" Camera exclaimed, a quite desperate at this point.

"You know that weird supermarket in the town square? Pfft, well I was just looking for the..."

"Go on?"

"Flowers, right! And—"

"Hold on, why do you need flowers? Wait a minute... are you trying to get back with that... what's her face, Lampy?!"

"W-What? No." Flashlight lied, laughing as he did.

,"I was just about to pick up this lovely batch of roses when I hear a loud thud! I turn around, and this lady who had a basket full of pomegranates tripped and fell, and the pomegranates like, y'know, cracked open and splashed everywhere. It looked like a crime scene!!"

"Right..." Camera held a hand onto her hip, looking at her brother quite suspiciously as he continued.

"I tried to help her up from the floor but I slid and fell face first into the puddle of pomegranate juice and it got all over me!!"

"Why is it so... dark red."

"Oh, it probably dried out on my face!" Flashlight chuckled, a large smirk on his face as his sister looked at him with utter confusion.

"Y-Y'know what, it doesn't matter now. Just go wash up and come downstairs." Camera sighed, opening the door as she slowly walked out.

"Wait!" Flashlight exclaimed, watching as his sister slowly turned back around.

,"Who's at home?"

"Oh, mom, dad and our brothers are out. It's just Glowstick and... his dad... in the lounge." Camera replied back with an extremely disgusted tone the moment she mentioned her son's dad.

"Huh. Okay."

"He's so annoying, y'know! I kept telling him to buzz off but he wanted to see Glowstick so badly!! He's so pathetic! I hope that man leaves as soon as possible, I can't even look him in the eye." Camera ranted to him before quickly walking off.

Flashlight sighed, rubbing his temples as he opened the door to the bathroom.

His smile slowly faded, his eyes widening slightly as he stared at his bloodied self in the mirror before looking down at his hands, still drenched in the fluid.

"Pomegranates..." He mumbled, turning the faucet with haste as water began to flood down from it. Quite nervously, he drenched his hands with water, trying his very best to rinse it all off in one go.

Eventually, it all came off. But at what cost.

You may be able to rub off the writing of a pencil with an eraser, but the mark will always stay there forever.

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"Flashlight! Took you long enough." Camera rolled her eyes with a smile as she watched her brother slowly trod down the stairs.

"Hey!" A navy-coloured wax candle, who looked in his early to mid-twenties waved to Flashlight as he walked forward.

"Yeah, hi."

Camera looked the candle up and down, a scowl on her face as she picked up Glowstick.

"Don't get yourself comfortable, this isn't your house."

"That isn't very nice to say to a house guest, isn't it?" The man laughed, winking at Camera as she rolled her eyes.

"Shut up!!"

"Just admit it Camera, you're still in love with me! I can even see how your face goes red when you look at me."

"You have no chance with me, so either you do as you say and get to know your son, or you GET OUT!!" Camera yelled loudly, her face scrunched with pure anger as Candle backed away before smirking a little again.

"Alright, gosh! And anyways, you're the one who-"

"Do I have to keep telling you? Shut your mouth and stop talking about that! You stupid liar!!" Camera snapped, an extremely flustered and insecure look on her face as Candle continued to smirk.

"Geez, what a pain. Isn't that right, Glowstick? Your mommy has issues!!"

Camera decided to stay silent, a look of regret and sadness replacing her earlier anger as she turned to face her brother, who had gone off to the kitchen counter to fill up a cup of juice for himself.

She got up from the couch, placing Glowstick in his father's arms before quickly scurrying over to her brother, her expression being a weird combination of fear, anger, annoyance, sadness and desperation all at once.

Flashlight stared back at her, slightly pissed off as he held onto his cup of apple juice.

"What?" He uttered coldly, watching as Camera looked at Candle and back toward him.

"Can you... talk to him?"

Flashlight sighed, forcefully placing down his cup of juice before stamping over to where the candle was, a look of annoyance on his face as he sat down on the couch.

"Why hello there!" Candle waved, a cheeky expression on his face as Flashlight simply stared back at him, giving no response whatsoever, not even simple eye contact.

Flashlight decided to turn back around, looking the man up and down before scowling, clenching his fists together tightly in an attempt to suppress his extreme amount of anger.

"Did I do something wrong to you? Don't tell me... it's because of your sister, isn't it?! Woah! Loving the sibling dynamic here, always looking out for eachother, that's just so wholesome y'know!"

"Can you stop talking?" Flashlight uttered, slowly beginning to understand why his sister had such animosity towards this guy.

"So snappy... I wonder if you talk to your mother like that!" Candle laughed, continuing to smile as Flashlight remained silent.

,"Instead of getting involved with adults, why don't you run along and go back to high school, okay? You look about 17 anyways."

"What?!" Flashlight retorted, absolutely baffled by this guy and his audacity.

"Just saying." Candle stated, suppressing his laugh.

"I'm literally your age, what the hell?! Sis, where did you even find this guy? He's genuinely so stupid it's surprising!" Flashlight began to laugh, half offended and half shocked.

Camera rolled her eyes, folding her arms as she watched the whole thing play out with a frown, just hoping that just maybe Flashlight would get him to leave.

"You're my age? Why don't you act like it then." Candle snickered, furrowing his eyebrows as Flashlight stayed smirking.

"You're one to talk. Weren't you just teasing my sister like a minute ago? Fix up, or this'll be the last time you see your son Glowstick ever again." Flashlight's tone went low and threatening, a shadow cast over his face.

"Wow, you're so mad! Did your cat *die* or something?"

Flashlight went silent, a shrill screeching sound beginning to ring in his ears as he felt the world around him darken and come to an abrupt halt.

He shivered, letting out a gasp as he held his hands against his face.

"Stop, stop, make it stop....." Flashlight mumbled under his breath, his eyes wide and tearful as he begged to be let free from the darkness that had enveloped him.

'Ah, I remember you... Flashlight, right?'

Flashlight's eyes widened, his body trembling as he began to look around fearfully.

'Stop reminding yourself of me, Flashlight.'

"Huh?!" He gasped, tears trickling down his face as he began to see what looked like her...

Magazine.

"Lampy, I wanna see her again so badly, you don't understand! Y-You... just took her... from me."

Magazine stared at him, a smile forming at her ghost-like face as she began to chuckle.

'Stop remembering me. I died, and you killed me. Bye now.'

And with that, Magazine briefly faded into utter nothingness, Flashlight's world slowly brightening again as he found himself staring at Candle.

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"Hello? Stupid, looks like he fell asleep."

Camera scoffed, walking up to her brother a little fearfully.

"Flash... light...?" She mumbled, a little concerned for him. Although that concern would soon transform into something way worse, as she watched Flashlight immediately get back up on his feet before running towards Candle and pouncing onto him with full force, the two men toppling onto the ground as Flashlight began to brutally and mercilessly punch him, each hit more forceful than the last.

"FLASHLIGHT, STOP!!" Camera screamed, quickly picking up Glowstick and gently placing him onto the high-chair next to the counter before running back over to try and stop her brother.

"OW, GET OFF ME!!" Candle screamed, trying his best to shove Flashlight off him, but it would prove to do nothing.

Flashlight refused to say a word, continuously punching the guy until he felt his fists go utterly numb and lifeless.

"DIE? YOU SHOULD!!!! YOU SHOULD D-"

"STOP IT!!!" Camera screamed on the top of her lungs as the fight continued to escalate. She looked around nervously, her hands shaking and sweat trickling down her face as she spotted the landline.

Crying, she quickly ran over to it, dropping to her knees as she quickly dialled a number before holding the phone against her ear.

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"Y-Yes, I do."

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"I-... dunno!!" She sobbed, clutching tightly onto the phone as she continued.

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"M-My brother just spaced out, a-and I don't know why but he's attacking my ex and he just won't stop!! J-Just come quickly, please!!!"

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"Do you remember anything from this morning?"

Flashlight shivered, the coldness of the room immediately waking him up. He looked around, just to find himself in a barren and empty concrete-coloured room, the only thing in it being himself, an officer, a metal table, two chairs and a lightbulb dangling above, it's soft buzz being the only other

noise in the room besides their dialogue.

"What happened...?" He mumbled, immediately noticing how swollen his mouth and face were. Worriedly, he checked his arms, just to see there were a few fresh bruises on each one.

"That's why I'm asking you. Id like you to tell me everything that happened leading up to this moment. We received a call from your residence saying that a fight broke out."

Flashlight stayed silent, trying his very best to recall what happened, but alas, he remembered absolutely nothing.

"I don't... know..."

"Flashlight, you're an adult now. You need to own up to your faults. And by the looks of it, you have a lot to own up for. Candle's in the ER." The officer sighed, folding his arms as Flashlight stared him with a blank expression.

"Hold on, wait. Why are you talking to me like I've just turned 18? I'm 21!" Flashlight stated firmly, laughing a little as he did.

"Your age isn't the main concern here, I asked you to tell me what happened. So you tell me and you stop trying to change the subject." The officer replied sharply, causing Flashlight to crack another laugh.

"Woah there, pal!!"

"I'M SERIOUS!!"

"..."

"Did Candle say something that hurt you? What exactly happened?" The officer asked, his tone noticeably more calm than before.

"Yeah. He's been teasing my sister - his ex - quite a lot. What was originally meant to be him meeting his son, was twisted into something obnoxious. I swear, every single time this guy sees my sister, it's just taunting and childish remarks. Camera and I

are sick of it! I'm surprised she's even trying to build a positive relationship with this guy in the first place, because the audacity he has is so, so surprising. He even came at me too! I punched him like once or twice, told him to shut up but he escalated the entire thing way beyond proportion! I don't wanna see this guy again. Seriously."

Flashlight folded his arms, a slight smirk forming on his face as the officer wrote into a notepad.

"Hold on, you're not completely off the hook. Your sister said the exact opposite story to us. She said that, while yes, you did defend her and she is grateful, you started the fight. You pushed Candle onto the ground. So while yes, from what has been said, he has verbally provoked you two multiple times, that doesn't warrant violence." The officer exclaimed, a serious look on his face as Flashlight's smirk faded.

"Look, sir. My sister, Camera, is currently in a bad spot in her life. Dealing with Candle while looking after a two year-old is definitely not easy work, so I'd appreciate if you take what she's said with a grain of-"

"Uh-uh. That's enough. You don't go there. Especially considering your sister's criminal record is sparkling clean compared to yours. Stealing a box of sodas from a store when you were 15 doesn't exactly make you a trustworthy source, pal."

"What the-"

"Anyways, you need to tell me the truth. You're really mischievous there trying to convince me you're completely innocent!" The officer exclaimed with a smile, folding his arms as Flashlight rolled his eyes.

"You can't just take something stupid like that and use it to counter me!"

"Not just that Flashlight, you're a repeat offender. Stop stealing sandwiches from gas stations and we won't be having a

problem!"

Flashlight huffed, going quiet as he looked to the side.

"While I have you here, have you written that apology to the cashier yet?"

"That was in 1997!"

"Just teasing..." The officer laughed a little unprofessionally as Flashlight went silent.

He took a deep breath, holding up a smile as Flashlight uncomfortably stared back at him.

"Look, man. Seriously now. You can still change your ways. You have a whole life ahead of you, don't let it go to waste over petty stuff like this."

Flashlight looked back to the side, deadly silent as he began to frown.

,"I have hope, I really do. Look, we're gonna sort things out between you and Candle. But after this, I don't wanna see you here ever again, you got that?"

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"30 days, huh? Even though I disagree with what you did, I'm happy."

Flashlight stayed silent, staring at his now smiling and cheerful sister with a blank expression before turning back around.

"Flashlight...?"

"Watch him come knocking at our door next month. This time it'll be your problem, not mine. I don't care anymore." Flashlight mumbled angrily, looking Camera up and down before stamping over to the fridge to pull out a carton of orange juice.

"Do you think he even has the guts to return? Look at what you did to him. You need to control yourself, little brother. Otherwise, you'll just end up a laughingstock." Camera snapped back, her voice firm and slightly irritated as Flashlight didn't even turn to face her.

"Laughingstock? What would you know about any of that, huh?!!" Flashlight abruptly yelled, turning to face her with a disgruntled expression as she simply stared back at him.

Flashlight began to tremble, the *glass cup* in his hand slowly slipping down from his now sweaty hand as he continued.

"ALL OF THIS IS BECAUSE OF YOU, YOU'RE JUST STUPID, AND IRRESPONSIBLE AND RECKLESS!!" He screamed, but before his sister could even utter a word, the glass slipped off his hand, plummeting before smashing on the hard ground, creating a large puddle of orange juice mixed with shards of glass.

"This is what I'm talking about, little brother." Camera sighed, watching as Flashlight stumbled back in a panic.

"Fuck you." He mumbled in response before storming off and running up the stairs.

"Huh."

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And so Flashlight locked himself in his room, from hours, to days, to weeks, to months.

For three months he found himself staring at the same spot on the wall every single day. His head was spinning, tears pouring out of his eyes until they physically couldn't anymore. It felt as if the world had abandoned him for good and left him to rot. He felt as if he was locked into a cellar, every single day was a mental fight to free himself, but he always lost.

But the worst part out of it all?

Lampy had never called him back.

And it had been almost a year since they last spoke. Since Flashlight had seen her, since he was able to hold her hand and calm her during her worst moments, since he was able to stay by her side and feel her warmth. It was all gone. Everything was gone.

But then, like it was a miracle, something clicked. Something that caused him to throw away all his feelings of sadness. Something that, if anything, had fuelled the rage within him to a point that he could no longer hold it in. Something terrible.

Everyone in Lampy's life had taken her away from him. Snatched her away from the man who loved her the most and forced her to be alone.

And so, there was only one thing left for Flashlight to do.

For as long as he lived, he swore to destroy anyone who dared to speak to Lampy. Anyone who dared to take her away from him. They all had to go.

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06/01/2002.

CONVERSATION STARTED AT 9:23am.

'Long time since I last spoke to you Lantern. How's your life?'

NO REPLY

'Silent treatment, eh?'

NO REPLY

'You'll regret hurting Lampy.'

'I hope you're happy then.'

'Feisty, aren't you?'

'You got what you wanted, Lantern can no longer answer your texts.'

'Funny one, that won't work on me.'

'This isn't a joke anymore. You've won, and I've lost my wife.'

'Who are you?'

'I don't have to disclose that. Please halt contact with this number, or I'll get authorities involved. Lantern is long gone, so your little joke is over now.'

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Flashlight switched off the phone, placing it on his desk with slight shock as he began to process what he had just read.

"Gone...?" He muttered to himself, a shadow cast over his face a malicious smile began to form. He clutched his fist tightly, letting out a laugh as he slowly walked over to the door.

Keeping up a bright smile, he innocently left his room, locking the door shut before walking down the stairs like nothing had happened.

"Flashlight? You look happy today, what an unexpected change..." His older sister, Camera, looked at him with a slight smile as he stared back at her.

"Is that a problem?" He snapped, his smile dropping as she backed away.

"Geez, why are you so pessimistic, huh? Can't you see that I'm happy for you?!"

"No." Flashlight murmured bluntly, blinking as he turned to the side.

"Really? You know, you need to start looking at the good in things."

"I don't need you to fucking analyse me!" Flashlight yelled, rolling his eyes before storming off into the kitchen, leaving his sister quite unsurprised by his usual negative behaviour.

"One day you'll change." She sighed to herself, although not very hopeful.

Camera stayed quiet, grabbing the remote and switching on the TV. She sat down, watching the news channel for a little as she settled down.

She took in a deep breath, excepting calamity, but instead, she inhaled a suffocating, smoky smell, letting out a loud cough afterwards before holding onto her chest.

"What the...?" Camera mumbled, shocked by the unfamiliar smell. Out of curiosity, she decided to take another breath in, the intensity of the smell increasing, causing her to let out an even worse cough than before.

Angrily, she stood up, tossing the remote back on the couch as she looked around to see where on earth this scent was coming from. Her eyes began to sting, a fed up look on her face as she cautiously opened the door to the patio.

She looked around a little fearfully before locking eyes with her brother, Flashlight, who had a cigarette in his mouth and a lighter in his hand, staring back at her with a bit of confusion as she gasped.

"WHAT HAS GOTTEN INTO YOU?!" Camera screamed, watching as her brother slowly removed the cigarette from his mouth.

"What do you mean...?" He blinked, not shocked or scared in the slightest.

"T-This isn't you, Flashlight...!!" Camera exclaimed, tears filling her eyes as Flashlight faced the other way.

He stayed silent, taking in a bit more of the cigarette before looking back at his sister, his expression still blank.

"I hope you're HAPPY!!" She screamed in his face before storming off, slamming the door behind her. Flashlight blinked, absolutely unfazed.

"She overreacts." He mumbled, looking up to the sky as he began to sink into his thoughts.

Although all he could really think about was her...

Lampy.

Nothing else crossed his mind, and hadn't for a while, in fact.

All he could think about was her.

A single tear trickling down his face as her face remained imprinted in his mind.

And all of a sudden, as if it was fate, Flashlight felt a surge of energy rush through him, his eyes widening with shock as he remembered it all again.

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"I-... I don't know what to do! My mom's insane and she won't let me have any freedom whatsoever, but at the same time she wants me to be independent?!" Lampy cried out, folding her arms angrily as she tapped her foot onto the ground.

"Well... I-"

"Just go anyways, what's the worst she'll do to you? You're an adult!" An older looking girl interjected without thinking, blowing gum and holding a flip-phone up to her face as her brother sighed.

"Thanks a lot, Sherlock. She's already tried that!" Flashlight snapped, a look of annoyance on his face as his sister shook her head.

She scoffed, rolling her eyes as she continued.

"All I'm saying Lamp,Lampy, whatever your name is... just... I dunno, get your mom to stop? Try couchsurfing!!" Camera exclaimed with a slight eyeroll, clearly annoyed as she put a hand on her hip.

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"That vile monster..." Flashlight hissed as he dropped his cigarette onto the ground before angrily stamping on it. Who he was referring to, that was anyone's guess.

He stormed back into the house, slamming the door shut before walking over to Camera, who was busy wiping down the kitchen counter.

Flashlight stood still, towering over her with a look of fury as she stared back at him, not even a little bit fazed.

"What?" Camera mumbled, looking him up and down before suddenly receiving an extremely violent slap on the face, one so hard that it immediately caused her to stumble back and fall against the sink.

She began to cry, holding her cheek as Flashlight looked her in the eye, not seeming even the slightest bit guilty, something that surprised Camera to her very core.

"Don't you ever talk to her like that again, YOU BITCH!!!" Flashlight screamed on the top of his lungs, a crazed look on his face as Camera gasped.

"WHO'S SHE?? WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT!!!!" Camera screamed back, unable to understand a single word that came out of her younger brother's mouth.

"You'll pay."

"..."

Flashlight turned around, casually walking back up the stairs like nothing had happened in the first place, leaving his sister alone and afraid.

Afraid? No, she should pay. She's terrible. Right?

Well, that's for you to think about.

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Flashlight burst into his room, locking the door shut behind him as he immediately began searching for a certain something.

He looked through the closet, his desk, the cabinets, even in the storage boxes. But it wasn't until he took a look under his bed, that he found exactly what he was looking for.

A handgun, neatly wrapped with a bunch of napkins.

A smile formed on Flashlight's face, his eyes glowing with excitement as he unwrapped it.

A handgun, well, more specifically a pistol.

Where he got it from, that's anyone's guess. However, what he planned to do with it...

Flashlight picked up a brown satchel from his closet, gently tucking the pistol in before zipping it up.

He grabbed his phone, desperately scrolling through his contacts before clicking on Lampy's. And without hesitation, he began scrolling back. Past the petty argument, past the cheesy compliments, past it all. Until he reached it.

"'My address is... ____'....? Huh." He mumbled, a blank

expression on his face as he walked out of his room before reaching for the front door.

"I'm so sorry she treated you like that, Lampy. I'll never let that woman have a say in your life, ever again." Flashlight uttered maniacally to himself, a slight smile on his face as he simply walked out.

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The screeching of the high-speed train against the rails on a warm yet rainy Sunday morning. Slight chatter amongst commuters and the rolling of suitcase wheels and wooden walking sticks against the moist, plastic floor. The same, lighthearted voice on the intercom, announcing each stop as the route went on.

Flashlight sat on the creaky subway seat, his eyes scouring through the past messages between him and the girl who had once loved him. He clutched tightly onto his satchel, a look of reflection and slight nostalgia in his eyes as he read through the old text messages.

2001 was almost 2 years ago, but to him, it felt like it was yesterday.

Flashlight and Lampy's pathetically short 7-month relationship felt like a dream he was never able to wake up from. And if there was one thing he wanted the most, it was to see her again. Even if just for a second.

He stared at the window, only to be met with his own reflection as the train passed through a dark tunnel.

Sighing, he began to remember those final parting words.

The saddened look on Lampy's face as she felt her entire world break into bits. The look of utter disappointment as she realised that he would never be able to accept this next stage in their lives. That he wanted nothing of it.

Of course, Flashlight was utterly unaware of her feelings. That

she had left on her own accord.

Even though that couldn't be farther from the truth. He would never, ever begin to comprehend it.

He frowned, tears filling at his eyes as he leaned back a little, still staring at the phone.

***'I love you.'* Lampy would whisper softly into Flashlight's ear, gently wiping the tears off his face as they hugged.**

Oh how he remembered that beautiful smile of hers. He never, ever forgot it even for a second.

His eyes stayed glued onto a certain message, feeling a sense of familiarity as he realised the stop he was at.

"Stay on the Topaz line all the way until the end and then walk through the college gardens until you reach the supermarket, then take a right and then a left and then you'll see the house with the several plants and a red door..."

A slight smile formed on his face, the memories replaying in his head as he read the message over and over again.

"My sweet, sweet angel."

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"Red door with the plants, huh..." Flashlight mumbled to himself as he passed through an alleyway by the supermarket.

He let out a sigh, looking around with a sneaky grin before spotting said red door.

His eyes lit up, an indescribable look of excitement and satisfaction on his face as he reached for the handle.

Finally, he could see Lampy again. His soulmate, his forever. Finally, finally!!! He can see her again, finally!!! Yes, yes, this is absolutely amaz-

"W-What...?" A shaky, irritated voice answered to Flashlight as the door slowly opened.

Without even looking at who it was, Flashlight felt his heart sink, a look of pure and unfiltered devastation on his face as he struggled to comprehend a single thing.

Rubbing his eyes, he slowly looked up, just to be met with a light-blue, definitely older-looking sewing machine leaning against the door, her arms folded as she tapped her feet on the ground in annoyance.

"Y-You're... n-not..."

"Are you t-that boy?!"

"What?" Flashlight mumbled in response, trying his very best to conceal his utter shock.

"God, I k-knew it... I knew Lampy w-was up to something. So go on, t-tell me, where is she? And w-what have you done with her?!" Sewing Machine stammered, a look of anger on her face as Flashlight went silent.

"Wha-, I'm not gonna tell you anything!! Old people are so nosy nowadays, holy shit." Flashlight rolled his eyes, his usual snarky personality slipping out as the woman stared at him.

"Why a-are you here? Clearly you wanted to s-say something... Go on. Or don't, I a-already know. One thing led to a-another, as it usually does..." Sewing Machine rambled on, her tone ashamed and slightly disgusted as Flashlight gave her a weirded-out look.

"What are you talking about? Are you insane?? Should I take

you to a hospital?!" Flashlight snapped back, utterly confused and unpleasantly surprised by this woman.

"Bleugh, you kids... a-always up to something, I s-swear!!"

"J-Just enough about that, gosh!! Where is Lampy?" Flashlight asked, desperately trying to change the subject.

"How am I m-meant to know...? She left this place in September, a-and never looked back!!"

Flashlight went silent, tears filling at his eyes as his entire world shattered into pieces.

"B-But... YOU'RE HER MOM!! WHY WOULD YOU JUST... push her away..." Flashlight replied back, a look of utter devastation on his face as the woman simply stared back at him.

"I k-know what you two did, and quite frankly, I'm disgusted. S-She thought she found the love of her life and RAN AWAY!"

"Who's the... w-what?!"

"You gave her a reason to leave. Whatever you d-did with Lampy, she has to carry the b-burden of it now! Have you thought about that? O-Or are you only thinking about yourself?"

"Huh, I never thought about it like that. Maybe because it's none of your business? So why don't you go retire, and shut the fuck up!" Flashlight spat, a look of disgust on his face as the woman kept a straight face.

"W-Wow, out of all the boys she could've chosen from, she c-chose a RUDE BASTARD!!!" Sewing Machine yelled back, slamming her foot onto the ground as Flashlight stumbled back.

"You hurt her, you fucking hurt HER!!! YOU'RE A BITCH, A DUMB, STUPID FUCKING BITCH!!!!! FUCK YOU, FUCK YOU ALL THE WAY TO HELL!!!!" Flashlight screamed on the top of his lungs, hastily pulling out the pistol from his satchel before firing five shots towards Sewing Machine with his eyes closed, utterly unaware of the rush of anger that had just hit him, for as he

opened his eyes again, he witnessed as a deep red puddle formed on the ground, the liquid splattered everywhere and dripping onto the plants as he began to process everything that had just happened.

Letting out a sigh, he placed the pistol back in his brown satchel, biting his lip a little anxiously as he cautiously walked over the puddle of blood, clutching tightly against the walls of the house before safely stepping onto the rug. He turned back, looking at Lampy's now late mother for a slight second before turning back to look around in the house.

Flashlight nervously clutched onto the strap of his leather satchel as he began scouting the house, from picking up pots and pans in the kitchen, to fluffing cushions in the living room, folding blankets in the master bedroom, mopping the floors in the bathroom.

It was as if he felt something deep down, something like shame, but not really. Something that pushed him to clean the entire house, no matter how long it took. No matter how much effort.

And with a heavy heart, he the saved best for last. Lampy's bedroom, which was seemingly untouched for months on end.

He remained silent, wiping the singular tear that dropped out of her eye as he began looking around in her room before almost immediately stumbling upon a picture frame placed neatly atop a large brown cabinet.

Flashlight gently picked it up, wiping off the thick layer of dust that had accumulated onto it before staring into the photo inside of it.

A high school graduation photo. Seemingly innocent, nothing wrong. Besides, it was really the only decoration in the entire room.

Maybe Lampy was just a minimalist? Or maybe, she had been suppressed from expressing her true self...

Flashlight stared into the photo. Seeing Lampy's face once again sent a weird shiver down his spine, just seeing how happy she was before him, and probably after him too...

Wiping yet another tear, he turned his vision to the right just to see her now late best friend Magazine, also in the photo.

Both their smiles innocent and full of life. Two girls with futures ahead of them...

"Lampy..." Flashlight uttered her name, his eyes beginning to leak with tears as the cold breeze blew into the silent, untouched room. A poignant reminder of what he didn't realise was truly all his fault...

And without thinking, he opened the glass picture frame, pulling out the photo before almost immediately pressing onto it with full force, causing it to rip in between where Lampy and Magazine were. And before he knew it, he had ripped the photo into two, dropping the side with Lampy's best friend onto the cold, dusty ground without a care in the world before walking out with the other half held tightly in his hand.

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'Dear Lampy,

How do I go about saying this to you? How exactly do I word this?

My life, I never really thought it had any meaning. It felt dark, and depressing. Being that rich boy with well-educated parents and a whole future ahead of him. Everyone tried to push that agenda onto me. But I didn't want it. I wanted out. I wanted someone who saw me as me. Someone who saw me as a genuine individual with any of the extra labels. And so I'm grateful for the rest of my life. Grateful that I saw your beautiful face for the first time that one day. The way you smiled, although nervously as we both held onto that umbrella. When I looked into your

eyes for the first time, I felt something that I'd never felt before. It was so, so special to me. There was no prejudgment at all, no nothing. You saw me, for me. So I'll never forget you. Even if you try to run away, I'll always find you. Because that's what love is. We stick together.

So I just wanted to tell you this, Lampy. I will always, for the rest of my existence, love you. I will never forget you, and I always keep you in my mind.

You're my first and only l-'

RING, RING

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"L-Lampy?! It's you!! Do you... Don't you still go to college...? Don't you-"

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"I have a kid...?"

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"..."

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"Uhm, sure."

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"House with the red door? No...?"

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"Ah, okay. That isn't too far!"

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"See you soon, babe...~"

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'Yours Sincerely, Flashlight.'

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07/2002.

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"Y-You... really wanna get back together, like, for real?!" Flashlight exclaimed, tears filling in his eyes as Lampy looked at him, her expression being a mix of different emotions all in one.

"Well... I-..., yeah! You just... I love you, Flashlight." Lampy smiled back, blushing as she held onto his hand.

"I'm happy we're back together. I'm just... happy! So happy!!"

"Yeah, and I know that you'll be a great dad for Liy! I didn't... really want her to grow up wondering who you are. I just wanted us all together as one happy family! Isn't this peaceful?" Lampy stated, finally feeling happy for what felt like the first

time in ages as Flashlight looked back at her, his jaw dropped to the ground as he remained utterly gobsmacked, filled with anger and fear at the same time.

,"Y'know, Flashy. I was also thinking of getting a job somewhere, to provide for her. I just, y'know, didn't Liy to be alone while I'm gone! You get me, right?"

Flashlight stayed silent, not even with Lampy anymore, but instead, stuck in his own depressing world, dozens of thoughts filling his mind as he began to feel his body shake and tremble in fear.

"N-NO, NO! I DON'T WANT THIS!!" Flashlight suddenly screamed out, holding his two hands against his mouth as Lampy blinked in shock.

"W-What?, but-"

"I didn't want anyone else, but you... please!! We don't have to live like this! We don't need this extra stuff!!" Flashlight whined childishly as Lampy shot a confused and angry stare back at him.

"Y'know, this is your fault. And I'm not abandoning Liy, she's MY daughter! You take us, or you leave us both."

"B-But... I want you, ONLY YOU!!" Flashlight shouted desperately, almost crying.

"You're the one who left me with a baby! Ever thought about that? I had to drop out of college and run away because of you!!" Lampy yelled back as she got up from the couch and onto her two feet, picking up Liy and clutching onto her tightly as she stared back at Flashlight.

"I..." The words slipped out of Flashlight's mouth, his fear palpable as he remained utterly silent.

"Look, Flashlight. Don't take this as me hating you. I never have, and I never will, okay? I just wish that you'd understand that this is the next phase in my life! Our life, even! We were quite

irresponsible and not at all careful when we were younger, but we can get through this together! We can give our daughter the life she deserves! Please, just do it for me..."

"NO, NO!! FUCK OFF, I HATE YOU!!!! I HATE ALL OF THIS, JUST FUCK OFF AND DIE, THE BOTH OF YOU!!!!!!!" Flashlight began to scream, shakily getting up before grabbing onto what he could from the table - a glass bottle, half-full with water...

Lampy immediately placed Liy down, terrified to her very core as Flashlight burst into tears of pure anger.

"NO, DON'T! DON'T DO ANYTHING!!" She screamed, begging for mercy as much as she could, holding her arms over face as a few tears trickled down from her eyes.

"YOU WILL BE WITH ME FOREVER, AND EVER!!!!!!" Flashlight screamed on the top of his lungs, lifting up the glass bottle with all his might.

Lampy looked into his eyes, quite tearfully, a slight smile forming on her face as she watched the glass bottle speed towards her at immense speeds, before tumbling to the floor with a deafening smash. Her vision slowly darkening as she sank to the floor...

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2019 - PRESENT.

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Liy ran as fast as she could, tears flying out of her eyes as she came to a sudden halt, a sudden pain so sharp that she almost immediately dropped to her knees.

"Mom, p-please..." She wheezed out, the tears continuing to flow out as she tried her very best to catch her breath.

There was no one left to save Liy from it all. Her entire life, a lie. A dirty, shameless lie. Hurt herself and others over a lie. Destroyed trust over a lie.

But most importantly, she had killed many people over this dangerous string of lies.

No matter how many times you try, can never be forgiven for something like that.

And so Liy found herself falling into a pit of dark, despair once again. Somewhere that she - for a while - had believed that she had finally climbed her way out of.

All of those kills were for NOTHING.

She had become just like the man that she desperately tried to get away from...

"You done with your little tantrum...?"

Liy stayed silent, wiping her tears as she slowly turned around.

"Come." Flashlight kept a straight face, holding his hand out to the lightswitch as she sniffled.

She hesitantly reached her hand out back to him, her body trembling with fear as she - deep down - just prayed and hoped that maybe, maybe her father had some compassion. Some care...

Flashlight grunted, looking his daughter in the eye as he helped her up from the ground and back onto her two feet. Although, before Liy could even breathe out a single syllable, he squeezed her hand as tightly as he possibly could, watching with a smile as Liy began to scream out before letting go and stumbling back.

He stepped forward, a look of genuine enjoyment as he slapped Liy in the face before forcefully pushing her onto the cold, harsh ground.

"God, YOU'RE SO REPULSIVE!!!" Flashlight screamed in Liy's face as she burst out crying, digging her face into her arms as he began to break out into careless laughter.

"No..." Liy mumbled quietly, trying her very best to suppress her tears as she tried to lift her weak state up from the ground.

Flashlight remained still, watching Liy help herself up with a demented smile, as if she was but a small bug.

Easy to destroy.

"You're so worthless and useless, aren't you Liy? You don't deserve to be treated with even a shred of respect. Just do everyone in the world a favour and disappear, please? I can't think of one person who would actually-"

"Mom." Liy uttered, a determined look on her face as Flashlight simply smirked.

"Please, she doesn't even-"

"Mom wanted me. Mom loved me with all of her heart, and I'm so certain of it, even if you're not."

Liy furrowed her eyebrows, looking her father directly in his eyes with a newfound strength that she never thought she had within her.

Her eyes glistened like the sparkling sun, her expression firm and deadset, not a single shred of fear left within her.

"Don't be dumb. You'll never, ever be loved by anyone Liy. You're an illegitimate mistake of a person. You're trash! Your mother never wanted a child. You think a college student would want a burden like that? You really-"

"Yet she accepted it. Not just accepted it, even. She welcomed that new change with open arms! You'll never be able to convince me that mom didn't care if the evidence is all right THERE! She dropped out for ME, ran away from the city for ME, she loved ME!! So don't you dare lie about mom ever AGAIN!!! Because you know deep down, you're not and will never be deserving of a role in her life!"

Flashlight went silent, his face blank and expressionless as he looked back at Liy. Utterly thoughtless as he stared at the girl. It's like that feeling when someone beats you at Solitaire. When you're out of cards. He couldn't even say a thing, his mouth dry and lacking the usual snappy comebacks that everyone had known him for.

He bit his lip nervously, his face dropping as he opened his mouth, trying his very best to say something, even one thing that could refute what Liy had said to him!

"Was this all for nothing then, Dad?" Liy uttered, breaking the suffocating silence as she pointed at the dark scar under her eye, a painful and dark reminder of how deep-rooted Flashlight's anger really was.

"I remember what you said to that Foldy girl." Flashlight abruptly

broke the silence, a neutral expression on his face as Liy went quiet.

,"You wanted to end her at first, but then you found a release that was so, so enjoyable that it drained out all your dark thoughts?"

Liy nodded, the fear slowly making it's way back to her as Flashlight began to smile, one so large and cruel, utterly emotionless.

"What was the point of killing you, if I could just enjoy seeing you cry and suffer? I mean, it's a win-win solution isn't it. Your mom doesn't go insane, and I still get to watch you destroy your life." Flashlight stated with a hauntingly neutral expression, as if he was explaining a math problem of sorts.

"Y-You'll never change, will you...?!"

"No."

"YOU RUINED MY FUCKING LIFE!!!!!!!!!!!"

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hey, it's dean 😮 make sure to let me know what you think of this chapter! and as always, leave a vote if you enjoyed!

This chapter was quite entertaining to write, especially Flashlight's younger days. Always love to expand the lore on these characters, haha

Anyways, next chapter should be soon! Don't have a set date but I'm aiming for New Years Eve!

Stay safe and cya soon!

Dean, out!

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"CONTESTANTS OF SHOW 'BATTLE FOR BFDI' ALL GONE WITHOUT A TRACE. SUSPECTED TO BE DEAD."

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Foldy

2001 - 2019

gone and probably forgotten

FIN.

stapy, part 2. - chapter 23

⚠TW: GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION, VIOLENCE.⚠

"H-Hello...? Anyone?"

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"Gosh, darn it... what was Liy even talking about, 'humans'...?! Just leaving me here, next to these... bodies."

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"Was Liy having a fever dream? Was *I* having a fever dream? I can't even think. Geez, I just want Foldy right now. I wonder where she went, anyways..."

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23RD CHAPTER - DOOMSDAY. ITS DOOMSDAY.

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"We will remember all of the 62 contestants in BFB, we carry their memory with us. Their hopes, their dreams, their happiness. Wherever they may be, they watch over us with a smile. We must continue their legacy. Now, handing over to Tune, who will name each person, and honour them."

The microphone was handed over, an eerie silence as everyone huddled up around eachother, holding umbrellas over eachother as the rain poured down from the dark, cloudy sky.

"Ahem. Barf Bag. She was an adventurous, kind-hearted person. She always had everyone's best interests at heart."

"Bullshit." Firey Jr. whispered under his breath as Clock nudged him before turning to him, an annoyed look on his face as he sighed.

Time seemed to speed up, and slow down, on, and on. Over. And over again. Nothing felt stable anymore. No one was at peace. Nothing was normal. It was all fucked up.

"Stapy. A cheeky, yet lovable person. He had just turned 17 a few months ago. A young man, with his whole life ahead of him. Now mercilessly, and heartlessly snatched by-"

"WAIT!!!!!!! I'M HERE!!!!!!!!!" A loud, tired voice yelled out as everyone turned around.

And with that, they had seen his familiar red face, his shining purple eyes and the loud cream as he hopped forward.

Everyone let out a shrill, ear-exploding scream, stumbling back as Stapy stared at them in utter confusion.

"What? I-"

"HOLY SHIT, HE'S BACK FROM THE DEAD!!!!!!" FJ screamed, his voice drenched with fear and horror as Clock stepped forward.

"Stapy, h-how are you here?! The recovery centres don't work anymore!!!"

"They don't? But-"

"Y-YEAH MAN, YOU'RE A GHOST AREN'T YOU! I'M SEEING THINGS, IM HALLUCINATING!!!!!!!" FJ continued to scream, holding his hands to his face as Stapy stared in shock and confusion.

"What's happening here, did they all-"

"I WANT MY MOMMY!!!!!" FJ sobbed, cutting through Stapy's words as he hid behind one of the crowd members.

"Stapy!" Clock urged, a desperation in his voice as he continued.

"You gotta tell us everything you remember, now!!"

"W-What? But-"

"PLEASE!!! THE HOTEL, DON'T YOU-"

"Uh... well. Bracelety was. Like.... err... dead on the floor? Like... she was in a bad state, super bad." Stapy mumbled in response, trying to remember everything that happened.

"W-What happened next?!"

"A-And then..."

Stapy suddenly bit his tongue, all of it slipping back into his mind as he trembled. But what stuck with him the most? Her. The look in her

eyes. The smile on her face as she held onto the arrow, before shutting off his world.

He opened his mouth to say who it was, but something within him just couldn't, his mouth closing shut as he folded his arms...

"Stapy...?"

"I don't remember anything else, sorry..." Stapy lied, a look of guilt on his face as his stomach began to churn uncomfortably.

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"It's the act you have to put on for people you know... I had to act! Put on a show! Be the centre stage for you all! My audience!"

Liy.

"What's so interesting about me?"

Everything is interesting about you.

But, God. You're so negative.

"I know you'd never cause an accident for me..."

Just bleed out and die already, gosh. Die, die, die, die, die, die!!

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"Stapy, we're just glad you're back." Clock smiled weakly, walking closer to Stapy.

He looked back at the blue clock with a slight smirk, reaching out towards his face as if to shake his clock hands.

"Don't you ticking dare touch my clock hands!" Clock exclaimed, before shaking Stapy's hand with his foot as if to compensate for his tragic lack of arms.

As the handshake ended, the atmosphere began to fade back into silence, Stapy's awkward smirk not matching very well with the

overall mood.

Stapy suddenly reached out his hand, a glint of hope sparkling in his purple eyes as he hopped forward.

The same girl imprinted in his mind, even deeper than a tattoo. Her kind, yet narcissistic demeanour sticking to him like super-glue as her laughs overlapped eachother loudly in his echo-chamber of a mind.

The girl he knew since childhood. The girl he shared basically everything with. His smiles, his tears. His memories and hers consisting of eachother. Oh, they were tied together by fate and the universe pushed them against together like two active tectonic plates! Oh, if only she could realise, if only, the girl was-

"Help me save Liy!!!"

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Or you could say that...

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"B-But, Stapy... she's probably dead in the hotel. They're still investigating, y'know!"

"I don't care!! Just, please... she means a lot to me, even if she refuses to believe it..."

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Stapy - the defiant but not brutish character - seems to be going against his character development. Why would you care about a murderer? We all ask him, although it seems we're talking to a wall at this point. End quote.

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"Uh... I can get my cousin in the loop, he's a detective! And-"

"NO! No. She's had enough with that. She needs people she knew, not detectives, not cops, no one. Firey Jr. you come with me too." Stapy

retorted, his words forceful and harsh as Clock trembled in fear.

"FJ, you wanna come?" Clock sighed, turning to the fearful flame, who slowly came out of hiding.

"I... dunno..." FJ mumbled as he shyly trodded forward, something extremely out of character for him.

"Come on, let's reverse this mess! And then, we can be happy again! Here's to a season five...?" Stapy kept up a smile as Clock and FJ stared back at him in confusion.

"Fine, whatever." FJ rolled his eyes as the three began to slowly walk away from the memorial and back into the noisy streets of Goiky city.

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"You know, 2019 me. Well, I'd be 17 by that point! If you're watching... How's life? You know... how's everybody doing? Foldy... Stapy... the others... Is everything okay? What school am I in now? Am I... pursuing my dreams? Just... y'know... what's going on?"

"I want to tell you one more thing... I... I-"

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"Wow, what a shocking breakthrough Stapy. Really. What a delicious, tasty... breakthrough." Firey Jr. mumbled, a little zoned out as he hastily ate a hamburger.

The three sat at a small table at the back of the run-down fast-food restaurant, the loud pop music blaring through the cheap speakers as it drowned out the sound of pouring rain outside.

Stapy held up a smile, drinking out of a cup of chocolate milkshake

as he turned to Clock, who awkwardly looked to the side. He was the only one who hadn't bought anything.

"Why are we here again Stapy...? This isn't really... anything." Clock mumbled as Stapy turned back around.

"Just wanted to gather my thoughts before we start searching, y'know!"

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That's a lie. I lied.

The truth is, restaurants give me this weird comfortable feeling. Like... I'm back in the old days. Eating a burger and sipping some soda while listening to my two, no, one favourite people, person, uhm, ramble on about the hellhole that was our school.

Watching as Foldy grumbled on about the various people that annoyed her. Watching as she ranted and ranted until the sun fell and the sky went pitch black.

And watching as... Pastel Highlighter. Laughed, and smiled about it. I guess. Sometimes, no most of the time, I hate talking about her. She was my best friend. Like actually my best friend. We had so much in common. We laughed, shared classes, sleepovers, everything. And then, she... died. Someone had took her. It was about... 2, 3 years ago.

I hate talking about her because I hate that weird sinking feeling I felt as we went into her room for the last time.

As... as... we... discovered something... that changed everything, really...

It was a weird, sinking feeling. I felt like I was drowning. I felt like I was drowning.

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It left more questions than answers lingering in my head. I felt like nothing. I felt nothing, but everything at the same time. I didn't scream, or

cry... I just stared. It's like... that weird feeling you get after watching a movie that leaves you on a cliffhanger. With no answers, no closure, no nothing. It's like someone slapped you so hard that the mark burned into your face and became a scar.

It was so unbelievable.

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"You two, get up, we gotta find clues!!" Stapy suddenly exclaimed, slamming his fists against the table as the two boys shrieked.

"We just got here, but okay..." Clock mumbled, slowly getting up from the chair before turning to FJ, who was still eating his burger.

"Jr."

"Huh? Already? But the burger!!" FJ grumbled, holding protectively onto the thing as if someone was gonna steal it.

"Ugh, FUCK THE BURGER!!!" Stapy screamed as FJ yelped, the sudden command startling him so much that he dropped the burger onto the ground, watching with a disappointed frown as it sadly splatted onto the ground.

"Aw..." FJ sighed, getting up from his chair as they walked towards the door.

"It's okay Jr., we'll come back here another time." Clock reassured the flame with a slight smile, although not receiving a response in return.

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"How's your coffee?"

"It's okay I guess..."

"I'm sorry I made you pay for all of this y'know, how silly of

me!!"

"It's okay."

"You sure?"

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"No offence to Liy, but I only really remember her because of that solo song she performed in the show, y'know, the final episode ceremony? Her voice sounded nice." FJ uttered with a slight smile, folding his arms as the three walked down the busy, wet roads of the rainy city with one massive, purple umbrella covering them.

"I remember Liy because of that truce we had. She was always weird about it. A-Also the performance. She had this weirdly captivating aura. It felt as if it was illegal to look away from her, she captured everyone's attention in such a way. Huh..." Clock pondered to himself with a slight smile as they went awkwardly silent again.

"You, Stapy?" FJ turned to Stapy, who was quite immersed into his own thoughts, so much so that he began to softly mumble unintelligible words to himself.

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"Liy, who the hell are you talking to now?"

"The readers? You gotta have some interaction with the audience otherwise they'll get bored quickly, ya know?"

"Whatever. Uhm, why are we doing this again? And why am I being dragged into your mess?!"

"Stapy, look okay. I need to exterminate these cockroaches somehow! And what better way to do so then getting them to kill eachother? I have everything set up!"

,"Hah, okay... here we go! Motives!"

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That moment replayed in his head over and over again, Liy's voice weighing down all of his other thoughts, crushing them to bits as it all repeated in his head again, and again.

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"Isn't this fun?"

"What's my purpose here?!"

"You're my shield, duh! Why else do you think I recovered you for in the first place? If any of them try to attack me, you'll take the hit instead!"

"You wanna know what I'm doing? It's a plan so intricately detailed..."

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"Isn't it so fun watching all of these guys fight eachother? It's so cute, I think I'm gonna explode into a pile of confetti~!!"

"What do you actually think you're gaining from this all, huh?!"

"I'm saving the world."

,"This world is so despairingly sad that it gives me the hope to create a better one."

,"You see, I never, ever wanted to do this. I wanted a peaceful world. But you know who ruined it all for me, huh?"

"...Me."

"Correct! See, this is what I like about you Stapy, you're quick witted!!"

,"Ew, I was kidding. I fucking hate you!"

"..."

"Mark my words, I won't spare a single one of you. I'll destroy each and every one of you if it's the last thing I do."

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"laptop... laptop... LAPTOP, LAPTOP!!!!!!!" Stapy abruptly yelled as loud as he possibly could, stopping in the middle of the street as Clock and FJ looked at him with distraught expressions.

"Dude, are you mental or something?" FJ replied, looking Stapy up and down with a freaked out look as he suddenly reached his arm out.

"Let's get that bus, back to the grasslands!" Stapy exclaimed, grabbing FJ by the arm before hopping over to the bus, Clock hastily following along.

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"You're my best friend, like, we've been best friends since we were kids! Please, please solve my problems!!"

"Solve my personal problems for me already, ugh!! Or would you just let people rip me up into little pieces of paper?"

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You're an interesting girl. Always doing things without being asked. Always, always chiming in for about everything, as if the world would end if people didn't hear what you had to say. A smile on your face as you would say the most spontaneous things.

Where in the world could Liy be? Could she be sitting in the Death P.A.C.T. room? Could she be on the run? Could she be back in town? Could she be hiding in the Evil Forest?

Or maybe, Liy could be right behind you.

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Boo!

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"Searched all the huts, no Liy to be found. What exactly did you expect coming here?" Clock raised an eyebrow as Stapy stared back at him.

"I didn't expect her to be here, anyways." Stapy sighed, folding his arms as Clock scoffed in annoyance.

"Stapy, get it together. YOU brought us along with you! We're not your servants!" Clock stamped his foot on the grass angrily as Stapy gasped, his eyes wide with shock as he suddenly clapped his hands together.

"Let's search the Death P.A.C.T. hut!" He exclaimed, receiving loud groans from both FJ and Clock as they reluctantly followed him in.

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"We already searched this, ugh!!" FJ rolled his eyes, only to be completely ignored by Stapy as they walked into the shared bedroom.

Stapy looked at all 3 pairs of bunk-beds, excluding the two outside by the lounge. He examined each bed quite creepily, a weird and unexplainable look on his face as he suddenly held up six fingers at Clock and FJ, who both stared back awkwardly.

"Six."

"..."

"Six beds. Using process of elimination, Liy's bed is easily the one the light blue pillows!" Stapy exclaimed as the other two exchanged confused glances.

"What exactly do you want us to do with that information?" FJ uttered back sarcastically as Stapy turned back around before doing the unthinkable.

He threw the pillows and blanket onto the floor, letting out a slight grunt as he pulled back the bedsheet, exposing the mattress fully, along with two crumpled up photos, looking as if they had been printed out of an extremely dated digital camera.

"Damn, Stapy. You're actually smart for that." Clock praised him with a slight smile as Stapy grabbed onto the two photos.

"It's just two pictures of this blue lamp. And Liy. She looks, like, really young in this photo." Stapy explained as Clock grabbed onto one of the pictures.

"You didn't bother to check the date? It says 29th of April 2002. That's obviously, like, her mom or something." Clock stated, staring into the photo for a little before handing it back to Stapy in exchange for the other photo.

Clock inspected the photo, a little intrigued. But before anything, he turned the photo to check the date - just out of curiosity.

"4th of January, 2001. Looks like a party, or something." Clock mumbled, staring at the picture of the blue lamp, who held onto a green bottle and seemed as if she was laughing. Next to her, a taller guy. A dark, silver... torch? Flashlight? Whatever his object was, he had this weird look on his face. One of anger, yet happiness? Sadness, yet elated?

Stapy took the photo back from Clock, looking at it a little sadly.

"That's probably her parents. I-... never really saw them before." He sighed, beginning to feel guilty as he placed the two photos back on the mattress.

Clock and FJ both nodded in agreement, watching as Stapy gently fixed the bedsheet back onto the mattress, before suddenly and quite violently pulling the mattress as a whole off the bed, letting out an even louder grunt as he threw it onto the ground before quickly

shuffling over to see what was hidden underneath.

To his surprise, the entire area was meticulously cleaned up, which to Stapy, was extremely out of character for the girl. He shivered, beginning to feel goosebumps form on his arms as he backed away.

"Stapy, you fool! You messed the whole room up!!" FJ exclaimed, his annoyed expression suddenly transforming into one of worry as he watched Stapy take in a few panicked breaths.

"T-The hotel! She definitely... we all... took our things.... And.... she..."

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"Stapy! What happened? You were all dizzy dizzy you know?"

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"Why are we looking around the TLC?!" Clock exclaimed, the massive, nightmarish blue box sending shivers down his spine and a bad taste in his mouth as he tried his best to forget about his days in there.

"Liy could be hiding in there! She likes quiet spots. The weird, dark spots that no one thinks to go to..." Stapy uttered, trying with all his strength to bounce up onto the lid so he could open the gargantuan hunk of metal.

"Stapy, why are so adamant on finding Liy? It's so odd. Weren't you guys enemies?" FJ spoke up, genuine curiosity in his tone as Stapy suddenly paused before turning to him.

"We weren't enemies, back then. Liy was one of my best friends, and I felt so happy around her. We always talked, hung out, laughed, joked, everything really. She was like everything to me. Then something happened between her and Foldy, and it was so, so messy. I barely knew what it was, but they fought all the time. She got Liy

suspended once. Liy got her suspended once too. They would just insult eachother every single day, and I never knew why! And it was as if we had never met. Liy wouldn't dare to speak to me. Heck, we even fought too! Then, one day, someone killed my friend. They found her... dead in the sports cupboard, beat to hell. And then, it calmed down. Then BFB, and in the EXIT, me and Liy finally began to get along again! And... yeah. I just wanna apologise to her. I was such a stupid asshole!! I never wanted to lose my best friend. I never wanted to hurt anyone, ever. I just wish things weren't so shitty..."

"Oh yeah, I remember seeing that news report like, ages ago!" Clock spoke up, weirdly intrigued.

"What?"

"Was her name... like, Pastel Highlighter? Rosemead High School, right?"

"Yeah...?" Stapy mumbled in response, a little weirded out as Clock continued.

"That was Sundial's first case! He told me all about it. Can you believe that it just randomly happened on a school day? I still wonder whether that Pastel Highlighter girl was like, super evilly clever and set the whole thing up herself to throw someone else under the bus. Kinda weird they arrested her classmate without analysing the forensic evidence. There was so much left behind, Sundial told me!!" Clock exclaimed, weirdly ecstatic as he rambled on about the case.

Stapy stared back at him, utterly speechless before suddenly letting out a loud gasp, his eyes wide as a smile grew on his face.

"Clock, you're a genius! Do you realise what you just did?" Stapy smiled brightly as Clock's enthusiasm slowly faded into utter confusion.

"N-No? I-"

"Where is Sundial based, dude? This could be groundbreaking!!"

"U-Uhm... not so far from Central Goiky, but why-"

"Come on, guys! Let's get back on that bus!!" Stapy announced with a smile, FJ and Clock staying quiet as they began to walk away from the TLC.

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"My team name stands for Death: Prevention and Creating Trust! But the thing is, do you truly trust me, Stapy...?"

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"Okay, we're on the correct train! Keep your eyes peeled for when we stop at Strawberry Grove." Clock said to the two boys as they nodded, Stapy looking out the window with a glum look on his face.

"I never go on trains. I always thought they'd be like, something from the future, with robot chefs serving you snacks and free iPads on each table!" FJ exclaimed, extremely underwhelmed and disappointed by how basic the train they were actually in looked.

"Maybe one day in the future, Jr! For now, we can only hope." Clock replied back as the small flame huffed.

The two went quiet, the faint screeches of the railroad replacing their brief sting of dialogue as Clock turned to Stapy.

"Hey, Stapy. While we're here, care to tell me about your friend?" Clock asked the stapler with a slight smile as Stapy looked back him.

"Huh, why?" Stapy replied flatly, leaning his cheek onto his palm as Clock continued.

"I'm just curious, you don't have to."

Stapy looked at the blue clock, screwing up his face a little before giving in with a long sigh.

"Pastel Highlighter was unique. That's the only word I can use to

describe her, really. She loved to sing, dance... laugh and make us all happy. She won the school talent shows of first and second year. Yeah, she was really passionate about songs. But this one genre of music in particular. You know those songs, the upbeat ones that sing about love, friendship and stuff? Yeah, that was exactly what she liked. I feel like such a dickhead for not showing any of that to her. I... was s-such a terrible friend... but still. Those moments are unforgettable and irreplaceable. If only I could relive them. If only I could see her again. She and Liy were good friends for a brief time too. But it was kinda awkward. Whatever, doesn't matter. I'm gonna solve everything so we can be happy! I'll save Liy, and protect our memories!! Oh, and also Foldy too."

Clock took it all in with a bittersweet smile, his eyes beginning to glimmer with slight hope as he turned to Stapy.

"Me and Firey Jr. will help you, then!" He exclaimed, FJ tiredly rolling his eyes as Stapy smiled back in response.

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"Stapy, you're the orange of my eye!"

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"Isn't it an apple instead of an orange?"

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"Eh, same thing really!!"

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"Strawberry Grove, huh? Never expected it to look... so run down, damn." FJ took in the depressing atmosphere, the only moderately eye-catching quality of the area being the old, closed down shops and

colourful piles of litter on the sidewalk.

"This place looks shittier than my old town!" Stapy laughed, a smirk forming on his face as he turned to Clock, who looked a little embarrassed.

"I told Sundial not to pick this place for an office, but he wouldn't take no for an answer, I guess..." Clock stated, slightly annoyed as the three walked through the streets.

"How is this even in the central city? This place looks like a village!" FJ laughed, nudging Clock as he rolled his eyes.

"Okay! Just take a left, climb up the metal staircase and knock on the red door!" Clock explained, purposefully ignoring the small flame as they began to cautiously walk through an alleyway before, climbing up said staircase.

"So a flat above a shop. You could've just said that instead, man." Stapy looked at Clock, a little annoyed as he knocked on the door.

The three stood at the door, a little intimidated by the area they were in. But alas, the door opened, revealing none other than Sundial, his reading glasses slipping off his face as he stared in shock.

"Clock! You didn't call..."

"But!-"

"It's okay, come on in you three, I'll switch on the kettle." Sundial allowed them in with a smile before locking the door shut.

Stapy looked around the place a little nosily before noticing a state-of-the-art, wide screen 4K television hanging from the wall, the colourful, high-quality sports broadcast leaving him in a trance.

"Clock and Jr., how are you two holding up? Is everything okay?" Sundial asked, quite concerned for the two as they simply nodded in response.

"It's okay." Clock replied back a little blankly, trying his best not to think about it at all costs.

Sundial smiled, nodding as he filled up three cups of hot chocolate before placing them on a tray and carrying them over to the glass table next to a fuzzy, circular brown couch.

"Dude, it's literally almost May. Giving us hot chocolates..." FJ sighed, facepalming as Sundial stared back at him without saying a word.

"Anyways, how can I help?" He turned back, mainly facing Stapy, who let out a slight gasp.

"I-"

"Stapy wants to know about your very first case, and what you discovered." Clock cut through Stapy's words with an excited grin, immediately getting comfortable in his older cousin's house as he jumped onto the couch.

"What first case? You're gonna have to be more specific there, pal." Sundial stated a little coldly as Clock rolled his eyes.

"Pastel Highlighter." Stapy uttered, folding his arms as his world slowly began to desaturate and fade into nothing.

Just nothing.

"Ah. I have a lot of memories with that case. It was very twisted. It felt like everyone involved was trying to hide something. The police shut the case down long ago now, Lamppost serving time and all. But I've been doing my own research. I have a folder upstairs, if you're interested!"

Stapy nodded, trying his best to hold up a smile despite being quite fearful on the inside.

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Sundial ran back downstairs, an overstuffed folder along with a somewhat aged laptop and a few CDs in hand as he placed them on the table.

FJ and Stapy huddled closer, watching as Sundial began to unpack the folder, scouring through the contents before landing on an old-looking digital camera photo.

Taking a deep breath, he pushed the photo forward to Stapy, who slowly grabbed onto it with his two shaky hands before pulling it up to his face.

In the photo, was none other than Pastel Highlighter. But instead of her usual smiley, cheerful demeanour, she was crying. Crying, sobbing, a ball of tissues in her hand as she sat alone in what seemed to be the school bathrooms. The tissues stained with a slight red as she held it up to her face.

"W-What is this?!" Stapy yelped, letting go of the photo in fear as Sundial cleared his throat.

"See, right. The authorities came to a swift conclusion without considering other factors. They scrambled to arrest someone and get the whole thing over with instead of actually looking deeper. Stapy, what do you think of the photo I showed you?" Sundial asked, a slight glint in his eyes as Stapy looked back at him, his eyes dark and completely devoid of any light or hope.

"S-She was crying..."

"Yes, but that's not the main fact. What I'm showing here is where the police failed. Failed, just completely discarded what was actually overwhelming amounts of evidence. Failure is the only word I can use to describe it."

Stapy sighed, looking at Sundial before looking back down to the table.

"Did you know this girl...?" Sundial asked, picking up on how sluggish and unresponsive Stapy had become.

"She's my best friend. She was and she'll always be."

Sundial nodded with a slight chuckle, letting out a slight sigh as he went through some of the papers before gently pulling a booklet out.

"This is everything that I've independently documented from this case, 2016 up until now. Just this month was the 3 year anniversary of this case. I feel sick to my stomach. I really do. That's why I've gathered as much as I can. First page is general details, scene of the crime, location, time. Second of all is connections. Who Pastel Highlighter knew, and her relationships with them. Third page is theories, and fourth and so far final is a detailed summary, a very long analysis from start to finish of what is known. You can have a read through, but be gentle with the paper."

Stapy bit his lip, anxiously holding onto the paper before reading through the first page.

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Page I - General Information.

Victim: Pastel Highlighter.

Date: Monday, 25th April.

Time: Approx. 10:35am.

Notes: Pastel Highlighter was found seemingly abandoned in the sports cupboard. She sustained fatal injuries on her head and spine. Non-fatal injuries also sustained was a broken wrist and twisted ankle. According to witnesses, several loud thuds could be heard, along with a shrill scream as the door was locked shut from the inside. It's likely that she had fell down the stairs, but the rest is uncertain. A baseball bat and a tennis racket were recovered from the scene, and based on the evidence, it is more likely that the bat caused her death. The tennis racket contained the victim's fingerprints on the handle, although it is uncertain why or what this was used for. School records show that the victim was struggling with her mental health, and had a concerning attendance record. She was in and out of lessons, and had a school counsellor whom she would do weekly sessions with. Teachers described Pastel Highlighter as a 'sweet, caring girl' who would put others' needs before hers. Medical records show that she wasn't on any prescription medication, but would take painkillers from time to time. Although, they have expressed concern for the victim prior to

her death, stating that she made at least four hospital visits 3 months before her death.

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Stapy placed down the paper, holding two hands to his mouth as tears began to well up in his eyes.

It just didn't make sense. None of it made sense. How and why? What and where?

"I have all the police interrogations on this CD, hold on though, let me just get it in and we can watch it."

Stapy, Clock and Firey Jr. stayed quiet, out of fear, shock and confusion as they watched Sundial slide an old-looking CD into the laptop.

Suddenly, the sound of yelling and muffled walkie-talkie noises could be heard from the laptop, a look of genuine fear on the boys' faces as Sundial turned the laptop toward them.

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"N-NO, NO! SHE DIDN'T DIE! STOP JOKING!! I SAW PASTEL AT SCHOOL!! SHUT UP!!!!!!"

"Just sit down already! Do you wanna be put in handcuffs?!"

"YOU'RE ALL JUST LYING SCUM."

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"Foldy..." Stapy stared into the computer, that video bringing him a weird and twisted sense of nostalgia.

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"We just need you to tell us what you saw. Easy. So do as you're told, kid."

"SHUT THE HELL UP, I'M NOT TELLING YOU SHIT!!! BECAUSE PASTEL'S ALIVE!!!!"

"We have word from your school that you left your music lesson yesterday after your break-time, then a teacher caught you running through the halls, and supposedly, you bust open the sports cupboard, went in and discovered Pastel Highlighter dying on the floor and said perpetrator knocked you out, hence why you were found lying on the field, unconscious about 10 minutes later. So don't hide anything from us. For your friend's sake, hm?"

"I-... j-just... b-blood.... B-BLOOD!!!!!"

"Blood. So that confirms that. How did you know to even go to the sports cupboard?"

"P-Pastel... t-told us!!"

"Told you what?! You're being so incompetent, Foldy!"

"She a-always watches the basketball club on Mondays, so t-this time... the coach asked her to get the basketballs, because h-he forgot, supposedly. I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ELSE, S-SWEAR!!!"

"How'd she get in then, huh? The sports cupboard can only be unlocked with a certain key that only a few teachers possess. So go on, what's your grand excuse, HUH?"

"I DON'T KNOW!! The coach always has faith in us, a-and I've seen him give the key to other kids! Pastel was a high achiever in PE, so it's not like she wouldn't get the key! The coach always awarded her with positive points, n' stuff..."

"Alright, okay."

"P-Please... just tell me i-if she's okay!!"

"She was pronounced dead this morning."

"..."

"Anyways, can you tell me what your relationship with the victim was like."

"Pastel... was my best friend. We met at the very beginning of high school, and we've been super close ever since! I... really loved being around her..."

"Right. That's all I need to know for now. You're free to go, press the red button to open the door on your way out of the building."

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Stapy stared at the computer, wide-eyed and emotionless as he took a deep breath. He turned his vision down to the keyboard, slowly zoning out and disassociating from the present as the memories began to flow back into his mind.

Dark. A dark, grey room. Notebook. Questions. So many questions...

It felt as if he was being suffocated by the weight of the world.

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"Stapy, you're with me, aren't you?"

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"Y-Yeah..." He mumbled, biting on his lip nervously as he tried his best to just keep it together.

"I have your questioning tape on here, and a bunch of others too. But those, none of those intrigued me more than this one girl. She scared me to my very core, the first time I watched. It felt as if she was so, so aware of everything, and had formulated answers ahead of time. God, she was frightening..." Sundial admitted, a little shocked thinking about that questioning tape. Although, he held it all in, typing into the laptop before loading up the video. And there it was, her expression brighter than the blazing sun. The light in her eyes

shining more than ever. It looked as if someone edited her into the video, but no. Shit was real.

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"So tell me, where were you on the day Miss Pastel Highlighter died."

"I was in class, like everyone else..."

"Okay... and do you have any idea where she went after class...?"

"No... well, I saw her walking down the stairs but that's pretty much it..."

"Hm..."

"And are you certain that's the last you saw of Pastel Highlighter?"

"Yes."

"Liy. Are you telling me the truth?"

"Why wouldn't I be?"

"Because we have evidence on CCTV cameras that show you didn't come into your lesson until 20 minutes after break ended. So don't lie to me. It's quite pointless."

"I'm assigned with a job to pick up trash from the fields. You can ask the school. I've been doing it since the beginning of this term. The field is a long walk from the building, it's typical that I'd be late for a few minutes to 3rd period."

"Five minutes, that's okay. Ten minutes is pushing it. But no... twenty whole minutes you spent! Can you give me an explanation?"

"Simple, I went to the bathroom. Ten minutes overtime, five minutes in the bathroom, five minutes walking back to my lesson."

"Huh... you're a very good liar, aren't you."

"I'm not lying. No use, is there?"

"Fine. But I do have reason to believe that you know more than you let on, Liy. Teachers have picked up on the little... let's say frenemy thing you had with Pastel Highlighter. You two weren't completely fond of eachother, I'll give you that. That doesn't excuse foul play, doesn't it? She stole your pen, so you threw her down a flight of stairs? Yeesh..."

"That's all just your speculation, isn't it? Do you actually, really have any concrete evidence that shows I was even near the sports cupboard at the time she died? Seems you're running purely on theories then..."

"Switching the focus to me? Right. Gonna ignore what you just did there, what was your relationship with the victim like? How could you describe Miss Pastel Highlighter, in your own, honest and genuine words Liy?"

"..."

"I'm waiting."

"I am- I mean, she was such a sweetheart. Oh, I loved her! I admired her singing, and her dancing was so smooth and revised. She was a genuine and pure soul, and it genuinely hurt me to see what happened to her. I hope whoever did this to her faces punishment."

"Very good Liy. Now tell me why your latest diary entry states that, and I quote, 'I'll fucking crush that bitch into pieces.', that's not even the worst part, 'I hate that girl so much, why does she get to have a perfect life. I want to cut her face off and wear it as a mask.' Concerning, this?"

"Where did you find this?"

"Your locker. Top shelf."

"You know it's illegal to go through someone's belongings without proper permission."

"Let's see... 'I hate that life-ruining scum. How dare she have feelings. I want to be her so bad. Let's see how depressing her life really is. I want her to suffer so, so bad. I hate her, I hate her, I hate her, I hate her', and that goes on for another ten lines."

"Answer my question..."

"Fine Liy, I'll answer your question. No, it is not illegal for me to search through the belongings of those I believe had involvement, especially for a high-profile crime like murder."

"I see."

"Explain your diary entries."

"I... well, me and P-Pastel had a difficult to explain relationship. S-She would steal my stuff, and hit me... a-and, she... would spread lies about me..... a-and oh God. I-I'm sorry, this is j-just too much! I-I'm already crying, shit..."

"Do you want a tissue."

"Y-Yeah..."

"So, Pastel physically hurt you and tormented you, so it led to you writing these diary entries about her?"

"Y-Yeah... I swear I never t-thought about actually acting it out! I j-just needed somewhere to vent, s-since she made me feel so worthless, a-and unwanted..."

"Okay."

"S-She made me feel l-like shit."

"Right."

"Sorry, I'll calm down now..."

"So, do you have any idea who could've done this? Plain and simple."

"No, sorry."

"Right, okay... uhm. You're free to go for now, press the red button to open the door on your way out of the building..."

"Okay, cya, bye-bye kind sir!!!"

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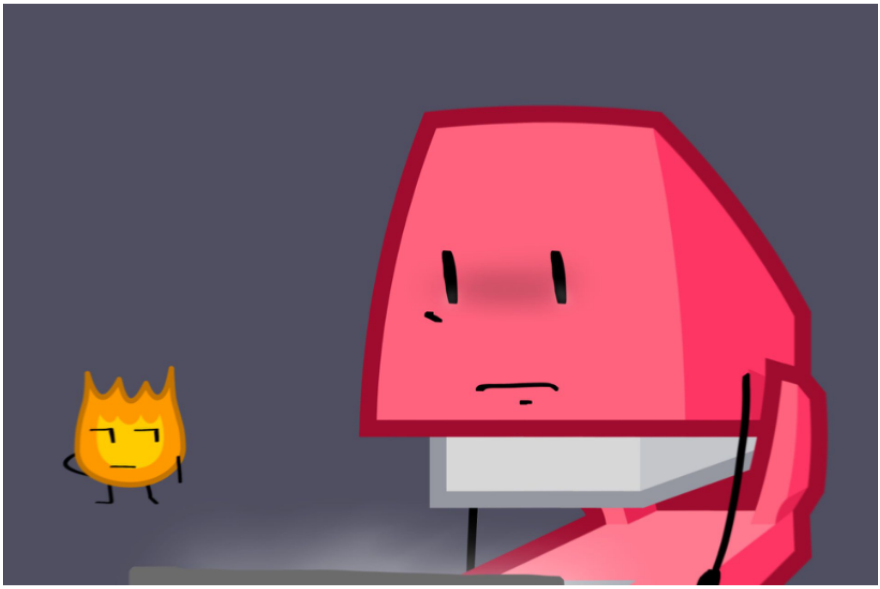

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"This one in specific confused me more than ever, you know. There

was something off about that Liy. Something that, even until now, I can't yet put my finger on. The way her personality fluctuated, from happy, to calm, to timid, to scared, to teary-eyed, before immediately switching to happiness again."

Stapy stayed eerily silent, his heart dropping as he took a deep and shaky breath. His body began to tremble, his eyes so wide that they looked as if they were about to pop out. He balled up his fist, immediately slamming the laptop shut before holding a hand to his mouth.

"What is it... Stapy?" FJ uttered, a little scared by the stapler's sudden reaction.

Stapy remained silent, a single tear dripping down from his eye as he folded his arms.

"Look, I know you might disagree with me. Considering that, from what I've seen from the show you participated in, you and Liy were good friends. But she was the most suspicious out of everyone else. The look in her eyes says it all, don't you think?" Sundial stated, looking at Stapy a little worriedly as he received no response whatsoever.

"Stapy, you gotta say something." Clock chimed in, slightly concerned about Stapy as he stayed in the same position, motionless and not even blinking. Just still. Immobile.

"Do you remember 2015's talent show? December 2015. Your school did one every year." Sundial asked, eager to share his truth.

Stapy nodded ever so slightly, shivering as he looked to the side.

"Now tell me, you remember when it was Pastel Highlighter's turn on stage. She sung, choreography, you get what I mean. But just as she stopped singing. The moment she finished the final line, the moment the speakers switched off..."

Sundial looked at Stapy, lifting up his fist before slamming it hard against the glass coffee table.

"A stage light unravelled from the strings and plummeted down at

immense speeds before crashing onto the stage floor. Just inches away from where Pastel was standing. I have the video from the school's official recording, you know, the ones they'd share on social media? They cut out that part for obvious reasons, but I was able to gain access."

Stapy stayed still, looking back to Sundial, who was seemingly typing something into his laptop.

"See, if she stood a little closer, the light would've crushed her while you all watched. And that would've been the end of that. Your school still had the same rope months later, so obviously I investigated it. Didn't look like it was unravelled, but rather, it looked as if someone cut it with scissors. So what does this tell us? Whoever this person was, is the same person who ended Pastel's life. This wasn't an accident. This was a targeted, planned attack. That's murder, plain and simple."

"W-What are you saying?!" Stapy exclaimed, struggling to even speak as his voice began to tremble and break.

Sundial raised his eyebrows, nodding his head as he went back on his laptop.

"I'm saying that it's very likely that Liy was the one who cut the string."

"N-NO, YOU STOP RIGHT THERE! DON'T ACCUSE LIY OF SUCH-"

"Fine, believe what you want. I have photo evidence captured. It's plastered on the school's social media. She made one fatal slip up. She wasn't even participating in the talent show, so she had no reason to be backstage."

And with that, Sundial turned the computer around, slamming the photo in Stapy's face. A simple group photo with a teacher and some of the students backstage. He raised an eyebrow in confusion, peering closer to see that there was a large vanity mirror behind one of the students in the photo. And there, you could see all that you could see. The quality was a little fuzzy, so the only way you could really tell was by the colour of their object. A purple-blue. Holding something

silver in her hand. Scissors. It looked as if she was trying to sneak off in a way. A cautious look on her face as she stood behind one of the kids in the photo, barely being captured.

"This ties in with the interrogation video. So now, Liy's weird behaviour is explainable."

"N-No..."

"So I know, deep in my heart. Lamppost was never the murderer. He had no incentive to kill. Him and Pastel only fought once, and they never spoke again. Liy knew her for years, and developed an unhealthy obsession with her before ending her life. Evidence being the unsettling diary entries. It's as if she wanted to steal her identity and become her... huh. That's very intriguing, that-"

"STOP!!" Stapy screamed out, finally bursting into tears of pure sadness as he let out a loud cry.

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"AGH, SHIT! MY EYE!"

,"Why Liy... Why?!"

"Because."

,"School."

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"What...?! What school?"

"You don't have to lie, you know what you did to me."

"Then why did you keep silent about it...? You could've just talked to me!"

"It's the act you have to put on for people you know... I had to act! Put on a show! Be the centre stage for you all! My audience!

I couldn't stand seeing you all-"

"Stop it, okay? Just tell me the truth. It's not like I'm gonna last any longer to tell anyone anyways..."

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"Because I hate you."

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"Stapy, it's gonna be okay. We'll find a solution to all of this!" Clock reassured the stapler with a slight smile, watching as he continued to cry to himself while weakly leaning his body against the train window.

"I'm sorry, Stapy." FJ uttered, a look of guilt in his eyes as he folded his arms. But still, Stapy didn't budge.

He stayed quiet, the only noises being heard were his soft gasps for air as he cried, and cried.

And so it went on for a good five minutes or so. The further they went, the more Stapy cried. He cried, and cried, and cried, and cried until he couldn't push another tear out of his eyes. So he stayed still, barely paying attention to anything as he began to sink into a whirlpool of despair.

"You guys." Stapy suddenly uttered, his voice miserable and dark as the two turned to face him.

"Yeah?" Clock replied back.

"I lied."

The silence felt loud and deafening, the atmosphere becoming more

intense as Clock and FJ exchanged looks of concern.

"...Liy killed me in the hotel. She killed everyone else too. She murdered Bracelety, then me. Then everyone else. She recovered me afterwards, and made me watch as she pressured everyone else into killing each other. She told me, with that smile on her face, that she wanted to save the world. And that she would do anything to achieve that."

Clock and Firey Jr. trembled as they looked at Stapy, the words disappearing as they both exchanged horrified glances before going completely silent.

,"It's so funny, actually..." Stapy laughed quite ironically to himself, holding a hand to his cheek as the tears began to form again.

"I knew her since the first year of high school. She was so sweet and innocent. I hate to admit it, but I was actually falling for her. I loved her, so much. But I never knew how to express it. It was all harmless banter and simple jokes between friends, y'know! But then Foldy started to act weird around Liy, and eventually, everything ended. Foldy told me to go through the back road after school on Valentine's Day, and I watched as Liy was being brutally tormented before my eyes. Like an asshole, I pulled out my phone and started recording it all! God, I fucking hate myself! I really wish I could've died instead of Pastel Highlighter!! I knew Liy's home life was shit. I knew her only escape was school! And I made it hell for her. I wanted to help Liy, because who else would, huh?! She has no one in her life, no real friends, nothing. I just wanted to say sorry for it all! Even after all this... the killings and all. I know that her old self is in there somewhere. I just want her back..."

Clock looked at him, a sudden wave of anger rushing through him as he lifted his foot up before slamming it in the table with full force, causing Stapy and FJ to gasp before immediately turning to him.

"So you felt for a dirty murderer, and you wanted to bring us with you? DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY PEOPLE THAT ABSOLUTE INHUMANE, VILE BITCH HAS TRAUMATISED?! BUT NO, NO! STILL, YOU WANT TO SAVE HER, HUH?"

"..."

"Stapy, saving someone who is hurt... is okay! Saving someone who has done minor, reversible mistakes in their life... is okay! Saving a mass murderer? This... THIS IS WHERE I DRAW THE LINE!! SHE'S PROBABLY THE ONE WHO MURDERED THAT PASTEL HIGHLIGHTER GIRL TOO!! SHE'S A PSYCHOPATH, GOD!!!" Clock agonisingly screamed, grabbing the attention of the entire carriage as he stood up on his seat. Stapy looked at him, his eyes damp and filled with pure guilt as he struggled deep down to come to terms with what truly was.

"W-Wait, guys!" FJ tried to speak up, sweat trickling down his flaming hot skin as he tried to catch the two's attention.

,"Can we just-"

"You don't want to help? Fine. Cool. I'll just go myself. I'll save Liy, because I KNOW WHAT'S RIGHT!" Stapy shouted back at Clock, his voice dripping with a weird kind of determination, which left Clock stunned and quite frankly horrified.

"Go help a murderer. Wow. She's automatically gonna change her ways because *Stapy The Saviour* has come to rescue her! Aw, how sweet! She definitely isn't gonna kill you again!!" Clock replied back sarcastically, looking Stapy up and down with a scowl as he shook his head.

"Everyone has a heart deep down, and I know that Liy does! I will never give up on someone just because of that! All people deserve saving!"

"She'll just kill you, again." Clock rolled his eyes.

"That's all you're concerned about? Death? Wow. I'm getting off, have a nice life you two." Stapy replied back, tears trickling down his face as he got up from his seat.

Clock looked at him for what seemed to be the last time, the slightest bit of guilt in his expression as he and FJ watched Stapy hop off before exiting the train, just like that...

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"Stapy, do you think we'll be together until we grow old?"

"Uh... yeah, Foldy! I love you, so much."

"I love you too. Never forget it, okay?"

"Never, ever!"

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And for a second, Foldy looked into his eyes, a smile forming on her face as she felt herself lean closer toward him.

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"What took you so long to confess your feelings for me, silly?"

"I-... dunno!! Hah, I guess I was just... scared that I'd ruin our friendship."

"Why would you think I'd ever leave you? You're my forever."

"Forever, Foldy."

"Pffft! It's so funny because, remember how Liy had that cheesy crush on you! Made me laugh, so so hard!!"

"Hahah...!"

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I wonder if Foldy would've killed me.

If I told her the truth.

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I clung onto Foldy like a hopeless little boy because I knew that the girl I truly loved wanted nothing to do with me.

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"Back home." Stapy uttered, walking through the grasslands by himself as the sun shone brightly over his face.

The silence frightened him to his very core, for it was so abnormal. It felt like just yesterday, every contestant was hanging around, talking,

playing games. Once so lively, turned lifeless and empty. The only thing left of the contestants being the huts.

He felt a weird sick feeling in his stomach, inspecting the grass before turning to two deep holes that were dug into the ground, slightly covered by the overgrown grass, although they were still there.

"Toss the dirt." Stapy uttered to himself, remembering as him and his now late best friend would play around in the hot summer sun for hours, and hours.

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"Foldy, I-I'm so selfish!"

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"You're my one and only best friend, I can't believe I let some stupid argument tear us apart... I should've believed you!!"

The boy cried to himself, holding onto the seemingly last thing he had of Foldy, a small brown cat plush that was laying on her bunkbed.

Sobbing, he hugged the plushie tightly, hoping that out of nowhere, a phenomenal miracle would happen and everyone would appear happy and healthy.

"I'm such a stupid liar! I led you on, a-and lied to you about my feelings, a-and, and made you sad, and stuff!!!"

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Stapy folded his arms, the cold breeze swirling through the air as he shivered.

"Put on a brave face, Stapy. T-There's no one here!" He clenched his fist, tearing up ever so slightly as he trekked through the forest in search of answers.

"You scaredy cat! I'll slap you until you lose vision in one of your eyes!!"

"HUH?!" Stapy shrieked, jumping behind a tree before fearfully looking around to try and find where that voice had come from.

"Boo! Did I scare you? Sometimes I scare myself, but other than that, nothing scares me! My dad conditioned me to see the world through such a darkened lens."

"L-Liy... God, I-I'm so s-stupid..." Stapy began to cry, holding up a smile as he looked up to see her standing before him, her eyes glowing and shining a blinding and almost unnatural light as she laughed.

"Why can't you die already, Stapy? Didn't I kill you?! God, I just wanna scoop your eyes out with my bare hands!!!!"

"Oh... I love you too!"

"Stapy, stop being a baby. You're such a... I dunno! Make up your mind already! Me, or Foldy! Boys... can never make up their mind, can they."

"You, Liy! I love you so much!! Foldy's my best friend, I don't wanna ruin my bond with her, we went through so much already... J-Just... I've always loved you, Liy. You give me butterflies... God, I sound like a little kid, but it's true...!!" Stapy cried out, a slight smile on his face as he began to blush.

"That's so pathetic, actually."

"W-What...?"

"You're my bully! You ruined me, along with my dad, but y'know. My life is literally shit because of you! What actually makes you think that I'm actually capable of reciprocating your feelings? The sheer thought of love makes me gag now. Love is just fakery. See, my mom

is a great example. She basically sold herself out for someone who would go on to later ruin her life and mine! I don't trust anyone who says they love. Love is so bullshit, I bet it's just a propaganda scheme by the government to increase the country's population, and in turn, generate money."

"W-What the...? Liy, there's no... ugh... just... love is real! W-Without love, a lot of people wouldn't be here, including myself. I can't believe it's so difficult to explain to you..."

"Oh yeah? If love is so real, if all I'm saying is bullshit. Why did me confessing my love to you back in first year end up with me beat and unconscious in an alleyway, you and that girl standing over and recording me without helping."

"..."

"Yeah, real clever, aren't you."

Stapy stayed quiet, trekking through the forest as Liy remained beside him.

"Y-Y'know, I didn't mean to hurt you, ever. I was so scared to bring all of that up in BFB, when we reunited. So, I just played it off as nothing thinking that you'd eventually forget. Such an asshole move that was, r-right!!"

"Prick." Liy spat, rolling her eyes.

"Sorry."

"Sorry? You should get down and beg and cry for forgiveness! Maybe then it'd cross my mind." Liy scoffed, shaking her head as Stapy glumly nodded.

"I miss you a lot." Stapy murmured as the girl stared at him.

"Fuck off and die."

"D-Do you think I should still try to find you, Liy?"

"What is this, Romeo and Juliet? You're not a tragic hero saving the

damsel in distress. You're the damsel in distress, you fucking idiot. Anyways, that's up to you. I could be in my own, happy world, or I could be dead and rotting in a corner. That's for you to find out, right?"

Stapy remained silent, petrified as suddenly stumbled upon a large, otherworldly metal box towering above him, three massive words written on the top that read 'Universe Connection Device'.

"W-WHAT IS THIS...?!" Stapy gasped, blinking in shock before looking down to see a shining keypad, almost reminiscent to that of a recovery centre.

"What do you do from here?" Liy questioned, a blank look on her face as Stapy impulsively reached for the keypad.

His expression was that of fear, his eyes wide as he began to type into the machine.

Who could it be?

"I'll find you Liy, and then we can save Foldy and everyone else!!" Stapy exclaimed, typing Liy's name in before turning to the massive and daunting 'ENTER' button.

"Well...?"

"Fuck, fine..." Stapy bit his lower lip, shutting his eyes before slamming his fist onto the enter button.

The machine glowed, slowly coming to life as the small chute opened up. Stapy shrieked, an unexplainable sensation travelling through his body as he felt the machine slowly suck him in.

Staying quiet, he opened his eyes to witness a whole universe before him, many different timelines and versions of his life that could be seen as he bolted past.

He smiled a little, childishly fascinated by the whole thing as he began to slowly but surely come close to a white void.

He let out a gasp, reaching his hand out to the glowing void as it

engulfed him with open arms.

And then. Blankness.

He couldn't feel a thing except the hollow pit in his stomach as his world began to fade into a dark grey.

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"Stapy. You shouldn't be sad for me."

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Silent against his will, Stapy looked around to see where the voice was coming from.

Although, it wasn't any voice, it was one he hadn't heard in years, and years...

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"Long time no see, silly!"

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And down she came, large, almost godlike, glowing wings of goodness catching Stapy's eye as she landed on the ground.

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"Don't be sad, seriously, it's not good for the skin."

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A shining, gold halo floating above her head, the light reflecting onto her mesmerising light purple eyes as she smiled.

Stapy gasped, tears flowing down his face as he trembled. He looked like nothing next to her...

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"You know, for the longest time behind the scenes. None of you knew but, I actually hated myself. I feel so silly for feeling that way, but y'know..."

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Stapy looked at the girl, still forced to be silent as she sighed.

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"More than anything else in the world, you know what I wanted?"

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"Death."

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"I feel so bad for feeling that way. I was horribly depressed, and in a way, you guys were my escapism, hah! I wanted that fate for a while, a long while. Until it actually came. She held up the weapon at me, and I felt the pain. I took back everything..."

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"I-... I love you, Stapy. As friends of course. I miss my best buddy. I wish I could see you again! I miss you and Foldy and everyone else so much. I miss my brother, dad, even mom! I miss Glassy, even Makeup Brush! I miss everyone and everything... I want to be back so badly, I want to live my full life! I want it! But, my fate was sealed. This life I lived taught me that you can't have everything."

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"So promise me now, Stapy. Please, protect everyone around you, even Liy. She has it the most difficult out of everyone. Help

everyone, just for me. Please."

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And with that, the angel waved goodbye, her wings flapping as she gracefully ascended up into the air, leaving Stapy completely stunned and shocked as he felt his body regain feeling.

His world brightened slightly, the dark cast unveiling to reveal a weird, strange and dystopian realm, the floor gooey and wet with a dark substance, the sky a deep, blood red. Though, that wasn't the thing that caught his attention.

A series of loud and pained sobs filled the atmosphere, along with soft gasps and cries.

He gasped, hopping toward the voice before suddenly and violently bumping into a tall and somewhat frightening figure, the two letting out grunts as they stumbled back.

"Who are you...?" Stapy uttered, looking at the tall, grey flashlight with curiosity before receiving an eyeroll.

"You, oh. Y'know what, I don't care. Probably that weird cushion girl who's doing this." Flashlight grumbled, taking in a cigarette before letting out a smoky breath.

"No, who are you? Really!" Stapy replied, exclaiming.

"What do I even say to you...? Just look around, you'll find out kid. Let me have a smoke." Flashlight bluntly replied, the cigarette making him feel a little drowsy as Stapy frowned before hopping off into the distance.

The cries became louder, Stapy's heart dropping to the ground as he kept looking and looking, before eventually...

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"A-Are you okay?"

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Stapy nervously held his palms together, looking to the girl as she looked back at him, her tearful blue eyes widening as she went deathly silent. Her mouth was wide open, her heart pounding as she wasn't able to forge a single word.

She huffed, shakily emerging from the ground before looking back at the boy, her eyes puffy and her vision blurred as she folded her arms.

Stapy smiled a little, his purple eyes filling with slight joy as he shuffled forward, causing the girl to walk back.

"Liy... finally I've found you!" He exclaimed with a smile, pacing forward as Liy continued to uncomfortably walk back.

"Who was that man back there? Do you know him?" He persisted, continuing to move closer to Liy as she continued to step back without a word.

"Wait, he's your dad, right?! God, I should've known. Anyways, let's go and save everyone now! C'mon, Liy!!"

Liy remained silent, a look of terror and slight anger as she continued to walk back. She wrapped her arms around her body uncomfortably, watching as Stapy continued to come forward with open arms as if he was ready to hug.

"We can save BFB!" Stapy shouted with a smile before receiving a sudden sharp slap on his face which caused him to pause.

"WHY ARE YOU HERE! FUCK OFF!!" Liy suddenly screamed back, her voice shrill and pained as she continued to step back. Tears flew down from her eyes, sweat trickling down her face as she let out a soft cry.

"Is that man hurting you? I'll hit him back, I'LL HIT HIM BACK!!" Stapy maniacally screamed without rational thoughts, turning away from Liy and back to Flashlight with both his arms out.

"NO! D-DON'T!!" Liy gasped out, reaching her hand out to Stapy with a sudden rush of guilt as she fell to her knees. Although, she was too scared to go forward, for she knew the extent of her dad's cruelty more than he or anyone else ever could.

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"HEY, YOU!!" Stapy yelled, holding up an angry fist as Flashlight slowly turned around.

"**Oh, hi.**"

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hey, dean here! I hope you enjoyed this chapter :)

Was such an emotional rollercoaster for me, pulled a plot twist and all LOL

anyways, if you liked then make sure to leave a vote !! see you in chapter 24!

Dean, out!

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Open Evening.

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⚠MAJOR TW: SELF-HARM, SU*C*DAL IDEATION. ⚠

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Thursday 19th November, 2015.

Location: Goiky College of Performing Arts & Media.

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"Here we are, at the grand palace of hopes and dreams! At least that's what I call it, anyway!" Pastel Highlighter exclaimed with a smile, raising her arms up in the air as she turned to Stapy and Foldy, who both looked fascinated by the massive and sleek, modernised building.

"This is so cool, Pastel! Not that I'm a performer or anything, but it's still good to know about places like these!" Foldy smiled in response, a look of awe on her eyes as she looked toward the picture frames and trophy stand, filled to the brim with different rewards from over the years.

"I will be a performer!" Stapy blurted out with a laugh as Foldy turned to him, looking him up and down jokingly before sighing.

"What, you're gonna juggle balls in a circus? Please." Foldy rolled her eyes before turning back to Pastel, who held up a smile as she

hummed a tune to herself.

"You know, my brother is gonna come here next year. He always had a soft spot for Media Studies." Pastel stated, keeping up her smile as Foldy let out a slight gasp.

"That's so cool! Good for him!" Foldy exclaimed happily in response.

"Wait, what's his name again?" Stapy interjected jokingly, scratching his chin as Pastel Highlighter raised a slight eyebrow.

"It's-"

"**Marker**! Right...?"

"Colouring Pen..." Pastel corrected him, sighing before letting out a slight laugh.

Foldy turned to Stapy, a mischievous smirk growing on her face as she nudged him on his arm.

"Wha?"

"Hey Stapy, isn't your sister around the same age as Pastel's brother? Say, what will she be studying next year?" Foldy uttered in a jokingly flat tone of voice as Stapy gave her a look of genuine confusion.

"I don't care enough to ask." Stapy blatantly lied in response, blushing and a little embarrassed as he folded his arms.

"Should I tell Binder Clip that you stole $20 from her purse the other day...?" Foldy stared back at Stapy, a demented grin forming on her face as the boy shivered.

"O-Okay!!" Stapy blushed, sweating profusely as he gave in.

,"S-She's doing Chemistry..."

"WHAT?! Holy hell, that's so boring! Why?" Foldy laughed in response as Stapy simply shrugged.

"She doesn't even like science either, she just thinks it's gonna 'open

more pathways in the future', like shut the fuck up, it's literally not! She's just wasting her time..."

"You're cute when you get all nervous like that!" Foldy teased the boy, a large smirk on her face as he stared back at her with a slight smirk, although wide-eyed.

"Enough PDA you two, we're in a public place!" Pastel jokingly scolded the pair, crossing her arms as they all burst out laughing shortly after.

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The three continued to walk down the halls of the gargantuan college campus, stumbling upon classroom after classroom, as well as a variety of teachers and students who were eager to chat, too eager. So eager in fact, that the three lost all the excitement and energy they had from earlier to the point that the eventually found themselves stumble into a messy dance studio-esque classroom before collapsing onto the floor and two spinny chairs that were on the back next to a teacher's desk.

"Just... want to rest a little..." Foldy mumbled, absolutely exhausted as she almost instantly fell asleep on the leather office chair.

Pastel Highlighter stayed standing, slight worry in her face as she watched the two fall asleep, fearing consequences by the school staff.

Taking a deep breath, she turned the lock on the door before silently looking around the classroom to maybe pass some time.

"O-Okay..." Pastel mumbled under her breath, turning to face the mirror as her demeanour began to become increasingly more timid. She held her sweaty palms together, taking a few breaths before pointing a finger towards her reflection.

"Y-You... uh. Fuck, I need my phone..." She grumbled, quietly trodding back to the teacher's desk where she had placed her handbag before pulling her phone out from it.

A little less nervous, she walked back to the mirror, typing a familiar song into her phone before holding it to her face as if it was a

microphone.

Holding up a slight smile, she began to tap her feet against the floor, gently swaying from side to side before jumping up and spinning before looking back towards the mirror, forming a heart with her hands as her world slowly but surely began to glow and shine, the empty dance studio slowly turning into a stage with thousands upon thousands.

Pastel, with a determined look on her face, began to vocalise and sing the lyrics from deep within her heart, the song going faster and faster until eventually she began rapping the lyrics word for word purely from memory.

She clapped her hands, energetically moving around and performing the dance exactly on point as the song slowly came to an end.

Her eyes were wide with shock, her smile growing larger as she took several deep breaths before tumbling to the floor with a sigh of relief.

She paused the song, scrolling through her notifications with a straight face, deep down hoping that it wouldn't be who she thought it was. Please... please...

'COME HOME NOW. YOU'RE ONE HOUR LATE. ANY LATER AND I'M PICKING YOU UP.'

Pastel's world instantly darkened and shattered into utter pieces, her eyes wide as she re-read the message a bunch of times - just to check if she was dreaming.

It was yet another harsh and controlling message from Pastel's mother. Great. Just as if going to a school in the central city wasn't enough to get away from her. This woman wouldn't let go.

And so, this was her true, unfiltered reality. No sappy dance and song would ever change that fact.

Pastel looked at her screen, teary-eyed as she slammed her phone on the wooden floor before digging her face into her arms.

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"O-Okay, last time, promise..." Pastel mumbled to herself shakily, holding the pack of painkillers tightly in her hands as a single tear slid down her face.

Gulping, she ripped them all out of the packet, closing her eyes shut as she threw them all in her mouth before swallowing it down with some water.

Letting out a loud gasp, she stumbled back, holding her head as she switched on her phone to check the time.

"Eight twenty-five." She read out loud with a slight eye-roll, placing her phone back down before looking back at Foldy and Stapy, who were somehow still asleep.

"I wish I could just sing and dance forever. Why God, why..." Pastel frowned, a look of desperation on her face as she quietly sat back down on the wooden floor, waiting patiently for her two friends to wake up.

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"One last chance. I'm giving this world one last chance."

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"H-Huh? Did someone say something?" Stapy suddenly blurted out, slowly waking up as Pastel turned to him.

"Woah there, buddy! You're awake!!" Pastel immediately put on a smile, laughing as he got up from the chair.

"What even happened...?" Stapy mumbled, holding his head as he looked around.

"It's eight forty-six, silly!"

"W-Wait, what?! Our train leaves in 20 minutes, there's no way we'll get to the station on time!!" Stapy exclaimed, a worried look on his face as he began to sweat nervously.

"Y-You're right! Uh... what do we do?! How do we get out without being caught! The school's probably closed and shut!!" Pastel exclaimed, putting on a face of worry as Stapy suddenly grabbed onto Foldy, shaking her awake before running over to the door.

"Whats happening...?" Foldy mumbled, looking around with exhaustion just to see the other two nervously pacing around in the dance studio.

"Uh, we should go now, yeah Foldy? Last train until early morning!!" Pastel replied back with a nervous smile as Foldy instantly got up before heading for the door.

"Let's go, then! I don't wanna be stuck in the city!!" Foldy retorted worriedly, unlocking the door before all three began to bolt through the halls, their footsteps filled with both worry and excitement.

They laughed together, Stapy and Pastel holding hands as they both childishly jumped up and down through the empty, blacked-out halls of the college.

"N-NO TIME FOR JOKES, YOU TWO! WE NEED TO FIND THE EXIT ALREADY!!" Foldy yelled out, struggling to keep up with the other two, who were already way ahead of her.

"Party pooper!!!!!" Stapy blew a raspberry at the origami before bursting into laughter.

"Bet you can't do this, loser!" Pastel Highlighter stuck her tongue out, bending down before springing up in the air, raising her hands up into the air before diving onto the ground, cartwheeling twice before jumping back up like nothing happened.

"Wh- HOW?!" Stapy blurted out, extremely and blatantly jealous by the girl's skill.

"That's what 10 years of gymnastics does, pal!!"

"Fine then, show me more, Miss Super Talented!"

"Guys..." Foldy sighed, "We're in a bit of a hurry right n-"

"Okay!" Pastel replied back, a confident grin on her face as she sprung up into the air once more, her heart pumping faster than ever before.

She closed her eyes, full trust in herself and her strengths as she prepared to do a flip in the air before landing back down. Although, the moment she jumped up, she felt something stab at her very core, something so deep-rooted as her stomach began to churn uncomfortably. Letting out a loud gasp, her eyes shot wide open, her vision blurred as she tumbled back onto the marble floor with a loud and fatal crash, her body instantly immobilising as she let out a weak cough.

Her eyes slowly began to close, her heartbeat instantly and almost unnaturally slowing as she felt her world darken, before slowly shutting off...

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"Everything will be okay, ma'am. We just need to do a few checks."

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"PASTEL, MY BABY!"

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what...

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"HOW DID THIS HAPPEN? SHE WAS FINE!!"

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how did... what happen...

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"Most likely overdose, ma'am."

-

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oh yeah...

i cant get enough of that, can i.

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"My girl... y-you're so stupid..."

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"Mom, what's happening?"

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exactly what im asking.

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"Your stupid sister... took that stuff. Your stupid sister tried to die."

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shut up, mom. if i die, youre coming with me.

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"SHE'S NOT STUPID!"

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"I suggest you keep your mouth shut. You already lost your twin sister anyways, don't be so keen on losing another."

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"STOP MENTIONING HER, UGH- YOU-!!!"

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"SLAP ME AND I SWEAR TO GOD, YOU'LL NEVER SEE THE LIGHT OF DAY AGAIN!!"

-

no slap will fix her, brother. youre wasting your time.

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Pastel let out a gasp, her eyes immediately opening as she quickly lifted herself up from the rough hospital bed.

Both her mom and brother paused, turning to her with a look of shock as she rubbed her eyes.

"Pastel, you stupid, stupid girl!!" Her mother immediately scolded her, tears flying out of her eyes as she held her hands to her mouth.

"Wow. Good to see that you're still the same as always." Pastel snapped back, half-awake and beginning to space out as her mother stared back at her with a look of anger.

"Selfish cow." Her mother snapped as Pastel slowly shut her eyes again.

"THAT'S ENOUGH! LEAVE HER ALONE!!" Pastel's older brother, Colouring Pen, stepped him, pushing his mom back with full force, causing her to stumble and hit her back against the wall.

"OW!"

"Pastel, you good?" He calmed down, walking over to his sister with a slight smile as she looked back at him, barely able to respond.

"You look... funny." Pastel mumbled, smirking a little as she held onto the plastic handles of the hospital bed.

"A college open evening turns into the girl strung out on the floor. Pfft, stupid. Just stupid. You're a kid! You haven't seen the world, so get ahold of yourself!" Pastel's mother scoffed from a distance, her arms folded as she looked the girl up and down.

"Ignore her. You're fine with me, okay sis?" Colouring Pen whispered under his breath as the girl looked back, forming a slight smile.

"Where's Foldy and Stapy?" Pastel muttered, a little worried.

"They had to go home, but it's okay. You'll see them on Monday, okay?"

Pastel nodded, beginning to feel a horrible wave of guilt wash over her as she began to visualise their faces.

Her stomach began to twist, her face beginning to go pale as she held onto her mouth.

"Ah, so you didn't think about how your friends would feel?" Pastel's mother stepped forward, a look of pride and slight disgust on her face as the girl looked back at her, utterly stunned.

"S-Stop..."

"No, it's always the 'the world would be better if little old me was gone, ugh, oh, no one likes meeee! I wanna dieeee!!' ISN'T IT?!"

"FUCK OFF!!" Pastel screamed back, holding her mouth as her stomach began to ache and twist even more.

"NO, TELL ME! WAS YOUR OLDER GETTING FUCKING RAN OVER BY A DRUNK DRIVER NOT ENOUGH? Oh, no! You wanna be with her too! Our little martyr, God bless you!!"

"SHUT UP!!!" Pastel coughed out, holding her mouth as tightly as possible as she felt a burning sensation travel up her throat.

"You fool. Just give yourself a chance to actually live life and then you'll see that all the shit you worry about is minuscule in actuality!"

Pastel stayed silent, unable to process a single word as she began to zone out and disassociate once more.

"Mom, just let her heal. You don't have to be so forceful!" Colouring Pen exclaimed before receiving an eyeroll in response.

"Leaving that girl by herself is like leaving a bomb to explode. If no one does anything, she'll stab a hole into my wallet with funeral expenses. Go on, talk some sense into your sister. Clearly she won't listen to me."

The boy sighed, shaking his head before turning to Pastel, who was clearly in her own world at this point, as she was immobilised, her eyes wide and glued to the exact same spot on the wall as she let out a long sigh.

"Sis, you should know that people who don't like you don't matter. I learnt that during my time in high school, and now it's my last year. Just 2 years left for you and then you can leave and pursue your dreams! Tell me, who are your friends at school?"

Pastel blinked, turning to her brother with a blank look on her face.

"Uh... Foldy, Stapy... Glassy... probably MB, but I don't know about her too much."

"See, there you go! You have those guys! Don't you think that they'd miss you if you weren't present in school?"

"Dunno."

"Foldy definitely would. I've seen the way that girl is with you, she's so happy around you! You make people happy, sis!"

"No I don't."

"You make me happy!"

"'Kay."

"Fine then. But mark my words." Colouring Pen uttered in a slightly darker tone as Pastel simply blinked.

,"Whether you like it or not, I'll fight for you to stay. You will stay here. I've already lost my twin sister. You've lost your sister too, even if you were too young to remember. We don't wanna lose you too, so please. Stay. Stay for us. Stay for me. Please..."

"..."

He sighed, trying his best to keep up a smile despite being absolutely shattered on the inside.

"I love you, brother." Pastel simply smiled, looking at him with tired eyes as she slowly leant back to lie down on the hospital bed..

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"I love you too."

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To think those words would've stuck with her.

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FIN.

role reversal. - chapter 23.5

The universe flashed before my eyes, a whirlwind of thoughts spinning in my mind as I clenched my teeth together. The floor came closer, my head throbbing with the pain from earlier, my body numb and my legs rendered motionless as I braced myself for a swift demise.

Maybe that's what Pastel felt when she was pushed down the stairs all those years ago. Maybe that's what Flower felt when *I* almost pushed her off those stairs. Maybe that's what Fries felt when I broke his arm. Is that the feeling? The feeling of being rejected by the world, and quickly being deleted. Maybe that's what Liy felt all those years ago.

Maybe, just maybe. Can I be given a second chance? Or is it the end for me.

Maybe I'll just be... forgotten.

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"So, guys! Do you feel that anything is different, huh, huuuh??!!"

She raised her arms up into the air, grinning from ear-to-ear as she looked toward the crowd, watching as their smiles began to fade a little.

"You don't? Come on! Don't be foolish." Pillow rolled her eyes, putting a hand on her hip as one of them stepped forward, his purple cap sticking out from amongst the crowd as he stood before the girl.

"U-Uh... Liy wouldn't promote death, w-would she...?" He nervously uttered, his unique and almost abnormal statement causing everyone to let out a gasp.

"Marker, oh Marker. Liy is an all-loving empress. Of course she wouldn't! This case is unique though. That was our horrible... HORRIBLE ENEMY!!!!" Pillow screamed back, putting on a look of rage as Marker stepped back.

"What do we do with Foldy... t-then...? N-Now that she's... g-gone..."

Pillow's face went blank, blinking as she looked Marker up and down before folding her arms and smirking.

"You're not defying Liy's orders, are you Marker! Because if you are... you can be our next piano player!!"

The crowd shouted a loud "YES!!" in unison, an anxious look on Marker's face as he looked back at the dead one, her motionless body drenching in her own blood as her turquoise began to fade out into a reddish-green.

His eyes widened, his mind filling with more questions than answers...

"Wait! *I* saw Liy crying earlier though!! D-Don't you remember?" Marker shouted, raising his arms up in the air as if to catch Pillow's attention.

"Pfft. No? What are you talking about?"

Marker laughed nervously, looking at Pillow before turning back to

the crowd, who all had disappointed looks on their faces.

"B-But! Where even *is* Liy?" He persisted, hoping to maybe convince Pillow to rethink or at the very least buy some time.

"Stop loitering, Marker. We have some important business to get to! Fulfilling Liy's wishes isn't exactly an easy task, as you can tell."

Marker went deathly silent, watching as the large crowd of Liy-fanatics began to walk out of the unrealistically massive hall and through the doors, emptying the space and leaving him alone with what was once Foldy.

Now a lifeless shell.

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"Liy... or Foldy...?"

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"Marker, are you defecting our wondrous community, in exchange for a traitor...?"

Marker went silent, slowly turning around just to see Pillow standing before him, a smile plastered on her face as she watched him tremble.

"N-No, I just—!!!"

"Hm... aha! I knew it!! I knew Liy's brainwashing strategy was rubbish!!!!!"

"W-WHAT?!"

"It's okay, you can be the one to fix the errors!" Pillow giggled, grabbing onto Marker's two arms with full force, causing him to topple down on the ground as she began to drag him across the floor.

"NO, L-LET GO OF ME! PLEASE!!" Marker screamed, bursting into

tears as he tried his very best to squirm out of Pillow's tight grip.

"You are my new test subject!"

"FOLDY!!!!!!" Marker screeched, being dragged further and further away from Foldy, and back through the corridor, the door slamming shut as the deathly-loud bang ringing in his ears as he slowly drew a blank...

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Saturday 9 FeBurY 2008

Todzy wus so fun" iT WUz MUMs bDAy"!!
did yuo Know that She is 29 toDay?
We had choclet cak dnd it wuz yum
SHe sayd thaT MY HaNd riting iz good!
i Wizh dad
wuz here too,
"t wUd be fun"!
i duno who he iz
tho

Me and MUM

-Foldy

Friday 13th December, 2013.

My new school is going alright so far. Stapy met this girl called Liy. We're friends, I think? She's an anxious mess, and sometimes chickens out from the group completely. Don't know a lot about her, but holy hell, she's ANNOYING!! She acts so super clever and it makes me cringe so hard. I also think she has a crush on Stapy. MY BEST FRIEND!! It makes me sick even thinking about it. It always comes back to bite me though.

"STAPY!!! Can I study with you later?!!! Pleaase!

Like, SHUT UP!! I also met this girl called Pastel Highlighter, she's nice.

-Foldy.

Friday 14th February 2014.

I hate Liy, I'm admitting it. Today I gave her a surprise that she will never forget. I know what she's up to, taking Stapy from me.

Let it be my birthday gift to her, for all the shit she's done to ME. Also V-day, funny thing...

You are SO over Liy.

NOW you know to never cross me, XOXO -

-Foldy♡.

Who do we follow when the leader is gone?

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CHAPTER 24 - BEGINNING OF THE END.

beginning of the end. - chapter 24

⚠TW: SU*C*DE MENTION.⚠

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08/2017.

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"How's everything going for you so far here? I know that they all can be a bit... much. I'm sorry if any of them acted funny towards you."

"Oh no, it's okay! I-I'm fine..."

The two sat on the wooden bench, the warm summer breeze blowing in their faces as the sun slowly set, casting a beautiful, peachy colour across the grasslands.

"You sure? Again, I'm just really sorry. We're all still overwhelmed from everything. All the escaping boxes, trekking through the woods, collecting resources to build our huts. It was all so, so much!"

He looked into her navy-blue eyes, a little mesmerised as she simply sat there, a reassuring smile on her face as she turned back to him.

"Pen, I understand. I know I just came out of the blue. I'm sorry if I made you all uncomfortable. I'm just... going through a lot."

"It's okay! What do you have to apologise for anyway, Liy?"

"I scared you all, just showing up randomly. You haven't even known me for a week, yet you're bothering to talk to talk to me. Why...?"

Pen stayed quiet, looking into the distance with a slight smile before turning back to the girl, his eyes bright and full of joy.

"Because, you're a person just like the rest of us! You're not different to anyone else here. Why should I just leave you behind?"

Liy rolled her eyes, dropping her head to the floor as she let out a long sigh.

"That's what they all say."

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"What happened to you...?" Pen muttered, a little stunned as Liy let out a soft gasp before turning her head up to look back at him.

"Huh?"

"I-I'm... sorry! I didn't mean to say that!!"

"Ah, what gives. You meant it or you didn't, you still have the upper hand." Liy grumbled, shuffling away from him and taking a corner on the bench.

"What are you talking about...?" Pen uttered, becoming increasingly confused by this girl.

"You wouldn't understand, Pen."

He blinked, his expression filling with guilt as he slowly reached his hand out to the lightswitch, who simply blinked in response.

"C-Can you at least... let me try...?"

"..."

"You don't have to if you don't wanna, but y'know... I'm always here. You're safe, okay?"

Liy looked at him, letting out a long sigh as she folded her arms.

"Imagine being constantly tormented for months, and months. No one helping. No one caring. Just... forgotten."

"..."

"And the people you thought were your closest friends... end up stabbing you in the back! They leave you to bleed out, with no mercy, watching with a smile, enjoying your suffering."

Pen stayed quiet, his eyes widening a little as Liy continued on, her voice becoming weaker and more emotional.

"Even my pa-"

"Huh?"

"I mean, even the two people who I thought I meant the world to... they just didn't care. Too selfish." Liy uttered, beginning to tremble as she looked to the ground.

"Liy... you're okay now. You're in a place where everyone will care!"

"Everyone here is so upbeat, there's no way I'd fit in with them..."

"You'll be sure to in no time, don't sweat it!" Pen smiled, trying his best to reassure the girl, who still seemed to be in her own world.

"You... really think so?"

"I know so! Hm... I know this guy. Him and his friend just came here recently too. They're Marker's friends. He's super fun to talk to, I'm sure he'll help you around here!" Pen exclaimed, slowly getting up from the bench before turning to Liy, reaching out a hand as she simply stared back at him, a slight smile on her face as she grabbed on before standing back up.

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"How was your life before you came here, Pen? Friends, school and stuff..."

"Friends? Huh... I have a few friends back home in Goiky city. We always used to go to this park after school and have watergun fights, it was so rad!! How about you?"

Liy stayed quiet, looking to the ground as she frowned a little.

"It wasn't amazing. That's... all I can say."

"Huh..."

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"We're back guys!!" Pen called out to everyone as the door flew open, receiving a few greetings in response as him and Liy came in.

Liy turned to the side awkwardly, trying to avoid the curious stares of everyone else.

"Bro. You took so long!" Eraser came forward, him and Pen doing their handshake before laughing.

"I did not! Like, what, 15 minutes? Psshh, no big deal!" Pen chuckled, holding his hands onto his hips as Eraser slowly turned to Liy, who was, weirdly enough, staring at the celing, completely zoned out.

"How's your friend?" He muttered, a little creeped out by how silent and unbothered the girl was. She was just there, standing.

Pen blinked, immediately turning to Liy just receive a smile and a shy wave in response.

He turned back to Eraser, his smile quickly fading as he stepped closer to him before leaning forward.

"She's fine. Don't make a big deal out of it, she's still new! Just talk to her and make her feel welcome." Pen whispered into Eraser's ear before slowly backing away, holding up a smile as Eraser simply stared back at him.

"Bro. How?"

"There's no way you're finding this difficult. You talk to everyone here like it's nothing!"

"I know! But..." Eraser fearfully turned back to Liy, her skeptical gaze sending shivers down his spine as he backed away.

"Whatever, bro." Pen sighed, turning away before walking back to Liy, a smile on his face.

"Sorry I took so long, uhhh, let me take you to the guy I was talking about!" Pen exclaimed, Liy shyly nodding as the two walked out of the lounge and through the halls.

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"Do you all just hang out here?" Liy questioned, a little hesitant.

"I guess. We could be playing board games, video games, dance parties... it's all fun here! We all needed a break from the competition, anyways."

"I see..." She muttered, anxiously folding her arms as they abruptly stopped in front of a tall, red door.

"We call this the 'board games' room! I think he'll be in here." Pen stated, holding onto the doorknob and twisting it, the creaky wooden door slowly opening as Liy hesitantly backed away.

Pen turned to Liy, holding out his hand to her with a welcoming smile as she reluctantly grabbed on, the two walking into the room to be met with a few new faces. Although... some of them weren't so new... in fact...

"Hey guys!" Pen waved to everyone, a large grin on his face as he received a few waves in response.

One of them stepped forward, a look of pure shock as he faced Liy, who was now pale in the face.

"Liy, I haven't seen you in forever! A-Are you... okay?"

His movements were so familiar. His smile was so familiar. His voice was so familiar it was sickening.

"I... I.....-"

"Stapy, you know her?" Pen interjected, a look of surprise as another one jumped up onto her feet, a more stern expression as she shoved the red stapler aside.

"Is this some sort of joke?!" She yelled, a look of pure disgust on her face as Liy let out a gasp.

The girl rolled her eyes, turning away from Liy and stamping towards Pen, her eyes wide and her face red with anger as he nervously

backed away.

"What are you playing at, Pen?!"

"What are you talking about, Foldy?" He blurted, letting out a nervous laugh as he raised his hands into the air in a joking manner.

"YOU'RE NOT FUNNY!!"

"What are you all talking about?" Someone else interjected as everyone turned to face him. A marker with a bright purple cap and a look of curiosity on his face as he held onto some cards from the game that they were playing.

"Someone here decided that it was funny to bring HER in here!!" Foldy blurted out, full of rage as Pen pushed her aside, screwing up his face as he scoffed.

"Well geez, I thought that maybe you'd be welcoming Foldy!" Pen sighed, his tone very much sarcastic as he made his way to the entrance where Liy was, although she was gone, the door remaining slightly open.

"Just leave!"

Pen sighed, walking out of the room and closing the door shut as the three remained silent, a look of guilt on Stapy's face as he looked at Foldy, who was livid and trembling with fury.

"Don't you think that was a bit too much?" Stapy uttered, backing away a little as Foldy let out a loud scoff.

"**She deserves it.**"

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BEGINNING OF THE END - CHAPTER 24.

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PRESENT.

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"These people died in the hotel, all 40 of them. Brutally massacred. Yet the only two we haven't found yet, the only two, are Foldy and Liy?"

"That can't be right, boss, it just can't! It's almost impossible to escape that building. The doors were boarded up, and there were no windows. Don't say something stupid like they teleported..." Sundial let out a sigh, rubbing his temples as he tried to wrap his head around this big mess.

"I mean, they were enemies on that BFB TV show thing, ya' think their disappearance has something to do w-"

"Do you really believe that reality TV crap? This is serious business."

"I know, it's just... why them in specific? Have we looked into them? Is there a missing piece?" The other detective began to question everything, hands on his head and panic in his eyes as he faced Sundial, who was clutching his chin and in deep thought.

,"You think we should interrogate your cousin and the other one again? They were part of this cast..."

"I don't think so. Clock wouldn't know anything, neither would Firey Jr... they weren't invited to the hotel trip, and they weren't close to either of the suspects. Just... ugh. I saw them a few days ago. Stapy came along, and he questioned me about the Rosemead High School Murder. The first one to be exact."

"That's odd, why?"

"Stapy was a friend of the victim, he went to the same school as her, and, so did Liy and Foldy..."

"Wait. You don't think..."

"What?" Sundial uttered, a raised eyebrow as his boss went quiet.

"You don't think that maybe... all three of them are behind the murder? Maybe Stapy is trying to cover Foldy and Liy's backs by coming to you and acting concerned. Maybe those two ran away because they knew they'd be found out."

"That still doesn't explain the hotel incident." Sundial stated, tapping his fingers against the table as his boss let out a groan.

"I can't figure this out, then! It's just... so much! How could these kids cause so much damage, just how?!" The boss exclaimed, his eyes wide as he became increasingly confused.

"I don't believe that Stapy is guilty. He came to me, with a look of genuine concern. As if he'd just discovered something, and Pastel

Highlighter's case was the final piece to the puzzle. The boy was crying, boss, he could barely hold himself together when I showed him the interrogation tapes." Sundial argued, looking his boss in the eyes.

"Why would he just come to you about a 3-year-old cold case?"

"That girl was his best friend, boss. I just don't see why he'd do such a thing. That's farfetched if you ask me."

"Sundial, how else could we explain what's been happening, all of this. I just don't know anymore! The problem is that we can't just let it go now, the backlash would be astronomical..."

"I suggest we look into Liy's history. I've already done some of that." Sundial stated before pushing his chair back and bending down, reaching for his bag before lifting it back onto the desk and laying it flat in front of the boss, opening it up and pulling out his trusty laptop.

"What did you find on her?"

"Well, it's not so much about Liy herself, but it's still something noteworthy."

The boss leaned his cheek onto his palm, his eyes widening a little as Sundial began to scour through documents before abruptly pausing.

"She's known to have had significant behavioural issues during her time in school. Lashing out at teachers, fighting with students, even disassociating completely. It felt strange. Strange for someone her age to be having that strong of emotions. That much anger. That much sadness... it begs the question whether something happened to her at a very early stage in her life that we're unaware of. Possibly something traumatic which changed her view. Something she held onto and was never able to forget."

"Even so, she couldn't have been that affected that she did all of this. That's insanity!" The boss yelled, raising his hands into the air as Sundial simply remained quiet, looking back to his laptop before continuing.

"She was eerily calm and collected when questioned about Pastel Highlighter's tragedy. She knew what to say, when to put on an act. It was as if she had an entire script memorised in her head. It was dystopian. Usually, someone her age would freak out at this, not know what to say. Liy had it all covered, and that was strange."

"Huh..."

"It turns out that isn't all. I've looked a little deeper. Call me a meddler, I don't care, but I was looking into her parents, specifically her dad."

"Parents? Dad? Don't you think you're going off-track?!" The boss nervously laughed.

"I think it's the key to understanding her."

"Whatever you say, Sundial..." His boss smirked, fidgeting with the pen in his hand as Sundial scrolled through the documents.

"It's pretty vague, and I've tried to make sense of it."

"Just say what you've found."

"Her father was in trouble for shoplifting in the late 90s, in the early 2000s he got into a physical fight with his sister's ex-partner, and apparently..."

"Hold on, j-just hold on!!"

"Huh?" Sundial mumbled, pushing down the laptop screen as his boss began to hesitate and ponder.

"Are you talking about... Flashlight?"

"Yeah...?"

"He was the one I interrogated back in 2002!" The boss admitted, a little panicked as Sundial simply stared at him.

,"Flashlight came off as a troubled young man, unsure of what to do in his life. He had this stupid smirk on his face, and he always liked

to act as if he was better than everyone else. He was also weirdly detached, like, in the emotional sense. He didn't seem to feel any sort of guilt about his crime, I don't think he even understood the severity of it..."

"Huh. How strange..." Sundial mumbled as his boss continued.

"There was him acting egoistical, the other times, it was like he was in his own world. When I was with him, I don't think he even knew what year it was, or anything. He was dazed, out of his head."

"That's interesting, really it's-"

"I don't get why it concerns you! Even if we understand this Liy girl, that won't change the fact that all these people are dead. And the recovery centres were hacked so we can't revive anyone for questioning!" The boss exclaimed angrily, causing Sundial to go silent.

"If we understand the girl, then maybe it could bring us closer to solving the-"

"Sundial, I DON'T CARE! Liy's oh so sad past doesn't make her any less guilty! Quit slacking."

"Will you just let me explain?!" Sundial snapped, quite pissed.

"Explain WHAT? WE DON'T HAVE TIME TO DWELL ON THE-"

"Liy's father was accused of 2 murders and also accused of pushing someone to suicide."

His boss went deathly silent, his jaw dropping and his eyes widening as Sundial sternly glared at him.

"He... was accused of opening fire in a residential area and shooting someone to death. Mid-2002. Also, there's Magazine. She died in her own residence to a single stab wound. March of 2002. Lantern took her own life early 2002. They found a series of threatening text messages rumoured to be from Flashlight himself. They traced back the mobile number to Northern Goiky, but couldn't do much from there."

"Oh my God..." The boss mumbled, going pale with utter shock as Sundial sighed.

,"It's just speculation, right? They didn't find anything against him for certain, did they?!"

"Well... Lantern's death is very uncertain. The mobile number that messaged her was never used again after that. It was likely on a burner phone. You know, those tiny Blueberry phones with the keyboards? Something like that you could easily discard. The person messaging her likely knew that if they used their personal number, it would be directly incriminating them. Obviously now, it's been almost 20 years. It's going to be difficult."

"Huh..."

"I tried to look for any contact details of relatives or anyone associated with her we could question. And it was quite interesting, what I've found."

"Sundial, calm down! We're not gonna reopen an 18-year-old case just because you have a hunch! No chance, not at all!!" His boss exclaimed, slamming one of his fists on the table as Sundial remained collected.

"Her ex-husband wasn't an easy find. Apparently he moved to a different city entirely and changed all of his details, so that's a dead end. Her mother and father are both deceased, long time ago."

"What are you getting at Sundial? We were talking about the hotel just a few moments ago, our main focus! You're just looking into this too much. I can't believe this." The boss let out a sigh, rubbing his temples as Sundial continued to look through his laptop.

"Just wait! Hold on, okay." Sundial grumbled, scrolling through his computer before abruptly pausing. His eyes widened, his mouth opening with shock as he scrambled for his reading glasses.

"What now?"

"I-Is that... the same one?!"

"Same what? Geez..."

"Lantern's younger sister is Lampy. That's the only link to her that's still alive! And also... she's Liy's mom."

"WHAT?!"

Sundial slammed the laptop shut, taking in a few deep breaths before reaching for his notepad.

"This all feels like one big joke, to be honest." The boss mumbled, rolling his eyes as he leaned back on his chair.

"Why didn't you just arrest him all the way back then if he was accused of this many crimes?!" Sundial exclaimed, quite stunned as his boss sighed.

"Not enough evidence. You don't arrest people based on rumours alone. Plus, his parents are filthy rich and could easily bail him out if they wanted."

"Good grief..."

"With that being said, we should get back to the main focus. We should get back to this so called 'unearthing' later, Sundial. The past doesn't hold the answers, but the present does. The more time we waste, the further we'll be from getting justice. And that's what you want, right?" His boss stated in a slightly harsh tone as he got up from his chair.

Sundial sighed, shoving his laptop into his bag before also getting up, the two objects walking out of the discussion room and out into the cold, barren halls of the police station.

"You wanna go for a coffee, Sundial? They're doing discounts down at the town hall right now."

"Sure, why not..." Sundial bluntly responded, looking towards the ground as they reached the main reception.

"Good day Sundial, Tophat! The door right?"

"Yeah, and good day to you too, Picture Frame." Sundial's boss, Tophat, smiled, waving the other officer goodbye as they walked out and back into the sunny streets of Central Goiky.

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Tophat, like he usually does, takes everything with a grain of salt. He is only focused on the end goal.

It's such a funny coincidence that he's my boss, since we're both polar opposites when it comes to this job. Whatever...

I spent the rest of that day scouring the database, trying my best to find information that wasn't already lost to time. This was so difficult to make sense of. Every time I thought I had reached a breaking point, it turned out to be a dead end.

Flashlight is a mysterious individual. A direct contrast to the rest of his family, which were quite under the radar.

I searched, starting with the alleged shootout. Barely anything. All I could trace is that the victim was an unidentified woman in her mid to late fifties.

I moved onto Magazine's murder, it was more or less the same. They found fingerprints on the murder weapon, a kitchen knife, but were unable to trace it to a specific person. They haven't been able to do anything else since.

Then, a little bummed by the lack of results, I saved Lantern's death for last. I scrolled through, most of the documents being more or less the same thing, except one...

I'm stunned, scrambling for my glasses and notepad as I stop at an image.

It's blurry, just barely legible, but it looked like a note. A final note.

It was stated that the paper had both sides filled, but only one photo was attached. The front.

It read:

25/05/2002.

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I've tried. I really have. I spent my whole life working toward something that was predetermined. Something I never had a say in. I've been silenced for my entire life by the people around me, but mainly by my mother.

She is partly the reason things are the way they are. She forced me to go to university. She forced me to get this job. And she tried to force me to stay with her forever. But I couldn't.

I had found the love of my life, and told mom that I was planning to move out and live with him. Of course, she rejected it, and it spiralled into a massive situation. Eventually, she was forced to let me go. And at long last, I was free from her clutches.

But there was still someone who wasn't. My little sister. I stupidly left her behind out of selfishness and young love, thinking that she'd be fine without me, thinking that maybe mom would calm down.

I'm so sorry to Lampy, my little sister. Firstly, because I never spoke to you after I moved out. I was so scared of mom finding out, and I wanted to be out of her grasp completely, which of course meant leaving you behind too. I never wanted to ignore you, little sister. I never wanted to make you feel worthless, or like you did something wrong. I only ever wanted the best for you. I wish we could've spoken again.

And secondly-

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It cuts off there, just like that. No ifs and buts. I wonder why this was so meticulously hidden. Why did it take me so long to find this? I guess it's

out of my control. And this doesn't really relate to Flashlight in any way.

I'll just save this to my computer. Maybe something else will come up...

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THE NEXT DAY.

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It was a warm spring day, the light shining brighter than ever before as the train sped through the bustling city of Goiky.

Sundial was on the very last carriage, sat in the back corner with his laptop directly in his face and earbuds connected as he continued to listen through the available interrogation footage. Just trying to find something concrete. Something that wasn't assumption.

His heart raced, his fingers placed on the keyboard as he kept scrubbing back and forth through footage, just hoping to find something of significance. Something that would shut down Tophat's doubts once and for all.

"Present holds the answers... what malarkey." Sundial grumbled as his boss's words began to repeat in his mind.

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"Good day to you, Picture Frame." Sundial walked through the doors of the station, bluntly greeting the officer, not even looking his direction as he walked through the halls.

"Good day to you, too...?"

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Sundial walked into the room, immediately slamming his rucksack onto the table before taking a seat and opening it up with haste.

He pulled out his trusty laptop, sweat trickling down his face as he began to type into it as quick as he possibly could while eyeing the clock.

"Cmon, quick..." He uttered, tapping his foot on the ground nervously as he pulled up one of the files he had saved onto the computer before looking at the time once again.

Exactly 11am sharp.

The door behind him slowly opened, a tired and grumpy Tophat walking in and taking a seat just to be met with Sundial's firm glare.

"What now, kid?" Tophat sighed, taking a seat on the chair as Sundial turned around the laptop screen.

"I need to find out more about this!"

Tophat read through the image, Lantern's final note.

"Sundial, what did I say to you yesterday? Focus on what actually-"

"This could actually be the key to everything!"

Tophat looked him up and down, a slight smirk on his face as he pushed the laptop back.

"It's just some note. What could it be worth? Besides, it's 18 years old. Even if you wanted to retrieve it, no one would have it anymore!"

Sundial sighed, typing into his laptop again as Tophat let out a loud groan.

"This is too serious to ignore. This man took the lives of 3 people and he's still walking free!" Sundial protested as his boss simply stared at him in disbelief.

"I don't know what to do with you anymore..."

"Flashlight's family is loaded! His parents are obviously covering for him. There's no way they're not."

"You're just running on theories, this is nonsense!! There's no evidence, no documentation, NOTHING!!!"

"Oh, it'll reveal itself, just you wait..."

"What do you suggest we do, huh?!" Tophat questioned angrily, slamming his hand on the table as Sundial faced him with a look of determination in his eyes.

"We take his family in for questioning."

"WHAT?!"

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"Sundial, you're really something, you know that?"

"About that later, we need to get to their residence..."

The two entered the small police car, both slightly nervous as they buckled their seatbelts.

"How far is this? I should really be looking into the main case right now." Tophat uttered, checking the time on his phone before looking back at Sundial, who was starting up the car.

"About 34 kilometres, so just over 45 minutes."

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Tophat sighed, remaining silent as they drove through the busy streets, past the many pedestrians, past the dozens of other vehicles that crowded up the roads, past the new, refreshed buildings that lit up the city even through all this darkness.

And as the speed picked up, so did the investigation, because before they knew it, there the two were, parking beside a slightly aged, three-story family home that towered above all the other homes in the area. The gates were new and freshly painted, hedges trimmed to perfection, colourful flowers growing out of them.

"This is going to be a long day..." Tophat mumbled, picking up the folders that Sundial had left at the backseats before coming out of the car.

"You think they'll answer?" Sundial asked with a slight smile, locking the car shut as the two walked over to the front gate.

"They have to, y'know." Tophat replied straightforwardly, clutching onto his police badge as they reached the intercom.

Sundial stood tall before the metal panel, scouring through the dozens of buttons with a look of confusion before laying eyes on a CCTV camera on the very top of the panel, staring him down as he curiously peered back at it.

"Stupid, how does this work...?!" Sundial grumbled, turning to Tophat and receiving a shrug.

"I wish I could help you, but I can't reach that, man."

Sundial let out an annoyed sigh, pushing a few buttons on the metal panel before suddenly hearing a loud ringing sound, reminiscent to that of dialling a number.

"Okay, I think I got it...?" Sundial uttered, looking at the camera with an innocent smile as the ringing halted.

"Who's this?" A voice from the metal box questioned the two officers as Tophat held up his police badge, standing on his tip-toes to try and reach the camera.

"We'd like to ask you a few questions, is all!" Sundial kept up his smile, the intercom going abruptly silent.

"Right, come on in then."

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Sundial and Tophat kept up smiles, the door slowly opening to be met with a middle aged-looking Camera, looking at the two awkwardly before quickly smiling.

"Uh... my parents aren't really home right now, if that's who you're after." Camera stated, looking to the side with slight fear.

"No, we're here for you too." Sundial stated, his tone going suddenly firm as the woman stepped back, the two officers making their way into the house and immediately looking around.

"Sorry, it's just busy today. My parents asked me to stay around while they were out is all! I don't actually live here!!!"Camera overexplained, beginning to tremble as the two officers simply stared back at her.

"And you are?" Tophat looked at the woman suspiciously, walking forward as she immediately froze.

"I'm... what...? I don't get it, s-sorry!!"

"What's your relation to Flashlight?"

Camera's face immediately dropped, letting out a nervous laugh as she took a few deep breaths.

"I'm his older sister... 3 years older to be exact!!"

"..."

"D-Did you find him?"

"Find him?" Sundial raised an eyebrow as Camera anxiously folded her arms.

"He h-hasn't talked to me in a few weeks now! I only... saw him in person last time. I didn't see him again since then, I swear!!"

"We're here because we believe he's had direct involvement in 2 homicides and 1 suicide."

"The... WHAT?!" She yelped, holding hands to her mouth as the officers placed down their files onto the glass coffee table, eyeing Camera with suspicion as she sat down on the couch.

,"W-When was this...?!"

"2002."

"2002..." Camera mumbled, becoming increasingly anxious as she tried her very best to remember.

"Do you remember if he ever looked on edge, if he acted distant, secretive, timid, defensive. Do you remember him carrying any weapons or carrying around a small Blueberry phone?"

"Uh... I think it was M-March or April, he came home with this like, red stuff all over him. I was already dealing with something else, s-so I didn't really question it. I... remember Flashlight made this excuse about... pomegranates. He was all smiley and giggly. It was the same day of, I don't know if you know, when he got into an altercation with my ex..."

"Altercation with your... hold on! I was the one who questioned that kid!" Tophat interjected with a look of shock.

"You... did?"

"Yeah. He seemed fine, a little out of his head though."

"Wait, what?"

"We mean that Flashlight displayed traits such as being distant, seeming unaware, acting smug, slightly timid." Sundial stated,

watching as the woman remained shocked.

,"Did you notice anything like that, while he lived here?"

"Well I remember he was quite depressed for a while. He had this girlfriend who had broke up with him not so long before that point. He... picked up this smoking habit. He would smoke like 4 or more times a day. He would never leave his room. He would be explosive and super defensive whenever me or any of our brothers tried to approach him."

"Girlfriend... would that be Lampy? Or somebody else?"

"No, her name was Lampy." Camera clarified with a look of slight annoyance at the mention of that name.

,"In fact, I saw her at a garden center a few weeks ago. It wasn't in Goiky, it was in Rosemead."

"What brought you there?"

"Personal... reasons."

Sundial nodded, writing into his notepad as Tophat opened up one of the files to read through them.

"What was she like?"

"Smiley, kinda shy, she gave me the impression of someone mental, to be honest. She was very obviously trembling. We had a talk about the past. She was just... crying. Talking about Liy with this look of regret on her face. On about being such a terrible mother. Something like that, I dunno. Then I gave her a bit of money and I essentially told her to piss off."

"Okay, back to the main topic..." Sundial muttered, writing a little more into his notebook before looking back up.

"Do you remember if Flashlight was acting suspicious, from the beginning of that day."

"I don't really remember. I can only recall him that morning looking

around in the kitchen. I thought he was making some breakfast, but I dunno..."

"Did he seem rushed, under pressure? Hesitant?"

"I seriously can't remember, I-I'm sorry!"

"Fine, what about later that day, when you said he came home all smiley. When your ex, Candle was around. When Flashlight talked to him, what was it like?"

"He, oh gosh... my brother was very on edge. I remember this clearly, actually. He spaced out for a good three minutes, and both me and Candle thought he fell asleep or something. When he woke back up, he was saying something like 'Die, you should die'. Something along the lines of that. He seemed kinda possessed..." Camera explained, shivering a little at the unsettling memory.

"Really? Did Flashlight always space out like this?"

"Well, not really. Sometimes he'd stand still and be like, really in thought. The first time was that day. It was just silly, childish banter with Candle. He liked to tease me and my brother, and he didn't like that very much. I would've never expected such a strong reaction, though!"

"I see. Does your brother have a history of acting out like this?"

"Not that extremely. Flashlight was always angry. He'd sometimes kick and punch when we were young, even if there was no reason for it. And he always, always liked to be alone. He probably felt misunderstood, unloved... No matter how much we'd try, he'd never budge."

"Right, okay. Moving on. Around 2001-2002, would you notice Flashlight using or at the very least carrying around a Blueberry phone?" Sundial clutched onto his notebook, peering forward with a slightly unsettling expression as Camera looked to the side, trying her best to recall.

"Well, I don't really know... he never had a Blueberry phone. He used a different one. You know those really small ones that look like

glasses cases?"

"Well, okay. Do you remember anyone else in your family owning a Blueberry? Maybe your older siblings, your mom or dad?"

"I think, and I'm not sure, but my father used to have one in the early 2000s. I think he chucked it away after a bit, though."

Sundial nodded, going silent as he turned to Tophat, who understood the signal and immediately handed over one of the files he was reading through. Sundial placed it onto the table, flipping it around to Camera's view as she began to read through it.

"We have reason to believe that your younger brother has used a Blueberry phone to send threatening text messages to Lantern. The older sister of his ex-girlfriend."

Camera went deathly silent, beginning to tremble as she read through the recovered chat logs on the paper.

"'You're a horrible creature. You don't even deserve the pleasure of being called an individual.' ...what the...?"

,"'You're screwed', the fuck...?!"

"Does this read like something your brother would type?" Sundial asked as Camera continued to read.

"I... don't know."

Sundial let out a sigh, placing the papers back in the folder before turning back to Camera, who looked more petrified than ever.

"Tell us about this ex-girlfriend of his, the one he was with in 2001."

"That Lampy girl, she always, always complained about her mom and her sister. She would always cry to Flashlight. She quite literally had no one but him."

"Continue."

"He seemed so, so happy with her. It was the first time I'd seen him

smile so brightly. He was never so comfortable with anyone in his life. They looked like the perfect couple. Always with each other, both laughing and talking for hours. I thought that Flashlight was truly okay. That maybe she'd fixed him."

"Do you remember how it broke down? Arguments, fighting, anything?"

"Oh yes, I remember this. It was June or July or 2001. I heard a bit of it, but not the whole thing. They were in his room. I could hear Lampy and Flashlight yelling at each other. Something about 'You need to be there for us', and 'She's yours too'. I actually had no idea what they were talking about. But then eventually Lampy starts sobbing hysterically, practically screaming. She unlocks the door of his room, storms out the house and I never saw her until again until a few weeks ago."

"What do you think the argument could've been about?"

"I don't know...!!"

"What do you think she meant by 'she's yours too'? Nothing rings a bell?"

"I seriously have no clue, I'm sorry!"

"Try to think. Your information is crucial for this case!" Sundial persisted as Camera held onto her face, sweating anxiously as the pressure began to get to her.

"I don't know!!"

"Okay, moving on. Do you remember if Flashlight was carrying a firearm at any point during 2002?"

"F-Firearm?! What the-..."

"Do you have any recollection of him or any of your other family members buying or holding one?"

"We've n-never owned guns before!!"

"We have reason to believe your brother opened fire in a residential area, killing one middle-aged woman."

Her face dropped, the piercing glares of the two officers only making her more hesitant.

"I don't remember... a-any of that... none... o-of that..."

Camera abruptly paused, her two hands over her mouth as she began to tear up, shaking and distraught as Sundial and Tophat simply stared at her.

Sundial stayed still, watching as she began to break down and start sobbing.

"Tell us about your niece." Tophat broke the silence, quite invested in the investigation at this point as Camera continued to cry.

She took a few deep breaths, wiping her face with her hands before looking back up at the two, who were both straight-faced.

"N-Niece...? What niece?!"

"Liy."

The sheer mention of that girl's name caused Camera to gasp, her face going pale as her eyes began to water again.

"I... d-didn't see her since... 2013..."

"What was she like?"

"S-Silent."

"Did she seem comfortable around Flashlight?"

"W-What? I dunno..."

"Let me rephrase that - did she seem on edge, timid, nervous or fearful around Flashlight?"

"She was j-just silent in general! How am I meant to know?!"

"How did Flashlight talk about her to you?"

"L-Like normal?"

"Elaborate."

"How?!"

"How did Flashlight treat Liy."

"I don't know."

"How come you're shaking then?" Tophat snapped back, immediately catching onto Camera's body language.

"Shaking, w-what shaking?!"

"Tell us the truth, Camera."

"W-WHAT TRUTH?!" She suddenly screamed, backing away as much as she possibly could as the officers simply stayed still, unbothered.

"How did Flashlight treat Liy."

"..."

"Silence isn't gonna get you out of anything, so either you own up, or things are gonna escalate."

"O-Own up... what..."

"How did Flashlight treat Liy."

"..."

"How did Flashlight treat Liy."

"HE SAID HE WANTED TO KILL HER, OKAY??!!?"

The two officers went silent, utterly shocked by what they had just discovered.

"H-He said he hated Liy... t-that she looked too much like her mom,

o-or something... he'd call her a mistake, a-and would treat her as something illegitimate..."

"Continue."

"B-But he never actually did it, right?! See... i-it's Lampy's fault! She d-drove him mad!!"

Sundial wrote into his notepad, slightly nervous as Tophat continued to question her.

"I w-was like... how could you think that about her? And h-he just told me that it was Liy's fault..."

"Why did he blame Liy?"

"I'm n-not sure. But holy hell, h-he was obsessed with Lampy!"

"Right..."

"H-He was so broken after she left. What kind of person would do that to him?! It's her fault... t-that's he's like this."

"So because of Lampy, do you believe this is what drove him to murder?"

"Murder? Flashlight would never murder, hahah! How silly!!" Camera began to laugh pathetically, a large grin on her face as Tophat stayed idle.

"He murdered two people, and drove Lampy's older sister into ending her life."

"HE DIDN'T DO A THING!!"

"How come you've admitted to the fact that he had murderous intent, then?"

"I didn't admit to anything."

"..."

"It's all Lampy's fault! That dumb, stupid BITCH!!!"

"..."

"I bet s-she put all of you up to this...! That cow!"

Tophat remained silent, the recorder placed behind his back as he continued to watch Camera.

"She just wanted one thing from my brother, a-and then ruined his life with it... stupid SLUT!"

"So you knew about Flashlight's murderous intent?"

"W-What murders?! I know nothing!!"

"You've just admitted to the fact that he had murderous intent towards Liy."

"I didn't say t-that, just go away!!!"

"What about that excuse you said he made about 'pomegranates'...?"

"I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING!!!!!!"

"Pomegranates, huh. Did you truly believe that, Camera? Or is that just another one of Flashlight's lies that you tried to convince yourself was truth... I wonder!"

"H-He... wouldn't..."

"Why did your brother come back so timid? Why was he saying stuff like, and you quoted, 'Die, you should die'? Why do you think he spaced out for long periods of time? Why was he in the kitchen for a long time?" Tophat pressed further, watching as Camera began to tremble and let out cries of terror.

"B-Because..."

"So you believe it's true that he murdered 21-year-old Magazine on the afternoon of 20th March 2002?"

"..."

"Be honest Camera, you knew about this, didn't you?"

"Y-Yeah..."

"Tell me, then."

"I-... knew that he was covered in blood. But I didn't want to say anything... b-because I thought I was looking into it too much."

"What else?"

"I... saw him pull out a kitchen knife from the drawer... b-before he left."

"And you didn't think to stop him?"

"I-... didn't think he'd do anything, OKAY?!"

"In what world do you think an emotionally unstable guy like your brother would roam around in public holding a kitchen knife with no ill intent?!" Tophat chuckled, Camera going quiet as he folded his arms.

"So you were complicit?"

"W-What...?"

"You allowed your brother to carry a life-threatening weapon in public which resulted in murder. That makes you complicit."

"I-I'm sure you're mistaken, a-and I have a family to get back to, s-so enough with this absurd-"

"That means that you were complicit in the murder of Magazine. You're not going anywhere."

"..."

"Now, back to Lantern. You're going to tell us where that phone is, okay?" Tophat stared into Camera's eyes, a smirk on his face as she froze.

"B-But it hasn't been touched since 2002! The battery is probably flat, y-y'know!!!" Camera laughed nervously, her eyes wide as she tried to

keep up an act that was failing terribly.

"Let me say that again. You're gonna tell us where that phone is, or you're going to be in deeper shit than you're already in."

Camera went silent, slowly getting up from the couch before turning around, walking away from the front room and toward the staircase, the two officers following behind her.

Eventually, they found themselves standing in front of a bedroom door, a fearful look on Camera's face as she pulled out a set of keys.

"This is the guest room... w-we usually store all of our old things in here, b-but no one has touched it in years." Camera nervously smiled, being returned with silence as she unlocked it, pushing down the handle and opening the door to reveal a slightly dusty, undecorated bedroom, a few boxes sitting in the far back corner, covered in layers of dust.

Sundial and Tophat walked in, Sundial inspecting the room as a whole and Tophat going straight for the boxes, grabbing onto one of them and pushing off the layer of dust before carefully opening it.

Taking a deep breath, he peered into the box, his eyes widening as he slowly pulled out a slightly rusty, although still intact handgun, getting up on his feet and turning to Camera with wide eyes as she shrieked.

"You don't own firearms, you said?"

Tophat carefully placed the gun back into the empty box, closing the lid on it before turning to the other two boxes, straight away opening one before finding a pile of seemingly old phones in it.

Slightly shocked, he closed the lid on that box, wiping the sweat off his face before opening the final box, which contained a sheet of paper laying atop various other documents, slightly ripped and yellowing from age, although he picked it up, carefully reading through it.

Each sentence brought more shock to him than ever before, a horrified look on his face as he reached the end of the sheet, signed

in Flashlight's name with a heart right beside it.

Tophat placed it back into the box, standing up and turning back to face Lantern with a look of shock as she trembled.

"Come with me." Tophat stated firmly, Sundial following along behind the two as they walked out of the room and back down the stairs where the files and recorder were.

He pulled out a pair of handcuffs, grabbing onto Camera's arms before fastening them on.

"You're under arrest for suspicion of assisting murder, concealing evidence and failure to report a crime. Anything you do or say will be used as evidence in court."

Camera was paralysed with fear, unable to say a word as she was led out of the house and into the driveway.

The gate slowly opened, the silence becoming oppressive as they approached the police car, unlocking it before leading Camera into the backseat.

"Sundial, stay in the car, I need backup." Tophat instructed as he pulled out his phone, Sundial nodding and following orders as he went into the vehicle.

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'02.

The front door of the house opened, the warm air travelling in from outside as the two made their way in...

"You're okay, you're okay..." Flashlight mumbled, gently holding onto the girl's arm as she weakly leaned against the wall.

He locked the door shut with his one free arm, letting out an irritated sigh as he helped her into the living room before she collapsed onto the couch.

"My... head hurts..." Lampy mumbled, half-awake and lying on the couch, defeated. She looked up at the open window, a single tear trickling down from her eye as she weakly turned herself around to face Flashlight, who was, weirdly enough, dusting the shelves and carefully tidying the room, treating the girl's house like some sort of precious relic.

,"What... h-happened...? You just... we were... arguing...? And t-then... I fell..."

Flashlight paused, slowly turning to Lampy with terror in his eyes. He quickly ran to where she was, looking around on the floor to see if there was still any glass residue on the floor from their altercation.

"Just... don't worry!!" He exclaimed in a panic, still looking around.

"Where's... Liy...?"

Flashlight blinked, his panic fading away and being replaced with annoyance as he turned around to find the child sat on the ground where he'd left her, playing with a spoon that she found on the floor.

"She's there." Flashlight blankly responded, rolling his eyes as he continued to clean the place.

Lampy stayed quiet, staring into the blank, white wall as her head span in all directions. She shivered, still feeling the same sharp pain from when she was struck by the glass bottle.

"If something happens t-to me... take care of... Liy." She stated to Flashlight, her voice shaky and weak.

Flashlight stayed quiet, huffing angrily as he turned to Liy.

An unusual amount of rage fuelled within him the more he looked, the lightswitch's sheer presence making him feel more and more threatened.

"I wanna do so many things... as a family. I know that Liy's just a baby, but when she's older, like a teenager or something, why don't we just... go hiking or go to a different country. And, like, put her in clubs so she has cool new hobbies to pursue. And before any of that, let's put her in a good school! Like, private school or something, or one of those selective schools. She'll make so many friends, I can feel it..."

Flashlight stayed silent, absolutely no reaction whatsoever. He simply rolled his eyes once again.

"You agree, don't you Flashy...?"

"Yeah, yeah." Flashlight replied blankly, trying his best to just forget it all.

"I want us... to be a happy little family of 3. We can be good parents to her, and I can prove that mom of mine wrong!"

Flashlight went eerily silent at the mention of the girl's mother, a single drop of sweat trickling down his face as he anxiously bit his lip.

"How are you gonna beat her at anything if she doesn't know about the baby?" Flashlight replied back in his usual snarky tone to hide the fact that deep down, he was trembling...

"Me running away alone destroyed her. Mom doesn't need to know about Liy until she's older." Lampy replied back with a slight smirk, causing Flashlight to blush a little before quickly turning his head down to the floor.

"She's gone."

"W-What...?" Lampy mumbled, rubbing her eyes as Flashlight let out a gasp.

"What, what?" Flashlight looked back at her, smirking and trying to laugh it off as she simply smiled in response.

,"Anyways I'm happy. I know that life will be good from now on..."

"Really?" Flashlight mumbled as Lampy held up her smile.

"Mhm. As long as you and Liy are with me, nothing can go wrong. We're

going to be a happy family!"

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"I d-didn't do a-anything wrong... !"

Camera's sulks and gasps echoed in the police car, the atmosphere tensing as all that could be heard at that point was the honking of horns and the commotion of pedestrians on the street. Living a normal life in such abnormality.

Sundial remained silent, a dull and gloomy look on his face as he clutched onto the wheel.

Not a word between the two. Just pure silence as they drove through the bustling city. Camera stared out the window, watching with tears in her eyes as people went about their days. In groups, laughing, chattering, holding onto shopping bags, taking selfies, having fun.

Just living their lives. Sticking around. Discovering and adventuring.

People move on. People stop caring. People have lives to live.

Something that they're still able to do, while some others no longer can.

Their freedom, their autonomy. Mercilessly snatched away.

Makes you wonder what sick, twisted individual would do such a

thing.

Right, Camera?

"N-No... g-go away...!"

You allowed your brother to take the freedom and autonomy of many. Even your own niece.

You watched, without a care as they were mercilessly taken.

But it doesn't matter, because it didn't happen to you, right?

Besides, it's far fetched, right? How could your precious little brother do such a thing? It's malarkey!!

It's all her fault, and not his, right?

"Stop... JUST STOP...!!"

She did this to you. Ruined your family's precious reputation in an act of revenge like the evil mastermind she is, right?

She didn't care for a second. Not about your brother, not about anyone, right?

She's nothing but her monster, and her daughter's the same. Just the same. Evil, cunning. They don't care at all, right?

"G-Get... away...!"

It's not like she was standing before you, tears in her eyes, practically screaming for your help, right?

She had no one. She needed you. She needed help. Her own family ignored her, treated her terribly.

But it doesn't matter, because it didn't happen to you, right?

Because she was just meant to fix your brother, right?

Not like she had feelings or anything, right?

Outsiders are just irrelevant, aren't they? They don't matter.

She's just an evil monster who destroyed your brother. It's not his choice. Is it?

Your brother's innocent. He just wanted to feel loved by someone. It's all just a mistake. Is that what you've made yourself believe?

That she took you all as fools?

That she was toying with you all?

Evil, manipulative, wicked, cruel, lacking empathy.

No wonder her daughter came out the same. Look at the source material, am I right?!

Maybe, just maybe you're innocent, and I've got it all wrong.

But remember who you let down.

"SHUT UP!!!!!!"

You let me down.

You let my daughter down.

You let us ALL down!!!!!

"N-No... no... I... I DID NOTHING!!!"

That's the thing. You could've done something, but you didn't.

And because of you, he ruined my life.

"..."

I'll never be the same again.

You all ruined it. Forever.

"JUST SHUT UP!!!!"

-

"Is there a problem back there?" Sundial mumbled as the police car stopped at a traffic light, a slightly unsurprised look on his face as he turned to face Camera, who was in a right state, eyes wide open and tears pouring out.

She stayed silent, leaning against the window with a look of exhaustion as the car began to move once again.

Try to forget. Try to run away. Start a new life. Do whatever.

But you can never run away from the fact that you treated me like nothing when I needed you most.

"S-Shut up, Lampy... I hate you so, so much..."

Sundial raised an eyebrow, still keeping a straight face as he peered towards the rear view mirror to see Camera with a demented grin on her face, tears pouring out of her eyes as she leaned against the tinted window.

-

"Damn you... damn you Lampy..."

-

"You and that girl. Always together, always, ALWAYS! I-It's so gross, just stop! I don't want her coming here anymore, j-just get her away!!!"

"Lampy didn't do anything to you, what's your deal?!"

"Just look at her! You pick up some random girl from the city and expect us all to put up with it? She's doing my head in with her stupid complaints!"

"Just because you weren't able to keep a relationship, doesn't mean it should be the same for me! What do you even have against her, sis?"

"Do you enjoy it when she complains about her stupid life? She comes in, acts like she owns the place and has the audacity to scream in our faces! I'm sick of her, JUST SICK!"

"W-Well no, but can't you at least be nice? Her life is hard. She's not like us!"

"Actually, I'm wrong. Of course you'd enjoy hearing her complaints, because you think you're so helpful!"

"Oh, shut up!"

"No I won't. I have a right to be mad, bringing this disturbance into our home! All she says is 'my mom this, my mom that', can't she understand that I don't give a damn?! We don't give a damn! She's just some trashy, attention seeking bitch coming here just to garner sympathy!"

"Why are you so jealous, it's pointless!"

"Face it, Flashlight. That girl is here for one thing only. And seeing as you love to sell yourself out for people who give you the slightest bit of attention, she's probably already taken that from you!"

"..."

"And I swear to God, if I see that girl come here again, I'm not going to hold myself back!"

"You'll pay."

"What? Please, you're not scaring anyone like that."

"You'll pay for saying that."

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"It's all your fault..."

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hi!!! hope you enjoyed this chapter =), a little shorter than usual because i wanted to experiment with chapter lengths!

word count!: 10,248

make sure to tell me your thoughts in the comments and drop a vote if you enjoyed 😁😁!!,

dean, out!

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PRESENT.

"Pillow's Overground Factory...?!"

"Yeah, you like?" The pillow held onto a steaming cup of coffee, peering at Marker with a grin as he nervously looked around.

"W-Why am I here? What do you want, P-Pillow...?!"

Pillow sipped a bit of her coffee, oddly calm as she simply placed the cup back onto the wooden table before jumping back up onto her feet.

"I actually didn't want anything from you."

"Wh-"

"I usually work alone, but y'know... everyone in Death P.A.C.T found me weird! So it's time for a switch up."

Marker raised an eyebrow, not knowing what to do or say except stare in fear.

"How come you have a factory...? How come you have all this?! H-How?!?"

"You're questioning it...? Hm. I know why!!" Pillow exclaimed, a look of curiosity on her face as she suddenly went silent, frozen still in her place before creepily smiling once again.

"Liy must've deliberately left an empty space during your brainwashing! This is because you were the second closest person to Foldy available, after Stapy of course, since he isn't here! So, so... leaving that empty space in your brain would mean that you would react when Foldy died! So when Liy would watch, she'd gain satisfaction from your reaction. I'm so smart. I know Liy better than she knows herself!!!"

"...Ok."

"Just okay?! Oh my gosh, what a monster!"

"..."

"No, JK."

Marker blinked, a blank expression on his face as Pillow began to pace back and forth around the place.

"This is so fun, right? My factory! This Bloodlust place is like creative mode in a game. I can just do whatever I please here. No one meddles. No one interferes." Pillow uttered, in a simply neutral tone of voice.

Marker stayed silent, sitting on the plastic, brown couch as he tried to make sense of everything that was happening. Because nothing seemed to add up anymore.

"Ironic, huh. All of this is ironic, actually. I took control of a world created by the one person who loved to shut down my ideas. I offered Liy help, and assistance. I tried my best, and she would always put me down. The funny thing is the fact that she thinks she has a say in anything, considering how pathetically sad her life is."

"..."

"Liy resented control, and force. She grew up like that. But instead of changing her ways for the better, hah, no... she just has to copy him. It's not surprising, rather annoying."

"Who...?"

"Not bothered to say."

"..."

"Liy thinks she's so powerful, like she has the upper hand. Creating this whole universe, brainwashing all the dead contestants into obeying her. I had to crush all that shit down somehow."

"..."

"I tried to find out everything about her life, just something to give me the upper hand. I tried to blackmail her with it. Yeah, she cried a little, whatever, but she never seemed to truly care. It was just like yeah, whatever."

"..."

"So after Foldy died, I made her face her one fear. One last time..., and there was no running away, no excuses. Y'know, she left behind her laptop too. I didn't know if you'd care, but, who cares!!!"

"Her... laptop? What would you use that for?"

"She has all of her old stuff saved on here." Pillow replied, although not answering his question as she pulled out the laptop from a shelf, opening it up and powering it on before typing at lightspeed.

"How do you-"

"Did you know? I could just teleport a Wi-Fi router here. I don't think you care, though."

Pillow scrolled through the computer, a smirk on her face as she swiped past Liy's old BFB photos - selfies, screentime, photoshoots, promotional stuff..

She abruptly paused, her smirk forming into something more unsettling as she clicked on something.

Her eyes widened, the light of the screen brightening the dark factory as she leaned her face onto her palm.

"What an oddly specific file name..."

The cursor hovered over the file, Pillow letting out a loud, demented laugh as she clicked open the file, just to be met with hours worth of camera footage.

"Hm... 'hotel 2019'...? I wonder what this contains..." Pillow uttered slowly and sarcastically, grinning from ear to ear as she scrolled through the videos. Camera footage of it all.

Liy's one fatal mistake.

"H-Hotel.....?" Marker went pale, beginning to tremble, hands on his face as he tried his best to suppress it all from coming back to him.

Pillow went quiet, clicking off the video before moving the cursor upwards to a certain button.

It was deadly silent, the only thing that could be heard at this point were the faint clicks of the laptop keyboard and Pillow's occasional giggles as she clicked on the button without a second thought.

-

"Time to get rid of you forever,

Liy..."

_____

FIN.

triple doomsday. - chapter 25

We all lose relevance eventually.

People go, and their empty spots are filled by the next batch.

No one is important.

No one is special.

-

"Why do you think she did it?"

"I don't know. Lantern seemed fine."

"Did anything significant happen in her life?"

"She... got sacked. I don't know why. She never told me."

-

People move on. People change.

After all, we can't stay the same forever.

-

"I wonder why Magazine isn't picking up my calls anymore..."

,"Do you know why, Liy?"

,"I'm only kidding..."

-

The truth is.

People only care about themselves.

And no one else.

-

"I-... don't know! I was just walking b-back to my house. A-And I saw her. L-Lifeless."

"Did you hear anything? Maybe arguing, yelling?"

"N-No... nothing. B-But her house door was just wide open... a-and the whole place w-was just covered in... r-red..."

"What did she look like? Could you tell what object she was?"

"I think... a Sewing Machine."

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To think that maybe we'd all grow and change.

That maybe we'd look out for each other.

Maybe we could change the order.

.

That will never happen.

-

"NO! GET OFF ME!!"

"IT'S BEEN TWO MONTHS, FOLDY. YOU HAVE TO MOVE ON."

"JUST LET ME SEE HER AGAIN!!!"

"YOU'RE NOT ALLOWED IN THERE!"

"I JUST WANT MY FRIEND!!!"

"Pastel Highlighter is DEAD. SHE DIED AND SHE'S NEVER COMING BACK!"

"..."

"Let's just go, Foldy. Please...? Just stop being a bitch!!"

"You want your best friend back too, don't you, Makeup Brush...?"

-

Oh right, no one cares about Glass Cup.

Her death was just a 'freak accident'.

Wasn't it?

She's not actually relevant, is she?

She brought it on herself, right?

Curiosity kills the cat.

Like everyone at the hotel.

But who cares about them?

I can name a lot of them who deserved it. In fact, all of them deserved it, right?

Balloony was weird.
Bracelety was annoying.
Gelatin was weird and annoying.
Stapy was a fool.
Donut was selfish at times.
Eraser was rude.
Barf Bag was just irrelevant.
Basketball was a wannabe.
Bubble was a follower.
Woody was weak.
Nickel was bound to die.
Ruby was a follower.

Gaty was stuck-up.
Saw was naïve.
Cake was weak.
Pie was too laid back.
Tennis Ball was the reason for this.
Naily was strange.
Rocky was just gross.
Loser was self-absorbed.
Flower was a stuck-up brat.
Fries was a careless jerk.
Taco was too bold.
Ice Cube was a meek follower.
Coiny was overconfident.
Marker was unintelligent.
Match was a liar.
Bomby was explosive, get it?
Pencil was a bitch.
Teardrop was silent.
Lollipop was too pretentious.
Firey was a dunce.
Fanny was hateful.
8-Ball was a fake.
Grassy was helpless.
Puffball was arrogant.
Book was a follower.
Needle was forgotten.
Leafy was a poser.
Golf Ball was controlling.
Pen was too friendly.
Pin was assertive.

Who cares about anyone?

No one cares about anyone, dead or alive.

We're all nothing.

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BACK TO THE START. WE'RE DOING THIS AGAIN. - CHAPTER 25.

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The morning sun shined brightly, fresh air filled the room as well as the innocent chirping of birds outside.

Foldy laid in her bed, staring at the ceiling tiredly as she slowly woke up.

Silence. Other than the birds outside and the loud buzzing of her alarm.

She sighed, rolling her eyes as she got up and onto her feet.

Perhaps it was just another day of school, huh.

She switched off the alarm clock, yawning a little as she reached for her phone on the bedside table, switching it on and tiredly scrolling through it.

6:32am.

She blinked, silently going through her social media apps, scrolling through people's stories, opening chats, liking posts. It was just normalcy.

"Foldy! Come down for breakfast!!" Her mom called from downstairs, Foldy placing her phone in charge before simply leaving her room, walking down the stairs just to be met with her mom holding a plate full of chocolate-covered pancakes.

"Mom, you're always baking something now, what happened to the croissants we always used to buy from the store?" Foldy chuckled as she sat down at the dining table, Notebook taking a seat on the opposite side of the table as they both grabbed forks.

"I love baking! It's such a fun hobby, and it's good for you, ya'know!"

"The whole house smells of pancakes now! Maybe you should open a bakery, mom."

"I wish. Working at the airport is a demanding job, honey. I would never have time for that..." Notebook sighed, slicing her chocolate pancake into four pieces and picking one up with her fork.

"You could ditch the airport job. Maybe I could drop out of school and help you!"

"I'm sorry sweetheart, I wish. Besides, you still need your education!"

"Okay..." Foldy frowned, taking a bite into her pancake.

"How are your friends from school?"

"M-My... friends?" Foldy stammered, her eyes widening as she began to tremble a little.

"Yeah! Who's that one you had a sleepover at her house last week, right? She was so lively, and smiley, she had a really nice voice too..."

"I dunno. That's oddly specific."

"She was a sweet girl, her name I can't quite put my finger on. She was like a ray of sunshine. I feel like everyone needs a friend like that in their lives, y'know. The world is a sad, sad place."

"It is, isn't it." Foldy mumbled, taking another bite into her chocolate pancake as Notebook sighed.

"Foldy, what do you plan to do after high school?"

"I'm not sure, actually..." Foldy looked to the side, a frown on her face as she tried to think about it.

"Jobs? Maybe moving out, finding someone you love, vacations..."

"I can't picture anything yet, to be honest mom..."

"Well, what a shame. You'll get there eventually, maybe!" Notebook simply smiled, clutching onto her fork as Foldy raised an eyebrow.

"How come you're not leaving?"

"What do you mean?"

"You leave for work at 6, right? It's quarter to 7 now!"

"Oh, I forgot. I'm off today! I figured I'd do some baking." Notebook exclaimed, a smile still on her face as Foldy nodded, pushing her chair back and getting up from her seat.

"I'm gonna go get ready for school, mom!" Foldy stated before sprinting back up the stairs.

"Okay, bye!"

-

-

Foldy quietly walked down the street, the warm spring air flowing through the atmosphere as the trees gently swayed back and forth, the leaves a beautiful, almost neon blue colour as they peacefully moved around.

She looked around, facing the shops and observing as the shutters slowly opened, doors opening and shop-owners setting up for the day. What a beautiful day. What normalcy.

-

"Okay, school. Here we go." Foldy mumbled to herself, staring at the

school as she took a few deep breaths.

'Rosemead High School.'

She smiled to herself, walking through the gates along with the other students, following behind the crowd of others into the school building before pausing, sitting on the red chairs at the front entrance and placing her bag down before pulling out her phone from her bag.

"7:59am, huh. About time, right?" She stared at her phone screen, blinking tiredly before shutting it off.

She turned her head up, looking toward the sign.

'Back Reception', it read, in small, barely legible size.

Foldy shrugged it off, getting up from the chair before walking through the halls and out through the exit, leading into the playground.

She quietly went down the steps, walking past the blue bushes and large, jet black flowers and over to where students were lining up, ready to go into their classes for the day.

She scoured through the lines, looking for the other 4th year students through the crowd before eventually finding it. She stood at the front, looking towards the floor before feeling something nudge her.

"Huh?" She blinked, turning around to be faced with a student who was much taller than her.

"Wrong line, pal."

"What do you mean? I'm in 4th year."

"No you aren't!" They chuckled, pointing to the first line all the way at the left side, a large sign next to it which read '1st year'.

"What? I'm not in 1st year, I'm 17!"

"1st years are 17, 2nd year is 18, 3rd year is 19, 4th year is 20, and 5th year is 21, 6th year is 22, etcetera. We don't graduate from high

school until we're 25, don't you know?!"

"Oh. Okay. My bad!" Foldy nervously laughed, walking off a little embarrassed.

-

-

"Okay class, today we're going to be learning how to play volleyball! Get into teams of 6."

Foldy placed her bag down on the side, silently walking over to a group of kids with a smile on her face.

"Hey! Let's team up!" She held up a smile, expecting to be immediately let in. After all, she was quite popular amongst her peers.

"No?" Her classmate retorted, a stern look on their face as Foldy scoffed.

"What, you're suddenly too good for me? Know your place!"

"Know *your* place, weirdo! Who even are you anyways? Acting all high and mighty!" They laughed, Foldy staying silent and looking the group up and down.

,"Besides, you're turquoise-coloured! Blue and green coloured objects are always weirdos." They explained a little childishly as Foldy stared in confusion, raising an eyebrow.

"What does an object's colour matter? This is stupid!"

"Have you ever seen a colour wheel before? Red, Orange and Yellow always come first. Green, Blue, Pink, Purple, all those extra colours come dead last. You should know this!"

"Whatever." Foldy rolled her eyes, walking off.

She approached another group, this time met with more welcoming expressions than the last.

"Hey, join our team!!"

"Sure." Foldy replied blankly, walking over to the other kids, their faces for some reason quite new and unfamiliar.

"Hi! I'm... uh... what's my name again...?"

"Your name's Water, Water." Another classmate nudged the guy as they let out a loud gasp.

"Oh yeah! I'm Water. Water in a bottle if you will!"

"Just be called Water Bottle then." Foldy snapped, already starting to dislike these people. She turned to face a taller one, a clearly annoyed look on her face as they smiled back, to her confusion.

"I'm Popsicle! A blueberry flavoured popsicle!"

"I don't... really give a shit." Foldy uttered, her tone blank and expressionless.

"Aw man!"

She turned to the next person, a look of boredom on her face.

"And I'm Controlly! I'm a bright blue, super awesome, Video Game Controller! Contrary to popular belief, I actually hate video games! They suck! Boooo! Bad!!!"

"I already said I don't care! Gosh, this isn't some after-school club."

"After-school club? What's that? We only have Before-school clubs here!" Popsicle replied, laughing as Foldy blinked, not the slightest bit amused.

"Whatever."

"I'm next! Hey, I'm Gum! I'm a chewing gum container with a blue label! Pretty cool, dontcha thinkkkk?????"

"Yeah, yeah. Whatever helps you sleep at night." Foldy rolled her eyes before turning to the final person.

"And I'm LightySwitchy! Get it! I'm a light, that switches! I'm a light and a switch! I'm a Switch Light, and a Light Switch! Yeah boi!!!!"

"Ok. Cool, good for you."

"Ok BOOMER!!!"

"Yikes." Foldy cringed, immediately backing away. She shivered, going a little pale.

"Seriously, bro? That's a little sus, if you ask me!"

Foldy blinked, beyond words at this point as she watched them laugh with each other. Her stomach twisted into a knot, the lifeless look in their eyes, their movements.

"Didn't know you were a boomer too!

"Shut the heck up bro, enough with the shade!" The light switch... switch light thing replied to Popsicle, who chuckled.

"Oh my God, shut up!" Foldy shouted, only to be completely ignored, as they just kept bantering on and on.

"I'm not a boomer, I'm a Gen H! Proudly." Popsicle boasted, a proud look on their face .

"Gen H. Same. Like yeah." The switch thing replied.

"Oh my gosh, did you see on OurTube? The Gen G's are mad again!" Popsicle laughed.

"Hahahhah. I know, right!" Water jumped into the conversation.

,"They were like, they were like..."

"'Gen H is tryna' cancel M&M&Ms? Gen H is tryna CANCEL... M&M&Ms."

"W-What, just stop!!" Foldy shrieked, her eyes widening and her face going blue with fear as they just kept going.

"They're so mid, dude!"

"Totally whack."

They kept laughing. The same laugh.

"They're so mid, dude!"

"Totally whack."

They just wouldn't stop. Their movements were the same, their laughs like an endless loop. Echoing through the halls, ringing in her ears. It felt as if the world was crumbling into bits. What is this?!

"They're so mid, dude!"
"Totally whack."
"They're so mid, dude!"
"Totally whack."
"They're so mid, dude!"
"Totally whack."
"They're so mid, dude!"
"Totally whack."
"Foldy!"
"They're so mid, dude!"
"Totally whack."
"They're so mid, dude!"
"Totally whack."
"Foldy! Do us a favour and get some volleyballs from the sports lounge!"
"They're so mid, dude!"
"Totally whack."
"They're so mid, dude!"
"Totally whack."
"They're so mid, dude!"
"Totally whack."
"They're so mid, dude!"
"Totally whack."
"Hello? Foldy?"
"They're so mid, dude!"
"Totally whack."
"They're so mid, dude!"
"Totally whack."

"Wait, w-wait, what?!"

-

"Foldy! Earth to Foldy? Don't ignore me on purpose. I might have to give you a detention."

Foldy stumbled back, nearly tripping up as she took a few deep breaths, almost choking as she tried her best to snap out of it.

"O-Okay, okay. Sorry, I'll do it now, Coach!"

She turned, immediately running as fast as she could out the door and through the halls.

"Wait, sports lounge...?" She mumbled, a little confused but just trying to forget about it.

Eventually, she made her way to the door. She stared at it, feeling nothing but at the same time everything. She felt something gut-wrenching, something telling her to just get away as fast as she could. Something horrible. But what?

Foldy shook her head, reaching for the doorknob and slowly opening the door before immediately looking down just to be met with a shiny, freshly polished marble floor.

"Oh."

She nervously walked through, closing the door behind her and inspecting the room.

A shiny, neatly tidied sports room, two light pink couches placed at the center with a coffee table in the middle, and a fuzzy white rug at the bottom. The room was illuminated with fairy lights, the soft glow giving Foldy a bit of a headache. She turned to her left, just to see three different cabinets, filled to the brim with different sports equipment. On the other side, a large, transparent container filled with just tennis rackets and baseball bats.

Huh.

-

"Foldy! How was your day at school, sweetheart?"

Foldy blinked, looking around just to see that she was back at her house, all of a sudden. She sighed, holding up a smile.

"It was alright mom. Just like any other day!"

"Good, come in!"

She remained silent, placing her bag down by the doorway before almost immediately sprinting up the stairs.

"Where are you going, honey?"

"Just my room, mom!"

-

She locked the door behind her, taking a few deep breaths as she plugged her phone on charge and left it on the nightstand.

"Homework, damn it..." Foldy grumbled, looking around the room before spotting her laptop.

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BEEP BEEP, BEEP BEEP

"Huh... what... already...?"

BEEP BEEP

"Ugh... okay, wait..."

"Wake up, silly!!"

Foldy groaned tiredly, yawning as she slowly lifted herself up, blinking as she looked around the room just to find *her* sitting on her desk.

Her legs swung back and forth, her signature, joyful smile that never went away. Her glistening, purple eyes. Something that wasn't seen, for so, so long. Had suddenly appeared in Foldy's room.

"Who invited you, Pastel Highlighter...?" Foldy mumbled, her tone lacking any sort of shock or surprise as the girl chuckled.

"By the power vested in me... I...! Just let myself in."

"Oh, okay."

Pastel Highlighter awkwardly looked around the room, still smiling as Foldy stared at her with exhausted eyes.

,"Were you the girl mom was talking about yesterday? She forgot your name, you know."

"Yeah, your mom's super iconic. It's kinda weird."

"My mom's not weird!"

"No, not her. Just... why'd she say we had a sleepover last week?"

"I dunno. Did we?"

"No, you... pineapple! I'm dead. I'm just a free spirit that lives in your room now. Because I invited myself in. Yeah."

"Ok. Uh. Yeah."

"Yeah."

Pastel jumped onto her feet, her arms in the air as she did a spin before standing in front of Foldy's bedroom window.

"Watch, I can do this!"

"Do what?" Foldy blinked, Pastel simply smiling.

"Ohhh birds!!"

"..."

Suddenly, as if it was nothing, her balcony door flung open, a flock of pigeons, and ravens, and parakeets flying in and sitting on Pastel's arm. She was eerily calm, staying still as Foldy stared, unable to say anything.

"Let's go to school now." Pastel stated, Foldy picking up her bag and phone as they both walked out of her room.

"Why are you following me?" Foldy raised an eyebrow as Pastel remained smiling, all the birds still resting on her arms as they went down the stairs and out the front door.

"I dunno, bored I guess." Pastel smirked as Foldy locked the front door, the two now walking through the streets together.

"And... you're just gonna bring the birds with you?"

"Yeah."

"...Ok."

"So..."

"I'm going to school today...!"

"I know. Silly."

"You always say 'silly', can't you say something else for once?"

"No."

"And besides, why do you wanna come to school with me, they won't see you right?"

"They won't."

"So..."

"I gave some of my birds names!"

"That's cool, I-"

"Ok, so this one's called Larry, the other one's called Jerry, this one on the top of my head is called Pete!"

Foldy stared in silence, raising an eyebrow as they continued to walk down the street, like it was nothing. Just effortlessly.

,"Anyways, we're here now."

"W-Wait, already?! That usually takes 15 minutes at least!" Foldy exclaimed, fearfully looking around just to find herself in front of the school gates.

"Let's go in." Pastel stated with a smile, pushing Foldy forward.

"Okay..." Foldy sighed, not bothering to fight back anymore.

-

-

"Okay class, today's date is Sunday, May 49th 2019202122232425. Write that down in your books."

Foldy picked up her pen, quiet as she began to write down the date in her exercise book. Pastel sat on the empty chair beside her, an eerie smile on her face as all the birds took up the entire left side of Foldy's table.

"Isn't this class boring?" She smiled, her generic smile as Foldy raised an eyebrow.

"No...? I mean, I dunno. It's school. Gotta get it over with, right?" Foldy shrugged it off, completely indifferent to it all.

"We could ditch, perhaps?" Pastel turned to the girl, her smile curling into a mischievous smirk as Foldy looked back at her, a look of horror on her face as she gasped.

"S-Skipping class?! That's, that's illegal, don't you know? You could get jail in life for it, you could even get the death penalty if you're a repeat offender!!"

"Whoops, my bad! Us ghosts tend to forget the simplest of things, hahah!!"

"Today class, is quite a difficult subject, so make sure you're paying full attention. Today we're going to be learning our ABCs!" The teacher at the front smiled, clapping his hands as everyone in the room cheered before bursting into a deafening round of applause. Foldy kept quiet, turning back to Pastel Highlighter, who was equally as weirded out.

"Why are they teaching you tha-"

"I can't believe it, why's everyone cheering for such a difficult subject?!" Foldy cut through Pastel's words in a screechy whisper, a bewildered look on her face.

"I dunno...? Are you okay, what the-"

"I've tried studying that for weeks, I just... how? That's preposterous! Is this a joke?!" Foldy scoffed, completely baffled as the applause died down.

Pastel raised an eyebrow, utterly perplexed by it all. Confused by such... normalcy?

"Foldy, are you hearing yourself? What the fuck is this?!" She snapped, Foldy backing away a bit.

"W-What?! I don't get it."

Pastel's cheerful smile unnaturally, almost instantly switched into a scowl, her eyes wide and bloodshot as she suddenly grabbed onto Foldy, digging her nails into her paper skin with utter rage as she shrieked.

"O-OW, WHAT THE-"

"I SWEAR TO GOD, I'M GONNA RIP YOU INTO FUCKING PIECES!!

WHAT THE HELL IS THIS???"

"PASTEL, WHAT?! WHAT DID I DO, J-JUST, OUCH!!!!"

"ARE YOU ACTUALLY FUCKING STUPID? HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE YOU TO REALISE? IS THIS ALL NORMAL TO YOU?"

"OW, OW, OW, JUST LET GO, LET GO!!!" Foldy screamed on the top of her lungs, kicking her feet in the air and wailing as the two toppled onto the scratchy, concrete ground.

"WAKE UP!!! WAKE UP!!!!!!!!"

"Foldy, honey! How was your day? I have a surprise!!" Notebook smiled, her voice sweet as usual. She waved at her daughter, the door opening as Foldy got up on her feet.

"I wonder what this is." Pastel stated, unhanding Foldy like nothing happened as the two walked over to the front of the house.

"What is it mom?" Foldy held up a smile as Notebook slowly opened up the door, someone standing behind her, significantly taller.

"Your dad wanted to come and meet you Foldy!" Notebook exclaimed, moving to the side and raising out her arms like it was a birthday surprise or something.

The man waved, he was tall. A tall, dark grey, metal pair... of scissors? Pizza slicer? Cake slicer? A Knife?

Foldy stepped back, her eyes wider than ever before, her body beginning to tremble as she looked at the guy. Just trying to see a face. There was no face. Where was his face? His mouth was opening, but why was there no sound? Just nothing. It was as if he was lipsycing. It was as if he was talking a whole other language. It was like watching an original dub without the subtitles. He was saying something, but it felt like nothing. It was just nothing. Everything was nothing. Nothing. Nothing at all.

She took several breaths, her heart thumping at speeds that she never thought it could. Her body felt numb, like she was walking on air. She opened her mouth, taking one final breath before-

"Oh shoot." Pastel uttered, stepping away and looking towards Foldy.

Suddenly, she let out an ear-piercing, explosive, deafening scream, tears flying out of her eyes as she turned her back straight away, immediately bolting off.

"FOLDY, WAIT! COME BACK!!!" Notebook exclaimed.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH-
"

WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE. - CHAPTER 25.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!"

"Foldy, what are you going to do from here?"

"STOP, STOP IT, STOP, STOP!!!!!!!!!!!" Foldy screamed, her paper body shaking and barely able to hold itself together as she continued to run as fast as she possibly could. Her legs began to ache, her feet going number and number the more she ran. Eventually, she paused, immediately face-planting onto the ground as she took deep and heavy breaths.

"Oh get up, silly!" Pastel giggled, gently holding onto Foldy and picking her up, watching with her calm smile as she observed her surroundings.

"W-Where... am I.....????" Foldy uttered, shivering. She looked up to the glistening sky, baby pink, with a soft lavender and some hints of peach, blending together to form a beautiful colour that illuminated in the sky, one that left Foldy beyond words.

"This is called The Aftermath."

"What...? Am I dead?!"

"No, no, silly. Well, I dunno. I'm not a genie, I'm just a dead girl!"

"Oh."

"Although, you've left that world you were just in. That broken, broken world. You're just... here. Not anywhere. But here." Pastel held her hands together, pacing around the space, each of her steps delicate, a soft splash of water as her feet hit the ground.

"Are you real?" Foldy uttered, her tone blank as Pastel laughed a little at the question.

"Maybe I am, maybe I'm not. Maybe you're hallucinating! Maybe I'm a figment of your imagination!!"

"Oh. Well..."

"I seem to be a figment of a lot of people's imaginations. Like geez, didn't know that many people missed me, y'know. Hahah!"

"Oh... right. Uh."

"I kinda regret feeling like that, now. Looking back at it, I was in such a dark place. Alone, scared, etcetera. But that's not really relevant right now, so..."

"Where'd the birds go?"

"You scared them, Foldy. You scared them away."

"Sorry, I-"

"Be ashamed. That's a very shameful thing to do.

"O-Okay, sorry, I'm ashamed...?"

"It's okay, they forgive you!"

"Right..."

"The entire universe is in your hands now, Foldy." Pastel stated, her purple eyes shimmering as she held her hand up to the peachy sky.

"Ah. I don't actually know what to feel about this. I'm still... processing what I just saw, y'know... him..."

"Foldy, forget about that man. He's not important." Pastel snapped

back as Foldy sighed.

"B-But, isn't he my dad? I can't just!-"

"Foldy, if that man was actually truly your father, he wouldn't have waited until now to show up. Simple as!"

"Okay..." Foldy frowned, rolling her eyes as the two walked through the seemingly limitless space that there was.

,"When did you die, Pastel...?"

"The year before GrapeVine was shut down."

"Grape... Vine...?"

"Seriously? How could you forget the greatest site ever?!" Pastel laughed, Foldy looking at her cluelessly before nervously laughing along.

"Well sorry!"

...

"Foldy, do you remember me...? Like, seriously." Pastel Highlighter suddenly asked, pausing and turning to Foldy with a stern glare as she hesitated a little.

"What do you mean?"

"There's not even a second meaning there, do YOU remember... ME?"

"W-Wha...?"

-

-

"What do you think of my singing skills!"

"You always do this at the most random times, but go on!"

"...What do you think?"

"You sound cute!"

"Cute...? What does 'cute' even sound like?!"

"I dunno... you just sound cute!"

"J-Just take my compliment and let's go get juice from the stand outside of school!"

"Okay-dokay!"

-

-

It scratched her mind like chalk against a board, screeching in her ears like a sudden TV static, pulling her down like she was chained to a weight, dragging her back...

Foldy stayed quiet, her stomach twisting uncomfortably as Pastel continued to stare into her eyes, a look of doubt and hopefulness at the same time.

"I-... I c-can't... n-not... y-yet...!!" Foldy cried, dropping to her knees as a tear slid down her face.

"So you forgot about me?"

"W-What...? No, I-"

"You're a horrible friend. I bet you didn't even care when I died!"

-

-

"Pastel...? C-Can you hear me? It's Foldy!"

.

"Hopefully she's okay..."

.

"P-PASTEL?!"

.

"T-This is a joke, right?"

.

"FUCK! SHE'S DEAD, NO, FUCK, PLEASE, STOP!"

.

-

"N-No... NO!!!!"

"I bet you were over the moon, weren't you? Happy that I was finally gone? A burden lifted off shoulders?"

-

-

"Can you tell me what you remember?"

.

,"OH MY GOD, CALM DOWN!"

.

"LET GO OF ME!!!"

.

"WE NEED YOU TO TELL US WHAT YOU SAW!!"

.

"S-SHE... she... was... b-blood... and... I... y-..."

.

"What...?"

.

"D-Don't... PLEASE!!"

.

"DON'T WHAT?!"

.

"GET AWAY FROM ME!!"

-

-

"When you went on that show, that BFB thing, you acted like it was all fine, huh?"

"..."

"You ran away from town, away from your mistakes to start a new life, thinking that you'd get rid of me?"

"P-PLEASE, IT'S NOT——!!!"

"You never even apologised... for what you did."

"W-What... d-did I do...?!"

"You never once apologised... to Liy."

Liy.

Liy.

Liy.

Liy....

LIY.....

"You ruined her, Foldy."

-

-

-

-

"Foldy, why don't you talk to Liy anymore? Did something happen?"

.

"Her dad's fucking insane!"

.

"What?"

.

"She's so weird, I came to her house and her dad started shouting at me. I tried to tell him off, told him to watch it, tried to scare him so he'd leave me alone and he got mad and yelled so loud that it startled me, so I just fake cried and ran off!"

-

.

"Hey Liy!"

.

"You don't mind if we sell some of this? I really need some cash!"

.

"N-No, give it back!"

.

"Oh, your arm..."

.

"I guess that means I can have them?"

.

"Give them back!"

.

"Get the hell off my friend, who the fuck do you think you are?!"

.

"How can you talk? You literally cry whenever I call you out for

being a liar!"

.

"What is she even talking about?"

.

"I don't know! It's all the time, ALL THE TIME WITH YOUR DUMB LITTLE IDEAS! SHUT UP AND KNOW YOUR PLACE!!!"

.

"I don't get it... WHAT DO YOU WANT, AND WHY ARE YOU SUDDENLY FRIENDS WITH HER?!"

.

"Literally, why do you care? It's none of your business!!"

.

"Let's just go..."

.

"Yeah, leave her to herself!"

-

-

"I thought you would catch the ball."

.

"..."

.

"Oh. Right."

.

"You know something, Liy?"

.

"You're fucking crazy. Though, now I know where you got it from."

"..."

.

"You sit there and act like you can just take everything from everyone for fun. Overly adventurous, nosy, always looking for answers. I hate people like that."

.

"Oh."

.

"That's why I never really liked you."

.

"So we didn't ever have a friendship? You were... just lying to me?"

.

"No, not exactly. I was willing to accept you, but of course, you ruined it as usual."

.

"..."

.

"I see why you would fall for my best friend. He's sociable. He likes making friends. A tendency to sass people out but he means good. He's the type of person who'd be willing to help you find the answers to those questions of yours."

.

"You're fucking annoying. No one can tolerate you so just give up on your antics and be normal for once!"

.

"Why are you so horrible to me? Just because of Stapy, you're being a bitch!"

.

"It's not just Stapy, it's you in general! Like I said, you're annoying! Do you ever stop and wonder how long people will tolerate you before getting tired?!"

.

"..."

.

"I see why you're unloved now. You lack any positive figures in your life so you come and infiltrate my friendships!"

.

"Lacking figures in my life...? At least I don't lack a parent."

-

-

"I... d-didn't.... I.... I....-"

"The difference between you and her, Foldy. You had a good life. You had a best friend. You had a mom you loved you more than she loved herself. Liy had none of that. Her parents were emotionally abusive, and absent. And because of you, she didn't have friends, or someone

to go to when she needed help."

"..."

"You made her believe that the only way out was to murder."

"N-No, I-... I didn't do anything, I was... she... no... I, I...."

"What, Foldy. All these years, even after school. The first thing you did when you saw her again was ridicule and reject her. When you two were on live TV, you did the same thing. You treated her like she was scum, Foldy. You made that poor girl believe that she was unwanted, and useless. You made her believe that the only way she'd be worth anything is by killing me, and so many others."

"NO!!!" Foldy burst into tears, dropping onto her knees and screaming. Pastel stood over her, not even the slightest bit of mercy in her expression as she suddenly pulled out a handgun, pressing it right against Foldy's face and watching as she went deadly silent.

"If you have the slightest bit of shame for what you've done, you'll die right here with honour." Pastel uttered, tightening her grip on the handle of the gun as Foldy let out a shaky gasp.

"PASTEL, DON'T, PLEASE!!" Foldy screamed, her eyes so wide that they were about to fall out of their sockets. Pastel remained silent, clutching tightly on the weapon with no intention of letting go whatsoever.

"It's only fair, Foldy. You left me to bleed out in a dirty, dark basement, watching as the life drained out of my eyes. Now, I'm gonna leave you to bleed out in a barren wasteland, stuck in a void. Unable to return to your world."

"..."

"I mean, what purpose would you serve there anyway...? The world knows you as a murderer. They think you helped Liy kill everyone in the hotel, and they think you fled with her. No one wants you back. You've overstayed your welcome, Foldy."

"Y-You're lying... YOU'RE L-LYING! LIAR!!! YOU'RE JUST A LIAR,

STUPID, STUPID, STUPID LIAR!!!!!!!" Foldy spat back, trembling even more as Pastel let out a single laugh before going deadly silent.

"You think, but hey. If the world really wanted you, if people truly care about you... why is Stapy trying to save Liy instead of you, huh?"

Foldy's expression dropped, her mouth opening with shock as she tried to process what she had just heard.

"He... what?"

"He doesn't even care about his childhood best friend, does he...? He's only willing to save his little high school crush! You're a worthless piece of shit, Foldy."

"Please, PLEASE, PLEASE, DON'T, D-DON'T DO THIS!!!! I'M BEGGING YOU, DON'T!!!!!!!" Foldy shrieked, tears running down her cheeks as Pastel pressed the gun harder onto her face, watching as she ugly cried for her life. A life that was worth nothing. A life that took other lives. A life that destroyed another life. A life that rendered another life worthless.

"Maybe in another life, Me, You and Stapy went to college. Pursuing our dreams. Doing our own thing. I'm dead, Foldy. I'm dead and I'm never coming back. I died 3 years ago. I'm forgotten. You had a life to live. You had the opportunity to make it right for us. Why did you throw it all away...?"

"PASTEL, D-DON'T, I-I'M SORRY, PLEASE!!!-"

"I'm gone, Foldy. I dreamt that I'd be remembered as someone phenomenal, someone inspiring. I dreamt of having a long life, I dreamt uplifting people that were in my place. Lonely, depressed, angry at the world. It's a shame that'll never happen. I'm forever remembered as the girl who was murdered at Rosemead High School. I never got to do things in my life. I'm Forever 14."

"I-I'M SORRY, I'M SO SORRY, PASTEL!!! BUT PLEASE, PLEASE, JUST DON'T, N-NOT THIS!!!!!!" Foldy screamed out, choking on her tears and barely able to breathe as Pastel went quiet.

A single tear slid down her face, a smile slowly forming as she

tightened her hold on the handgun, her finger reaching for the trigger as Foldy shut her eyes tightly, sobbing loudly as she felt everything crash down.

"I've had a long time to think about this, Foldy. I thought that maybe, just maybe it'd be right to give you one last chance. That maybe you didn't deserve to die."

Foldy froze.

"But now? It's the end, it's really the end, Foldy."

"O-Okay..." Foldy managed to form a smile, slowly opening her eyes once again, looking into Pastel's for one final time.

It was really going to be the end, huh.

-

-

"I'm sorry, Foldy."

!!!!!!!!!!!!

-

-

-

-

"O-Ow.... where... am... I....."

-

-

"Back here...? I-It... can't... be...?!"

-

-

le sang
est sur tes mains

-

-

-

C'est entièrement de ta faute -
ils sont tous partis.

-

-

"Deja Vu, Pastel Highlighter?"

.

"I guess... this is my fate, isn't it?" Pastel murmured quietly, the bright white stars once shining in her eyes fading away and shrinking by the second.

.

,"Tell Foldy, Stapy and everyone else that I'm sorry, okay? Just tell them that I'm sorry I couldn't feel their love for me... I'm sorry for being a liar..."

-

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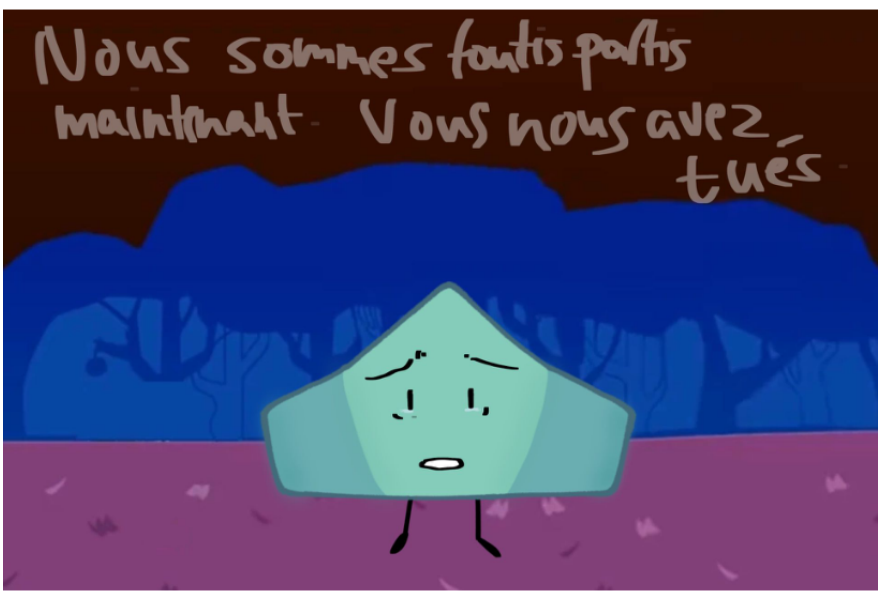
TRIPLE DOOMSDAY. - CHAPTER 25



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hey, dean here! hope you enjoyed this chapter =).

if you all could tell, THAT is the cover for this book.

peak foreshadowing ✍ 🔥😎

chat look at the cover inverted

word count: 6032

ima genius

ANYWAYSSS, make sure to comment what you think and leave a vote if you enjoyed!!

cya in chapter 26!

- dean, out!

FIN.

to hell with it. - chapter 26

-

04/2019 - 1 WEEK AFTER BFB ENDED.

-

-

"So, how are you feeling today?"

"Alright... why do you always ask the same question every time I come here?!"

"I just want to know how you're holding up, Pencil."

"I'm okay." The girl huffed, rolling her eyes as she leaned back on the plastic chair, looking towards the window.

"Are you sure?"

"Well, duh. I just said, right?"

"Are you up to anything fun? Friends, family...?"

"Not really."

"How is it like with your friend, Match?"

Pencil went quiet, a look of guilt on her face as she let out a sigh.

"Honestly, I dunno... she's unpredictable."

"Elaborate further."

"One day she's like, chill and stuff. The next day she'd be angry and super defensive! She's always been like this, but I feel like it's getting worse..."

"And why do you think that is, Pencil?"

"I don't know! She never tells me anything. Most of our conversations are just surface-level. Like, talking about people we hate or something stupid like that."

"Have you ever tried to ask her if she's okay?"

"Yeah, I guess. But she always has this smile on her face. And she's like, 'oh yeah, I'm fine!' so I don't really bother."

"Well, then. How is Match making you feel? Do you feel happy being with her?"

"Yeah... s-she's my best friend."

"Do you feel happy in general...?"

"...W-Well, yeah!"

"What makes you happy?"

"Match, a-and... yeah."

"Hm...?"

"..."

"Is there something you'd like to tell me, Pencil? It's good to be honest about how you feel, this is a judgement free space."

"Like what...?!"

"How was your time on BFB?"

"Just watch the show, you'll see it all. No need to ask me..."

"I've already watched the show, but I'd like to know how you felt being on it, in your own words."

"I..... l-look, can we just-"

"What are you scared of, Pencil? Clearly, I'm not judging you, so what is it really?"

"..."

"..."

"I... thought that BFB would be a chance to redeem myself. I thought that if I was more cruel, a-and controlling on screen, people would be scared to dislike me! I thought that... it sounds stupid I know... but I thought that I h-had intimated people into liking me..."

"Right..."

"W-Whenever the camera's on me, I put on this mask... I act like I'm unaffected by everyone's words. The comments from people in the cast, the comments online..."

"..."

"It really broke me when I was eliminated. My act... failed, in a way. Stupid Four, it's a-all his fault, he trapped me in this room, made us do math worksheets for months and months without a break or anything, I felt like I was going insane, I felt like the walls were closing in, I felt like I was going to fucking die at any given second!!!!"

"..."

"B-But then he let me rejoin the game for a bit, I won the vote or something... it was good for a bit. But I had no one, literally no one. I tried to be a good leader, even though no one there liked me! Everyone I knew and trusted was gone, and I people I do know wouldn't even talk to me!! But I tried not to care, I tried to push through it because I had one thing in my mind, and one thing only, and it was that I couldn't go back there! I couldn't go back to the EXIT, I just COULDN'T!!! I had to win, I HAD NO OTHER CHOICE!!!"

"So what ended up happening, and how did it make you feel?"

"Don't act stupid, you watched the show. You saw what happened." Pencil forced a smile, scoffing and rolling her eyes.

"I'd like it in your own words, Pencil."

"Gosh, fine."

"..."

"It backfired, AGAIN. And I ended up back in that place.... again..... when I walked back in that room, everyone had their eyes on me. I could've sworn they were all laughing at me. Even Book, Ice Cube. Bubble, Ruby. Everyone I had hurt took the opportunity to laugh at my failure. I guess I deserved it though... I'm just an asshole. An arrogant, self-serving, careless asshole."

"I don't think you are, Pencil. I actually think you're quite courageous for being able to open up about how you truly feel to me."

"Well, of course you're meant to say that to me."

"You came here of your own free will, Pencil. You have a lot on your chest, and you're doing the right thing by attending these sessions. I'm proud of you."

"Y-You are...?"

"Of course. Well, we're nearing the end of today's session. I'd like you to have a think about it all, and I'm going to leave you with one final question. What do you really want to happen?"

"What do you mean?"

"What do you really want to happen, Pencil?"

Pencil went silent, looking down to the floor and clutching her hands together as she let out a shaky sigh. Her eyes widened, watering and tearing up as she began to force a smile. She looked back up, her eyes twitching and her body trembling as she opened her mouth to speak.

"I need it to stop."

...

"You need what to stop?"

"I need everything to stop..." She uttered, tears rolling down her face as she reached for the tissue box.

"..."

"Y-Y'know what, nevermind, it's the end of the session, right...? I'll just get going now." Pencil abruptly got up, tucking her chair into the office desk and picking up her handbag, quickly walking over to the front door before pausing to look back at the therapist one last time.

"Have a good rest of your day, Pencil."

"Yeah." She sighed, opening the door and walking out, slamming it shut and running through the halls of the building before reaching the exit, speeding out and running through the pavement as fast as she possibly could.

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WHERE ARE WE AGAIN? - CHAPTER 26.

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06/2008

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"Liy! Are you excited for your first day of elementary, honey?"

"Yeah mom! I'm excited to make new friends!!" The small lightswitch smiled, confidently holding onto her dark blue school bag as her and Lampy walked down the pavement.

"You're getting so big now, aren't you? How old are you... again...?" Lampy blinked, holding onto her aching head as her daughter simply smiled, not a clue in her expression as she turned to face her.

"I'm 6, right mom?"

"Yeah, yeah you are... yeah...!"

"Why are you so confused, silly!"

"You're right, Liy, your mom's a bit silly sometimes, isn't she?"

"What's dad doing, mom?"

"What?" Lampy uttered, raising an eyebrow as Liy remained smiling.

"Yeah!"

"Oh, he's at work!"

"I always see dad at home, though! You can't work at home, silly mom!!"

"Yeah, silly mom." Lampy mumbled, looking to the side a little glumly, folding her arms and turning back to Liy, a small smile forming on her face as she watched the girl walk confidently through the streets with confidence, utterly unaware.

..

"Mommy, do you have any friends? You always look sad!"

"What? Oh yeah, mom has lots of friends!" Lampy nervously laughed.

"What's their names, mom?"

"Uh... did you know that mom is actually friends with the... uh... president...?"

"Woah, really? You're so cool, mom!!!" Liy exclaimed, her eyes glowing with awe as Lampy awkwardly smiled back, hoping that she'd stop with the questions.

The two kept walking, Lampy's vision turned down to the floor, a look of shame on her face as she held tightly onto Liy's hand as the the two eventually reached the gates of the school.

"Okay, have a good day at school honey!" Lampy held up a smile, bending down to give the lightswitch a final hug.

She kissed Liy on the cheek, handing her a plastic water bottle and her lunch bag as she got back up, watching with a blank expression as the girl walked through the gates to be greeted by teachers.

"Bye mom!!"

"Yeah, bye..."

Lampy turned her back, holding a hand over her face and speed-walking away from the crowd of other parents, trying her very best to ignore their weirded-out stares and gossip.

Sighing, she dug her hand into her handbag, pulling out a tiny, touchscreen phone with a small button at the bottom.

Sitting down on a bench, she held the thing up to her face, analysing the back and front with deep confusion.

"Why is there... two of them in... my hand...?" Lampy mumbled, her eyes closing tiredly as she tried her best to stay awake.

She clicked on the small button, a little startled when the screen lit up just to be shown with the date and time.

Wednesday 3rd September, 2008.

8:56am.

"Is it not... 2002 or something? ...Shit..."

-

-

"What's the date, Flashy...?" Lampy called out, stepping into the house and locking the front door shut as Flashlight immediately came running down the stairs.

"You can just check the phone I gave you, y'know?" Flashlight chuckled, shrugging as Lampy stared at him blankly, placing her bag down on the floor.

"I know... but I'm asking you. I want you to tell me."

"September... 3rd? I dunno, something like that."

She blinked, raising a slight eyebrow as he laughed it off.

"What's the year?"

"2008."

"Why?"

"Just go to sleep, you're clearly tired Lampy." Flashlight rolled his eyes, forcefully grabbing onto her wrist and pulling her into the living room, trying to ignore her confusion as much as he could.

"Wait, l-let go of me! Ugh!" Lampy yelped, smacking his arm off with her other hand and watching as he stumbled back.

"What's wrong with you?!"

"You don't need to d-drag me around like I'm some dog, I can go myself!!"

"Yeah, don't smack me like that!" Flashlight snapped back.

"You're the one grabbing onto me!"

"I'm trying to help you!"

"I don't need help, asshole! Just piss off." Lampy scoffed, walking away from him and towards the corner of the room, picking up a blanket and pillow from behind table and placing it onto the sofa.

"Do you want some water?" Flashlight asked, his expression slightly shrivelled up as he watched Lampy unfold the blanket and spread it out across the sofa slowly, her body trembling and sweat trickling down her face as she kept stopping to take breaks.

"Yeah, that's fine."

Lampy looked out the window of the apartment, her head spinning in all directions as she tried her very best to make sense of everything that was happening.

"I'm back!" Flashlight beamed, weirdly amused as he clutched onto a large cup of what seemed to be water, closing the living room door and placing the cup on the table next to where Lampy was.

She slowly got up, reaching for the cup and taking a sip before abruptly pausing, a look of disgust on her face as she immediately spat some of it out, turning to Flashlight with a look of uncertainty as he simply stared back, neutral.

"Why does it taste so... sour?!"

"It's alright, you have a cold. Just drink it all up quickly, okay?"

"Fine..." She sighed, holding the cup to her mouth and swallowing down as much of the drink as she could before letting out a sigh, placing the cup back down on the table and laying down on the pillow as she tried to close her eyes.

"Why did that taste so... off?"

"I told you babe, you're just sick." Flashlight held up a reassuring smile.

"I'm tired."

"Do you want me to take you up to our room?"

"No, I think I'm fine here Flashy."

"Do you want me to stay with you?"

"Y'know what, yeah..."

..

"Why are you so tired today, Lampy?"

"Well, I dunno... I guess it's just life in general."

"What do you mean?"

"Having to look after Liy and making sure she's okay... gosh, I get so scared for her all the time. I always have this voice at the back of my head telling me I'm doing something wrong. I always feel like I'm hurting her, or something."

"But you're not. She's stupid for not being able to see that."

"Flashlight, she's just a child!" Lampy chuchkled, softly nudging his arm.

"So what? She... just came here uninvited."

"Flashlight, don't be stupid."

"Can't we just put her up for adoption or something?"

"Flashlight!!"

"What?"

"You can't just say that!"

"Why not?"

"I'm not giving my daughter up."

"Whatever."

"Anyways, you're gonna pick her up from school today."

"Do I have to? Can't you do it?"

"I'm tired. Just do it today."

"Fine."

"That's good. I love you."

"I love you too, Lampy..."

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05/2019 - PRESENT DAY.

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The sun shone brightly, the warm, spring breeze flowing through the windows and around the living room.

The plants swayed from side to side, slightly dehydrated but still standing strong.

"Wha... where... am I....?"

Lampy's eyes tiredly opened, her arms wrapped around her shivering body as she slowly sat up on the couch.

A look of confusion on her face, she took a few anxious breaths, looking around the room just to see everything was still intact.

Her plants were still sat in the same corner, awaiting watering. The small, abstract painting hanging on the wall, untouched and covered in a layer of dust.

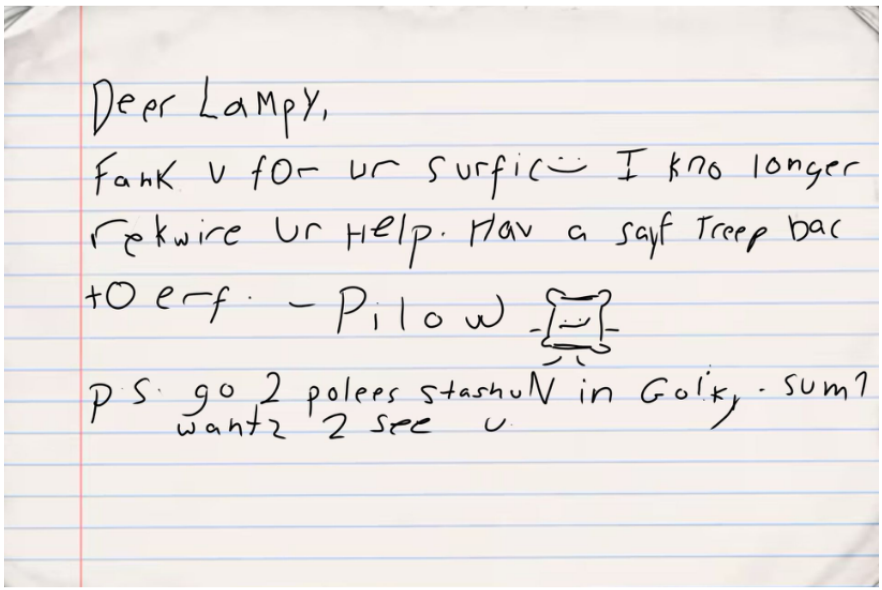
She turned to the right, a look of slight fear as she realised that the window was wide open, the only thing in the living room that was seemingly tampered with.

Turning back around, she suddenly spotted what seemed to be a folded sheet of paper innocently laying atop the wooden table, just waiting to be opened.

"Huh..."

Taking a deep breath, she grabbed onto the paper, nervously unfolding it just to be met with sloppy, barely legible handwriting.

-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tO erf. - Pilow
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wantz 2 see u

-

"The fuck...? Police... station?"

She stared at the paper, trying her best to comprehend what the hell it could possibly mean. What was this? Why was this here? How was is placed here?

"What could anyone want? It better not be mom..."

Sighing, she got up on her feet, shaking and trembling as she grabbed onto the walls for support.

She held the paper in her hand, taking in deep and slightly panicked breaths as she reached for her handbag which was sitting atop the peg in the hallway. How convenient.

Grunting, she stood on her tiptoes, finally managing to grab onto the bag before stumbling back, her weak body slamming against the wall as she slowly sank to the floor.

"Why is this so difficult, ugh..." She groaned, clutching onto the wall with as much force as she possibly could, slowly standing back up again before tumbling against the front door.

-

-

"Taxi! Taxi!!"

..

"Where to?"

Lampy opened the back door of the yellow car, closing the door behind her and shyly looking away and putting on the seatbelt before turning back to the sheet of paper that she had found earlier.

"Goiky... police... station?"

"That'll be $60."

"Sixty?! It shouldn't even cost twenty to take me from here back to Goiky!"

"The prices nowadays are high, y'know." The driver chuckled, turning to Lampy as she nervously laughed.

She opened up her bag, digging her hand inside to see if there was

even a bit of cash to spare.

"Damnit, where is it...?" She mumbled under her breath, finding nothing in her bag except an old phone and some loose change.

"I-... I...-"

"Y'know what, you seem like you're having a bad day. It's on the house!" The driver exclaimed, turning back to the wheel as Lampy stared, a little shocked.

"What? You don't have to, I'll pay you back and-"

"It's fine, no worries."

They began to drive through the town, Lampy going awkwardly silent before grabbing the old phone and staring at it a little curiously.

She tried to press the small side button, quite confused when it didn't immediately turn on.

"How does this even work...?" She mumbled, bringing the phone to her face and looking into the charging port cluelessly, as if that would provide an answer.

The car came to a sudden halt near a red traffic light, the atmosphere growing more awkward by the minute.

"Hey, do you have a charger for... this?" She tapped the driver on the shoulder, bringing the old phone over to him only to receive a look of shock.

"That thing's so old, I'm not even sure chargers for that exist anymore!" He chuckled, looking through the storage compartment beside him to see if he could find anything.

"It's okay if you don't have anything, I'll manage!"

"Yeah, uh... sorry ma'am. I got nothing."

.

"What's the date?"

"It's Saturday, May 3rd."

"May 3rd of what?"

"2019...?"

"...Already?"

"Are you a time traveller?!" The driver laughed, already confused by all of her questions.

"N-No, I just... I dunno, sorry."

"No, no, it's fine, really. I don't blame ya, time moves so fast nowadays! I mean, it feels like 2012, was yesterday!!"

"Haha, yeah..."

"I mean, it feels like just yesterday my kids were starting elementary, but now, they're in college and high school! Wild, huh."

"How old are... your kids?"

"Oh, uh... my eldest is born in 2000, then my middle is 2002, and my youngest is 2005."

"2002...?"

"Hm?"

"Oh, nothing, I just... nothing."

"My eldest is doing an engineering course, I always found that subject difficult, y'know?"

Lampy held up a smile, trying her best to hide her expression of guilt as the driver continued.

"He originally wanted to physics first, I dunno why. The sciences always bored me. I was like, son, you aren't gonna be the next Icicle Newton! Hahah!!"

"Physics..."

-

"You're a reckless... little girl! If I let you out then you'll... you'll n-never succeed! NEVER!!"

"But... BUT I WILL!"

"NO YOU WON'T!!"

"I know you... an insufferable failure, just like the man who fathered you!!"

"..."

"Your sister was never... never like this! She s-stayed here until she graduated and now she has an actual l-life... with a loving husband..., you though... YOU JUST WANNA TAKE ANY CHANCE YOU GET TO RUN OFF AND FAIL YOURSELF! SIT YOUR FUCKING SELF DOWN H-HERE!!"

"I..."

"DON'T EVEN T-THINK... ABOUT RUNNING AWAY EITHER! Whatever happens... you're staying with me..."

-

,"Damnit..."

"Huh?"

"Oh, uh. By any chance, when we get to Goiky, can you uh... stop at the college gardens...?"

"College Gardens... you mean that large shopping center?"

"What? Shopping center? Wasn't it houses?!"

"Oh, not anymore. You see, they took down the houses and turned it into the shopping center in 2009. Don't you know?"

"Oh. I didn't..."

"You're from Rosemead, makes sense."

"No? I only just moved here in 2001! I grew up in Central Goiky."

"Just? 2001 was a while ago. How come you're so... unaware, if you will, of everything?"

"I... what?"

"No, like, I dunno, you seem really confused. Are you okay?"

"I'm okay...?"

-

"So, why did dad actually want to leave you so quickly?"

"Well, I just said, didn't I?"

"If he left you then why did he come to live with us again?!"

"Oh, because of you honey! I couldn't bear seeing you grow up without your father by your side, so we worked some things out and he lived with us for a bit!"

"Oh... so you think, YOU THINK THAT BENEFITTED ME IN ANY WAY, HUH?!"

"W-What do you mean honey, he took you to school, he took you shopping, he got you a nice phone!"

"HE DIDN'T DO ANY OF THAT FOR ME! I'M THE ONE WHO HAD TO WALK TO SCHOOL, IM THE ONE WHO HAD TO SNEAK OUT JUST TO BUY THINGS, AND THE ONLY WAY I COULD GET A DAMN PHONE IS BY STEALING ONE!"

"You- um... did?! I, I'm sorry, I-"

"Save it."

"Honey, DON'T LEAVE ME PLEASE!"

"FUCK OFF!"

"Liy, please..."

"YOU DON'T EVEN SAY SORRY FOR ANYTHING, DO YOU?! ALWAYS THE LIES, THE LIES! JUST LEAVE ME BE LIKE YOU ALWAYS DID, MOM."

"Liy..."

-

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,"Yeah, perfectly fine." Lampy sighed, her voice dripping with guilt and sorrow as she closed her eyes, trying her best to block out all the noise, just everything.

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11/1999

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"I'M NOT LETTING YOU MOVE ANYWHERE! STAY THE HELL HERE, YOU'RE JUST AN IMMATURE CHILD!!"

"ARE YOU CRAZY?! I'M 28! I SHOULD'VE MOVED OUT WHEN I WAS LAMPY'S AGE, ACTUALLY! IT'S YOU WHO'S HOLDING ME BACK!"

"WITH GOOD REASON! Look at you, talking to your mother like this... your poor mother who was the sole person taking care of you... OF COURSE YOU TURNED OUT TO BE LIKE YOUR FATHER!!"

"MOM, I'M MARRIED, I HAVE A JOB, I HAVE A LIFE! I WANT TO GO! JUST LET ME GO!!"

"NEVER!!"

"I WISH YOU DIED INSTEAD OF DAD! I FUCKING HATE YOU!!!!"

"...Wow! You're the spit of him, aren't you...?!"

"Sis... Mom? What's going on?"

"OUR CRAZY MOTHER, THE USUAL!"

"I'M THE CRAZY ONE?!"

"What's happening, I-"

"Sis, just go upstairs. Not now."

"But-"

"Please...? I'll be fine."

"...'Kay."

"See, Lampy listens, BUT NOT YOU!"

"SHUT UP BEFORE I CALL THE COPS ON YOUR DELUSIONAL ASS!!"

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"Thank you!" Lampy held up a smile, clutching tightly onto her bag and waving goodbye to the taxi driver as she closed the door shut, turning around just to find herself standing in front of said police station.

Her eyes widened, her hands shaking as she looked down to the ground, a shameful look on her face as she walked through the

entrance, just to be met with a slightly shorter, although more confident-looking Picture Frame at the from reception, a police hat on his head as he walked forward.

"Hey, how can I help?" He smiled, looking at Lampy a little curiously as she turned to the side, unsure of what to say.

"To... talk to someone...?"

"Police officer? What's your name, ma'am?"

"Uh... Lampy."

Picture Frame went silent, going pale with shock as he stumbled back before immediately turning around.

"SUNDIAL!!!!" He yelled as loud as he possibly could, Lampy jumping in fear as she saw another officer run forward, Sundial.

"Hi, can you-"

"Lampy! We've been wondering... where you... are!!!" Sundial exclaimed, gasping for air after his run.

"What, why?!" She replied back, becoming increasingly more frightened.

"Liy! And... Flashlight! We need to... ask you questions!!"

"Liy...? What happened to her, i-is she okay?!"

"I'll tell you, in a moment, but I need you to come with me first." Sundial stated, a little more sternly as he walked away from the front reception and out the door to face Lampy.

,"Please follow me." He stated, walking in front of Lampy as she shyly followed behind him.

Eventually, they reached a tall, wooden door which opened to reveal a small, basic-looking interrogation room. Brown table in the middle, two plastic chairs placed in opposite sides, and a lightbulb hanging from above, illuminating the room.

Lampy quietly sat on one of the chairs, Sundial taking the chair beside the door as he placed his large backpack down on the table.

"My boss will be here in about 10 minutes. In the meantime, I'd like to ask you questions about both Flashlight and your daughter."

"Okay..." Lampy placed her handbag on the floor, folding her arms nervously as Sundial opened his laptop.

"Let's start with Flashlight, and I have to ask this. What is your relationship with him?"

"He... he's Liy's father?"

"Yes, I know, but what was *your* relationship with him?"

"Oh, uh... He's my ex. I guess."

"When's the last time you saw him?"

"I don't know, I forgot... 2, 3 months... ago...?"

"Right... do you have any idea where he could be?"

"I-I'm not sure."

"Okay. What was his relationship with Liy like? Describe it to me."

"I... he was... just... a generic dad? I dunno. He was like, there and stuff."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I can't remember a lot, I'm sorry... he was... kinda... huh..."

"Violent? Brash? Abusive?"

"Why are you using words like that?"

"I'm just trying to help you remember."

"Uh... he would... uhm... he kinda... disliked Liy."

"How so?"

"He was... annoyed? I think they... argued once."

"When was it? Do you remember what they were arguing about?"

"I don't know..."

"How can you remember that they argued, but you don't remember when it was, or what it was about?"

"I'm sorry."

"Well, it's okay. Moving on, do you, by any chance, know who this is?"

Sundial turned the laptop screen around so Lampy could see, a slightly surprised look on her face as she simply stared at the photo.

"That's my sister..."

"What was her relationship like with Flashlight?"

"W-What?! They've never met before..."

"We have reason to believe he played a part in Lantern's suicide."

"...Are you... what?!"

"Hm?"

"No, no, you're wrong! She's like, an hour away from the central city! I can... give you her number!"

"Ma'am, your older sister died 18 years ago."

"...No?"

"I'm sorry you have to hear it like this, but-"

"18? What?! Don't be silly, she, she....."

"I'm really sorry, Lampy."

"..."

She held her hands to her mouth, her eyes welling up with tears as she tried to make sense of it all. Dead? No. That's preposterous. She..., what?

"When... did she... d-die...?!"

"May 2002."

"W-Why didn't... a-anyone... tell me?!"

"You didn't know?"

"N-No! I... why... W-WHY WOULD SHE DO SUCH A THING, I-...!! I can't... think of anything... God, I'm so u-useless... she died because I never spoke to h-her...!!"

"Lampy, none of this is your fault, you-"

"IT IS MY FAULT!! I'm... s-such a horrible person... she was... mom... startled her away... maybe that's why she never texted me...! All I do... is drive people away...!! Even my own daughter thinks I'm useless. I c-can't even remember anything. I'm just... n-nothing...!!"

"It'll be okay, Lampy. You should-"

"I j-just want her... here... n-next to me..." Lampy mumbled before suddenly bursting into tears and digging her head into her arms, her loud sobs and cries echoing within the small interrogation room as Sundial tried his best to keep up a straight, professional face.

"Do you know about anyone else within your social circle?"

"M.... Magazine..... s-she stopped..... talking to me when... L-Liy was a month old...!!"

"Lampy. She didn't stop talking to you on purpose. She was killed in her own home."

"..."

Lampy went silent, her cries dying down as she slowly turned her head up with a look of deep confusion and fright.

"WHO? WHY?!!"

"That's what I wanted to ask you, Lampy. If you remember Flashlight acting different around this time."

"Flashlight...? S-So you mean to tell me... h-he..."

"Well, yes."

"W-Why...? What reason could he p-possibly have?!"

"We don't know. That's why we're asking you if you're able to remember anything, since you were closest to Flashlight, correct?"

"Yeah, guess so..."

"If you don't mind me asking, what was he like during your relationship with him? How long did the relationship last?"

"2001. I tried to get rid of him July 2001."

"And why was that, sorry?"

"'Cause he's an asshole, a-and a deadbeat fucking piece of shit. I told him about our child and he didn't want anything to do with it so I left him. When Liy came around, I stupidly gave him a second chance and called him over to stay with us." Lampy stated, her demeanour immediately switching, each word she uttered about him filled with more and more rage.

"And... you got back together during that time?"

"No, of course not." Lampy stated with a chuckle, shaking her head as she wiped the tears off her face.

"Right."

"As far as I remember, he was the one who kept insisting that we got back together. I kept trying to put him off. The only reason I brought

him back was for his daughter, but clearly that didn't benefit her in any way, now did it?"

"Okay..."

"Well, I still liked him for a bit after he came, but when I saw the way he would talk about Liy, I lost all feeling for him. God, I'm so stupid. I don't know why I let him stay with us for so long!"

"Do you happen to know where Liy is at this current moment? If you don't mind."

"Why... what'd she do...?" Lampy shivered, her stomach dropping as her heart began to race with utter fear.

"We..." Sundial sighed, looking at the time on the laptop just to see it was 10:58am. Any second now.

,"There's quite a lot to unpack, excuse me for my informal language. It's a big thing."

"Liy...? Are you sure you're not mistaken with her father?!"

"Well, no... it's just-"

The doorknob suddenly rattled, the door slowly opening as Tophat walked through, a tired look on his face as he turned to Sundial, who was a little surprised.

"What?" Tophat uttered, screwing his face up at Sundial as he sat down on one of the plastic chairs.

"Sorry Lampy, that's my boss. He'll be asking the questions about your daughter."

Lampy stayed quiet, her fingers anxiously tapping against the table as Tophat began to smirk, his cunning stare sending shivers down her spine.

"So, Lampy. You took your time showing up here. Why's that?" Tophat went straight to interrogating her, his tone stiffening and becoming more serious as she backed away.

"I... didn't even know I was meant to be here from the start!"

"Why are you here now then?"

"Why does it matter...?"

Tophat shrugged, beginning to smirk again before pulling out a folder and quickly reading through it before closing it up and facing her again.

"Your Liy is involved in a really serious crime. Do you know what it is...?" Tophat peered forward, speaking slowly with an extremely sarcastic tone as if she was a helpless child.

"...No."

"Huh. Do you remember her acting a little strange or out of character when she lived with you?"

"N-No..."

"Maybe... more defensive, or nervous. On edge, timid?"

"...I don't... remember...."

"You really know nothing about your daughter, do you?" Tophat smirked, writing into a notepad before putting it down again.

Lampy stayed silent, guilt-ridden and unable to forge a response.

,"You're gonna stay silent? You know, that isn't gonna work on anyone. You've been running away from your problems long enough."

"I-I'm... sorry!" She teared up, putting her hands on her face and turning away as she began to sob.

,"What, am I speaking to a child now?! Why don't you just man up for once AND-"

"Tophat, let's talk outside for a second." Sundial suddenly cut through his boss's words, a stern look on his face as Tophat rolled his eyes.

"Fine."

-

"What are you thinking?! She isn't to blame! Look, you need to act professional, okay?!"

"Since when were you the boss around here?" Tophat laughed, leaning against the wall and looking away from Sundial.

"She... ugh. I just told her that her sister is dead, that her friend is dead. She didn't know about any of this. She's already hurt, so stop going so hard on her!"

"You're very keen to defend her. She's the mother of a criminal. Who knows, maybe she could be one too! What I'm saying is, kid, don't get your hopes up."

"I'm not a kid. Why do you always say that?!"

"'Cause, you only started this job 3 years ago. You're a newbie, therefore, a kid."

"Oh shut up. When we get back in there, you better not be rude again."

"Whatever. That woman's involved and I know it." Tophat rolled his eyes, shoving Sundial to the side and walking back into the interrogation room with a bright smile plastered on his face like nothing had happened prior.

Sundial too came in, standing by the door with his arms folded and a much warmer, more genuine-looking smile on his face as he turned to the woman, who was, weirdly enough, staring at the CCTV camera in the corner of the ceiling, her eyes wide and filled with confusion as she continued to look like they were having a staring contest, or something.

"Sorry about that, Lampy. Let's continue, shall w-"

"What is that thing...?" Lampy blinked, suddenly back to normal and pointing up at the camera with curiosity as the two officers turned to eachother, raising eyebrows and shrugging.

"It's a CCTV camera." Tophat replied, a bit of his laugh slipping out as Lampy gasped.

"Ohhh! Okay. They look so high tech, like futuristic kinda stuff, y'know?"

"CCTV cameras have been around for quite a bit."

"I know, but they never looked like this! It looks crazy expensive to be honest."

"Everyone has them now, don't you know?" Sundial laughed as Lampy turned to him in confusion, raising an eyebrow as a sudden realisation washed over her.

"Oh! Uh, Flashlight's family home had these small little mini-camera scattered all over the house, even in the hallways. They were barely noticeable, unless you looked closely. But they looked so cute! Not like this one."

"Huh... interesting." Sundial replied as Lampy chuckled.

"Ah, what a time. It was fun. His folks always made these little desert things. They had this whole platter of those macaron things, this... custard tart, I think."

"What else, do you remember?"

"Oh, oh! These, like, small tiny pancake things filled with chocolate. You'd like, roll them up and eat them that way."

"Crepes?"

"I think, yeah! Also this, hm... this one was my favourite, crème brûlée!"

"You seem to remember a lot from that time, don't you?"

"I guess I do, don't I..." Lampy held up a smile, turning to the side with a look of guilt on her face.

"Did you enjoy it there?"

"I guess I did. His parents and siblings were all nice. I don't think his sister liked me very much, but it's okay, it's my fault to be honest! She had every right to hate me."

"..."

"I annoyed Camera, a lot... we would constantly argue and bicker. I wish I could just go back and make things right with her. She's a really sweet person, I know it."

"What do you think she felt about your daughter?"

"Liy? Oh, she'd be a great aunt. I told her about it before Flashlight. She kinda just... gave me a dirty look before telling me that she didn't really care. It's okay. I'll always respect her. She's older than me, anyways."

"Hm. I see."

"I'm sure Camera and Liy get along well! She's really a sweet and funny person if you really get to know her."

"Okay. Where do you think Liy could be right now? What do you think she's doing?"

"Oh, Liy. She's just a curious, young girl. I'm sure she's off doing teenager things."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Like, discovering, being with friends. I don't mind what she does, as long as she's happy!"

"Huh. When's the last time you saw her?" Sundial raised an eyebrow, asking with slight curiosity.

"Uh... a few weeks ago I think!!"

"Where?"

"She... came to my house and we... talked?"

"Can you remember everything she said? Was she acting out of character, irritable, defensive?"

"Sorry, what? When? I don't...-"

"When you last saw her, I mean."

Lampy looked to the side, scratching her chin with curiosity as she tried to remember something, anything.

-

"Mhm?"

"A FUCKING LIAR!"

"W-What do you mean honey? I'm telling you about how m-me and your dad me, like you asked!"

"TELL ME THE FUCKING TRUTH YOU LYING LITTLE BITCH!"

-

"Honey, DON'T LEAVE ME PLEASE!"

"FUCK OFF!"

"Liy, please..."

"YOU DON'T EVEN SAY SORRY FOR ANYTHING, DO YOU?! ALWAYS THE LIES, THE LIES! JUST LEAVE ME BE LIKE YOU ALWAYS DID, MOM."

—

"Wh-... I..."

"Hm...?"

"S-She..."

"..."

"G-God..., I...-"

"Take your time, ma'am."

"W-What did she do."

"...Well, you see, I-"

"Tell me what she did, n-now."

"Ma'am, hold on. Can't you just-"

"I was never, ever a good mom to Liy. Hell, I wasn't even present...! C-Can't you let me parent her, just this once?!" Lampy exclaimed, slamming her hands against the table with agony, her eyes filling with tears as Sundial backed away, Tophat holding up a stern yet cautious expression.

"You can't parent a mass murderer, don't be stupid." Tophat blurted out, rolling his eyes as Lampy went deadly silent.

"My daughter would never murder anyone, DON'T BE FUCKING STUPID!"

"Yikes." Tophat let out a chuckle, shaking his head as Sundial turned away, sighing and clutching onto his laptop as he tried his best to stay calm.

"D-Do you take me as a joke, where are the police?!"

"We are the police."

"Oh, well in that case, D-DO YOUR JOB, ASSHOLE!!"

"Why don't you face it, huh? Talking about parenting... you need someone to keep you in check, you can barely keep yourself together, lady!" Tophat snapped back, smirking and laughing as Lampy went quiet, running out of words at this point.

"..."

"Your Liy isn't capable of killing? She's just a harmless little girl?"

"Tophat, I think that's enough now, just st-"

"April 2016, Liy threw her fellow classmate down the stairs and ended her. She got away with it for 3 whole years, letting an innocent take the blame for her crime. Are you hearing this? April 2019, she lured majority of the BFB cast into what was meant to be a hotel trip. She locked them in an abandoned building, took control of the system, and essentially wiped them all out. She then managed to escape. She is currently missing."

Lampy kept her head down, angrily clawing onto the table, her fingernails scraping against the wood. Sweat dripping down her pale face, shaky breaths escaping her lips as she slowly turned her head up.

"...They did this."

"Who, Lampy?" Tophat chuckled, a look of twisted enjoyment on his face, barely taking the woman seriously.

,"We'd love to kn-"

"THOSE PEOPLE RUINED HER FUCKING LIFE, A-AND DROVE HER TO HER VERY LIMIT!!"

"What people, Lampy? I'm eager to know!"

"THOSE PEOPLE... W-WHO... T-THEY... THEY DID THIS! THEY ACCUSED HER! LIY WOULDN'T DO ALL THIS!!"

"Yet there's concrete evidence that proves otherwise. Oh well!" Tophat shrugged, grabbing onto a piping hot cup of tea and sipping it, watching with a smile as Lampy clawed onto her face, barely able to comprehend what was undeniably the truth.

"THEY MADE HER BELIEVE SHE WAS N-NOTHING, AND-"

"Shut up, you idiot. You moronic fool. Why'd you bring Liy into this world if you can't even control yourself? Oh, the questions that plague society."

"What...?"

"She's the daughter of a psychopath, no wonder. Of course she's gonna copy her father's actions. It's the obvious conclusion. And besides, the apple doesn't fall too far from the tree, does it?"

"H-How could you... s-say that...?!"

"Truth hurts, love."

"D-Don't you have kids of your own? Wouldn't you feel upset if someone said that about yours?!"

Tophat chuckled, placing his steaming cup of tea back onto the table and folding his arms as he leaned back on his chair, not taking the woman even a bit seriously.

"Well, for starters, I don't. And even if I did, I wouldn't neglect them to the point that they commit heinous crimes like yours does."

"..."

"Anyways, we're getting off track." Tophat casually stated, reaching for his cup of tea. Although, before he could, Lampy clutched onto the handle, dragging it back and getting up on her feet.

"What are y-"

Without a second thought, she threw the cup right back at Tophat, watching with a blank expression as the boiling tea splashed onto his face.

"AGH, FUCK!!" Tophat screamed, clutching onto his face in agony as Sundial quickly got up from his chair.

"ALRIGHT... Lampy, come with me!" Sundial exclaimed, a look of panic on his face as he watched Lampy simply pick up her handbag and tuck her chair back into the table before calmly walking out the door like nothing had happened.

There was no emotion in her expression, although the look in her glossy, tearful blue eyes would tell a completely different story. She leaned against the cold wall, clawing tightly onto her bag as she folded her arms.

Sundial sighed, speaking a few unintelligible words into his walkie-talkie before shutting the door of the interrogation room they were just in.

"Am I in trouble?" Lampy uttered quietly, barely giving the detective eye contact as he let out another sigh.

"You've been through a lot, I wouldn't do that to you." Sundial cracked a smile, clutching onto his laptop as he looked to the side.

,"Let's go somewhere else, I'd still like to talk to you."

The two quietly walked through the cold, barren halls of the police station, the atmosphere, tense. The silence becoming oppressive. Sundial stopped in front of a tall, wooden door, slightly larger than the last. He pushed down the door handle, opening the door and walking inside, Lampy following suit.

She looked around, feeling ever so slightly relieved at the sight. Instead of a wooden table and plastic chairs, there was a navy blue couch, one by the door and the other by the window, which was closed shut and covered with blinds. In the middle was a glass coffee table where Sundial had placed his laptop and notepad, along with two unopened bottles of water and a lightbulb hanging from the ceiling above.

"It's okay now. No one's gonna yell at you, Lampy." Sundial uttered, slight guilt in his voice which was partly concealed by his professional tone.

She quietly sat down on the couch, tightly clutching onto her handbag like someone was trying to steal it from her, or something. Her foot anxiously tapped on the floor, her heart racing and her hands beginning to tremble as Sundial sat opposite her. No grin on his face, no disgusted stare, no nothing. He just sat there, a slightly upset look on his face as he simply stared at her, unable to say a word, although he tried, taking in a deep breath and holding up a slight smile as he began to speak once again.

"Tell me anything Lampy. Let's have a conversation about something, anything really."

"What..? Why." Lampy mumbled, slowly turning to the detective who had a simple smile on his face. Nothing more, nothing less.

"What kind of music do you like? I've personally been into contemporary these days."

Lampy's eye twitched at the question, her body trembling as she backed up a little.

"I-..."

Sundial remained silent, waiting patiently for a response, although Lampy just went silent, looking even more scared than before, holding onto her bag tighter, her eyes wide and tearful.

-

"Imagine we threw a party, but the party was just us two, no one else."

"Flashy, that's not a party, that's just us. A party is like, more than 5 people at the very least!"

"We don't need people."

"Then it's not a party, silly!"

"We can change the rules, cmon! A party is to have fun, y'know?"

"Whatever. Stupid."

"Don't call me stupid! Y... you're stupid!"

"Which one of us is in university?"

"...You."

"Exactly. Know your place, Flashy."

"You're so mean... meanie."

"I know. I am. Ugh... fine, party. What kind of party is this? Where's the food, where's the dance floor, where's the fruit punch?

And most importantly, where's the music? This is just your room. Your room sucks. It's boring."

"It's music you want, huh?"

"What are you-"

"I have a boombox! Well, it's my dad's, but who cares!"

"Do you have anything to put in the CD player?"

"Fuck. I only have this!"

"Jazz? You fucking grandpa."

"It's not mine! Again, it's my dad's. He's always listening to this stuff. Let's just dance to this."

"Slow-dancing to jazz? What is this, a high school dance? Yawn."

"Oh shut up and take my hand."

-

"J-Jazz... I guess."

"That's really nice. I like a bit of jazz here and there too!"

"...Yeah."

"Any reason why? Like, just curious."

"...He played jazz on one of our date nights."

-

"You're so terrible at dancing, Flashy. You almost tripped me up, silly!"

"Well, sorry I'm not a professional dancer. I'm just a guy. A guy with a boombox."

"Do you actually do anything else or do you just chill in your room

24/7?"

"Well... it's only temporary, okay? Your smarts will save us."

"Why do you depend on me to do it all? Silly."

"Well, what do you want?"

"What do you mean?"

"What do you want me to do?"

"Get a job."

"What job?"

"Anything, literally anything. There's a huge variety of jobs to choose from!"

"You tell me."

"Dunno... work as the Chuck E. Cheese mascot, you'd look funny in the mouse suit!"

"Don't insult me."

"Imagine you doing dances for kids on their birthdays with that stupid costume? You'd probably get sick of it after one birthday and quit, L-O-L."

"True. Kids piss me off. They just whine. They don't do anything. They're useless. They're a waste of time, and they solely exist to drain all the money from your wallet."

"Don't say that..."

"Am I wrong?!"

"What if we had a kid, though...? Don't be so harsh..."

"Don't say such nonsense. Besides, I don't see it happening."

-

-

"I see... Jazz is quite nice, honestly. I like to listen to it when I'm commuting."

"Yeah, so nice..." Lampy mumbled, her tone dripping with sarcasm as she hugged onto her bag, clawing tightly into it as her palms began to sweat and her hands trembling with anxiety.

"Tell me about yourself! How would you, say... describe yourself!" Sundial smiled, folding his arms as the woman went quiet, looking towards the barren floor.

"..."

-

-

"What are you doing?"

"If you love me, like I do... la,la,la... sing along... to this one..."

"What?"

"Oh, it's just this song I've been hearing on the radio!"

"Just shut up, your singing is terrible."

"...'Kay. Rude."

"..."

"..."

"What was rude about that?"

"Just leave me alone. You already know."

"Oh don't be a baby!"

"No, because it's all the time, Flashlight! I can't even do anything with you, because everything annoys you!"

"No it doesn't."

"Yes it does! You make me feel like shit sometimes, y'know."

"No I don't."

"Asshole."

"..."

"..."

"So you aren't..."

"What?"

"Gonna say sorry to me?"

"Flashlight, I didn't do anything."

"Yes you did!"

"Oh really, what did I do?"

"You... called me rude."

"Are you actually serious?"

"That's not nice...?"

"I'm gonna go home, I'm just wasting my time here."

"No, stay with me!"

"You can't force m-"

!!!

"I told you, YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE!!"

"..."

"Put your bag down."

"..."

"Don't even think about leaving."

"...y-yeah."

"Come here."

"..."

"Stop crying, you goof."

"...s-sorry."

"Better?"

-

-

"I... d-don't know..." Lampy muttered in a whisper, her body shaking and her heart racing as tears began to pour down. She let out a gasp, both her hands on her face as she slowly broke down.

,"I-I'm... s-sorry...!"

"Lampy, you don't have to apologise. You didn't do anything wrong." Sundial stated, his smile fading into a look of guilt as he reached for a tissue box before handing it to her.

"Y-You're just doing your job... a-and I'm just... wasting y-your time...!" Lampy cried, pulling a tissue out from the box and scraping it against her face as she tried her best to suppress her tears.

"No, Lampy. I'm sorry. I'm the one who should be sorry. I'm making you remember all this. You don't deserve to live in his shadow. You never deserved what he did, to you and Liy."

"I-... miss h-her... s-she needed me, a-and I wasn't there...!!"

"It isn't your fault Lampy. You didn't do anything wrong."

"I DID! N-Now look at her... I brought h-him back... and h-he RUINED

HER...!!"

"I can assure you that we're going to find him, and punish him for everything he's done."

"It's t-too late... he destroyed her. My daughter...!"

"...I'm sorry, Lampy. Really, I am. I wish I could make this all right for you. But the truth is, both him and Liy committed crimes. We need you to help us."

"...F-Fine."

"Right, well I'm not gonna bombard you with too many questions. You don't have to answer if you're not comfortable either."

"..."

"Do you remember how Liy was like as a child? Playful, reserved, irritable...?"

"...Liy was always quiet. She only ever liked to talk to me when she was really young. I-..., can't really remember anything past when she was 6... b-but i know, she never talked to anyone but me. E-Even with him. She was... a bit scared of him."

"Do you remember how... he... would talk with Liy. How he'd treat her, how he'd act around her, how he'd talk about her?"

"...H-He hated her."

"...I see." Sundial shakily sighed, rubbing his eyes and writing into his notepad, his hand shaky and barely able to properly hold the pen let alone write with it.

"A-About Liy, just please... I know that she's a sweet girl... even after e-everything. S-She isn't purely evil. I just wish... maybe... I could turn back t-time, and make sure it never happened. If i was there..., if I protected her. N-None of this would happen. Maybe she would've lived a happy life. Maybe she... would've finally broke the cycle."

"You shouldn't blame yourself." Sundial stated, his voice trembling

and his tone noticeably weaker than before.

,"You tried your best, Lampy. You really did. You're courageous, you're strong. You pushed through as much as you could for Liy, and I'm sure she knows that. I wish I had a magic wand that could rewrite the past, that could make everything better for you. You deserved better."

Lampy stared at him blankly, a little confused. Sighing, she looked to the side, fidgeting with the zipper on her handbag as the detective continued.

"I'm not sure, but, by any chance, do you remember... around 2016. Maybe, Liy mentioning certain people. Foldy, Stapy, Pastel Highlighter. Do those names sound familiar to you...?"

"..."

-

"DO YOU EVER SHUT UP?! STOP FUCKING CRYING!

-,

"I-IT'S... N-NOT..."

"NOT WHAT?"

"DAD, I-..."

"DO YOU EVER SHUT UP LIY?! I'M SICK OF THIS STUPID SCHOOL COMPLAINING TO ME ABOUT YOU! I DON'T CARE ABOUT YOUR SHIT, JUST DON'T BOTHER ME!!"

"IT'S NOT ME THOUGH, I-IT'S... SHE'S MAKING FUN OF ME, S-SHE'S MAKING MY LIFE HELL, A-ALL OF THEM! I-I'M SORRY, I-"

"Who?"

"F-Foldy... a-and... Pastel..."

"Good."

"...huh...?"

"Now you can understand. NO ONE FUCKING WANTS TO PUT UP WITH YOU!"

"I-...!"

"NOW GET OUT OF MY FACE!!"

-

-

"F-Foldy...?"

"Hm?" Sundial raised an eyebrow, placing his pen back down on the table as Lampy took a deep breath.

"I don't... really remember much. B-But if there's one thing I know, it's that she made my Liy's life a l-living hell."

"Right. I see." Sundial replied, placing his laptop on the table and opening it up, the bright light of the screen shining in his face as he typed into it.

"What... is that?" Lampy raised an eyebrow, pointing at the large, slightly scratched laptop as Sundial paused, facing her with a confused smile.

"What? It's a laptop!"

"Lap...top?"

"Everyone has one nowadays, don't you know?" Sundial laughed as Lampy remained silent.

"I... well... oh."

"It's okay, really. It's just like a PC, but y'know, portable...?"

"Oh, huh... okay."

"Tell me what else you remember." Sundial held up a smile, half-

focused on her and half-focused on what he was typing into his laptop.

"About... what?"

"Anything, really."

"I... heard that they turned my old house into a shopping centre."

"Really? What's it's called?"

"College... gardens. I was very close to my old college. I could walk and I'd be there in minutes."

"Did you like your old college?"

"Yeah... the professor was nice. He had this funky accent, like... British or something. I think he was a coffee mug."

"What subject did you do... sorry?"

"Physics."

"I see..."

"It wasn't my choice. My mom forced me, y'know. I would never ever willingly choose something as boring as that!" Lampy laughed a little, a slight glimmer in her eyes as she folded her arms.

"If it was your choice, what subject would you have chosen?"

"Hm... probably... none. I never even wanted to go to college in the first place actually. I wanted to be like those street painters. You know those guys who like, draw people they see or something."

"So you like to do art?"

"Yeah, I guess..."

"That's actually really nice, you know? What kind of art do you like?"

"Hm, probably... abstract. Most people think it's meaningless globs of colour. It's just something that the majority will never be able to

understand. It's a deep message hidden in plain sight."

"I like that. I think some art forms are quite misunderstood, honestly. People judge without actually knowing the true meaning of things." Sundial replied, his tone a little glum as Lampy held up a slight smile.

"You get me."

"I actually did an art course for some time, before switching to this. Art is something special, honestly."

"Yeah."

The room went quiet, the only thing that could be heard from that point forward being the buzzing of the light above, the chirps of the birds outside, and Sundial's speedy typing into the keyboard.

Lampy stayed quiet, a slight smile on her face as she shyly glanced around the room, still tightly holding onto her handbag.

Sundial continued to type into a document, laser-focused on the screen until suddenly an unusually loud notification caused him to let go, stumbling back in fear and letting out a gasp as Lampy turned back to him.

"A-Are you okay, sir...?" She asked, her tone shaky and hesitant as Sundial held up a smile.

"Yeah, d-didn't expect that one!!" He laughed it off, although he was quite intrigued. He began to tremble, his heart racing and sweat dripping down his face as he hovered the cursor over what seemed to be an email notification.

He raised an eyebrow, blinking as he curiously clicked on it, looking up and reading the details of the sender provided.

"Hotel 2019... anonymous two seven six three? Yeah, nice try pal." Sundial rolled his eyes, although something about it was so intriguing. So... unusual. He scoured the contents of the email, not clicking on anything but hovering over the several videos attached.

With fear, he clicked on one of the videos, clutching tightly onto the

handles of his chair in fear as it began to play.

———

{04/2019}

"HOW COULD YOU?!"

"I'm sorry... I just wanted some desert!"

"I'LL EXPOSE YOU, I SWEAR I'LL-"

,"R-Remote...?!"

,"What happened to you..."

"I rewired her!"

"What are you doing, WHAT ARE YOU DOING!"

"Relax, will you? I just want to show you how I programmed her!"

,"Now, let's play a little show and tell, shall we?"

"W-What are you doing to her?!"

"Since she has no control over herself, I gave her more personality! Now... she obeys everything I say. Just watch."

,"Remote, go make me a cup of tea!"

"PIE, H-HELP.... M...ME... PLE-"

"ZIP IT!"

"Why... why are you showing me this?!"

"Because, this is what happens when you cross me. Like you did in BFB 5..."

"You see, I could just kill you. But I'm being nice, okay! I'm giving you the opportunity to work with me!"

"But, BUT WHAT ABOUT DEATH P.A.C.T.?!"

"That's all in the past!"

,"Now... either you work with me, or you can end up like Cake!"

"Liy..."

,"I... I can't! I just can't kill people, y-you know what I mean, RIGHT?!"

"You... what?"

,"I've tried my very best here... I really have! So why do you always crush it all into pieces, huh?!"

,"I hate people like you... YOU KNOW THAT, RIGHT?!"

"You explosive, horrible, hateful, disgusting MORON! I HATE PEOPLE LIKE YOU!"

"Why do people hate me... I'm such a kind person."

//////

"Gaty? Is everything alright?"

"Oh... it's just you!"

"What's wrong Gaty? I heard you crying from outside in the corridor!"

"It's Saw... she's gone... I-... I can't even process it! It's too much for me!"

"I... I know this is a lot for you Gaty! It wasn't easy for me to lose Bracelety either, since we were friends in the EXIT. But really think about this. Do you really think that your best friend would want to see you crying?"

"I know, but what else am I supposed to do! You can't expect me to just smile after seeing Saw get ambushed by that monster! I didn't even help her! I just ran off like a wimp..."

"Don't say that Gaty... you're strong to even witness this. Just pull it together, okay? You'll get through this!"

"T-Thanks Liy... I don't know what to say..."

"It's no biggie! But stand up, I need to tell you one more thing!"

"Oh, okay!"

"OW!"

"DO YOU REALLY THINK I GIVE A FUCK ABOUT HOW YOU FEEL?"

"Oh... you all are so easy to fool..."

"You...! Murderer...!"

"Oh you've got to be kidding me."

"I knew... it was you...!"

"Oh Saw, you're just dreaming! Go back to sleep!"

"How... could you!"

"She's literally still breathing."

"Lies!"

"I'm not even lying, you can see for yourself if you want..."

"Oh... I'm sorry for accusing you!"

"I'm... gonna go to sleep okay!"

"What makes you think I'll let you die slowly..."

"Oh... hi Liy!"

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING! STOP!"

,"Please... please..."

"Perfect... two best friends who broke out in a fight! They'll all be clamouring to believe that story."

,"Ugh, stupid thing just work alre-"

,"W-What? D-Dad...?!"

,"Not again... GO AWAY! I DON'T WANNA SEE YOU AGAIN!"

,"STOP, STOP!"

//////

"L-Liy... I can-"

"WHAT THE HELL DID I TELL YOU, HUH?! YOU IGNORANT BITCH!"

,"Give me one... just one... ONE REASON... WHY I SHOULDN'T FUCKING END YOU IN FRONT OF ALL OF THEM! GO ON!"

"Liy... w-what the fuck are you doing? WHAT ABOUT THE PLAN!"

,"Liy... WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?!"

,"Fine... I admit I was wrong... but so are you, and soon your little plan will come crashing down!"

,"Do you know who the person behind the speaker is guys? The one who's been tormenting you and trapping you in this hotel? HUH? IT'S-"

"AAAAHHH, SHUT UP!!!!!!"

.
.

,"What, no thank you?!"

//////

-

-

The light left Sundial's eyes, his face pale as he watched the video close and the screen minimise back to how it was before.

He got up from up chair, slamming his laptop shut and slamming his hands onto his mouth, letting out loud gasps as he walked back, shaking and trying to hold back tears as he backed up against the wall.

"S-Sir...?" Lampy trembled, her eyes wide with fear as she faced the detective, who was simply frozen in his place, unable to move, barely able to keep himself together, holding back the urge to throw up as he tried to process what he had just seen.

—

"Aaaaaand it's done. I sent it to everyone."

"Are you sure this is right Pillow...? And besides, what's the point in all of this? You and Liy should just make up and be friends!" Marker smiled, trying to be the slightest bit positive in the hell of a situation they were in.

"Assistants are meant to give good advice, not meaningless friendship crap." Pillow rolled her eyes, shaking her head as she placed the open laptop onto the table.

"I... okay..." Marker sighed, looking to the side with slight guilt and fear as he folded his arms, leaning against the concrete wall.

Pillow stayed quiet, holding onto a warm cup of tea as she stared into the distance, thoughtless as she took a sip.

"I wish the world was normal again... don't you miss BFB, Pillow?"

"I don't. The world can't be normal anymore. It just can't." Pillow coldly responded, not even looking his way.

"...oh."

"The only way to save the world is by destroying it. None of us are safe from the danger, so we must rid of it before it comes to get us." She added in a corporate tone, no emotion in her voice whatsoever, just slight cracks.

"I wish Stapy was still here."

"What about the other one?" Pillow turned to Marker, slightly confused.

"What other one...?"

"He... never mind."

"Silly Pillow. Me and Stapy were the RPS duo!"

"Whatever."

———

———

"BACKUP, I-... NOW, I NEED SOMEONE!!" Sundial yelled into his walkie talkie, barely able to speak let alone think straight.

"I-... don't get it, what's happening?!" Lampy exclaimed, shakily getting back up on her feet as the detective tried his best to keep a straight face for her.

"J-Just, go outside for now, alright?"

Lampy nodded, slightly confused, although she complied, fastening her handbag onto her shoulder and exiting the room, watching as multiple officers ran down the hall and into the room where she just was.

She kept her head down, silently pacing through the cold, empty halls of the police station. There was nothing on her mind, just nothing. She simply couldn't think of anything anymore. It was just

static. Meaningless. Empty. She didn't even feel anything. It was just nothing. Everything was nothing.

Lampy let out a sigh, lowering her bag down from her shoulder and opening it up, digging her hand in and scouring through the contents to try and find anything. Just something that would give her meaning. But there was nothing.

Nothing but a phone. A dead, outdated, beat to hell phone. A phone with his fingerprints smeared all over it. It just screamed HIM.

She had nothing of true value. Nothing to prove herself. Nothing that would separate herself from the nightmare that she was in. Just. Nothing...

Lampy held the phone up to her face, nothing to see on the pitch black screen except for her reflection. Her blank, confused expression, and a single tear that ran down her face.

"GOD DAMNIT!!" Lampy suddenly screamed, tightening her grip on the device and lifting her arm up in the air before suddenly throwing it as hard as she possibly could, the phone flying in the air before hitting the brick wall, some of the screen chipping off as it thudded onto the ground.

She stared at the damaged phone, beginning to feel slight guilt as she sighed, walking over to pick it up from the ground. Although before she could, a loud, enraged shout echoed through the halls, along with a couple thuds against what seemed to be glass.

Lampy quickly scooped up the phone from the ground, chucking it back in her bag and scurrying over to where the sound was coming from, slightly fearful as she suddenly came across a slightly opened door. She pushed the door open, peeking inside to see an array of plastic chairs, pushed into these concrete tables along with barriers up the front, and a couple wired telephones on the other side of the glass panel.

Taking a deep breath, she shyly walked in, gently closing the door behind her and looking around the mostly empty room just to see someone at the back, although who it was wasn't quite clear y-

"GOD FUCKING DAMNIT! I CAN'T! I don't even know why, o-okay, what do you want me to do, HUH?!"

Lampy immediately froze in her place, her eyes widening as they continued on.

"I don't know what to do about them, those two aren't even his...! There's no one, okay?"

.

"Well no shit, I know they're old enough, but still! I don't know where their fucking dad is!! Besides, I don't want him back anyways, he's long gone, keep it that way."

Lampy blinked, quietly stepping closer as the conversation went on.

"I'm the bad one? You know, Candle isn't an angel either, remember the time he crashed his van? O-Or better yet, remember what happened with Flashlight?!"

.

"D-Do you even-, UGH! What I'm saying is that Glowstick and Night Light are BETTER OFF WITHOUT HIM!!!"

.

"It's MY fault?! No it's not! Y-Y'know what, no, NO! I'm not gonna open this subject again. This is bullshit."

.

"Fine, FUCK YOU TOO! UGH!!"

"Are you... okay?"

"..."

Lampy held up a smile, standing in front of the glass panel just to be met with an utterly speechless Camera on the other side.

"Are you drunk or something?!"

"W-What?"

Camera chucked the phone onto the table, trembling and barely able to think straight as Lampy stood before her with that same confused innocence.

"So you decide to show your face. Are you happy...?" Camera scoffed, tears filling at the corners of her eyes as Lampy froze in her place.

,"I don't even have anything to say to you, Lampy. You've already done it, achieved your goal?"

"What are you talking about...?"

"Left your crazy ex and put his sister in jail. Amazing. Give yourself a pat on the back, Lampy."

"I don't... huh...?"

"No, it's okay Lampy. You don't have to put on a face anymore. You don't have to just tolerate me anymore. Go on, cheer. Laugh at me all you want, because it's all you've ever wanted, right?"

"W-What are you talking about?"

"God, Lampy! Even this. Even after you've achieved your victory. Wow, hooray! You don't even wanna celebrate? You're ashamed? Why are you so ashamed? You're such a prude! Such a killjoy, such a goody two shoes. Tisk, tisk."

"...I'm sorry."

"You're sorry?" Camera blinked, a slight smirk on her face as she leaned forward, her arms folded on the table as Lampy uncomfortably backed away.

"I'm sorry."

"Yap, yap. Are you some parrot? I heard you the first time!"

"I... I'm sorry."

"Shut up."

"Okay."

"UGH!"

The two stayed quiet, Lampy sitting on the cold, plastic chair and placing her bag on the table.

"..."

"Remember the money I gave you?"

"I do-"

"What did you do with it? Genuinely curious."

"I... didn't use it."

"You kidding? How'd you get here from that town without the money?"

"The taxi driver just said it was on the house, or something..."

"They can do that?"

"Y-Yeah, I don't kn-"

"Next time I should act like a clueless dunce to get a free ride."

"..."

"Okay, I'm sorry, I was rude, blah blah." Camera rolled her eyes, leaning back on the chair as Lampy remained silent, barely making eye contact.

"H-How's your kid?" Lampy held up a smile, turning back to face Camera.

"What?" Camera raised an eyebrow, slightly offended as the other continued to simply smile.

"What was his name again? Sorry, I'm not really good at this memory

stuff...!"

"Glowstick, right?"

"Yeah! Him!"

"He's... okay?"

"That's good to know!"

"Yeah..."

"He's 2... right?"

"He's 19."

"Oh, my bad!"

"Are you like, stuck in the past or something?"

"I guess I'm a time traveller, huh?"

"...Yeah, okay."

"..."

"..."

"Remember a bit ago, at the mall? We got coffee and stuff!"

"That... was 2001. Are you fucking with me right now?!"

"What, n-no?"

"Lampy, cut the crud. Look me in the eyes and say you're so serious because I genuinely can't tell if you're joking or not right now."

"I-I'm sorry."

"Why are you like this?"

"L-Like... what?"

"You never used to apologise. You were shameless, snarky, you cracked jokes at the wrong time, you used to always rant, more than me. But now? You flinch whenever I so much as raise my voice."

Lampy looked to the side, sighing a little before turning back with a smile on her face.

"I'm... sor-"

"SHUT UP! SHUT THE FUCK UP!!"

Lampy gasped, grabbing her bag and backing away almost instantly as Camera continued to scream.

"SAY SORRY ONE MORE TIME AND IM GONNA BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF YOU!!!! STUPID BITCH!!!!!!"

"I-"

"FUCK YOU, FUCK YOU!! SORRY THIS, SORRY THAT, I FUCKING HATE YOU, YOU MAKE ME PHYSICALLY SICK. I WISH FLASHLIGHT KILLED YOU INSTEAD OF YOUR STUPID SISTER!!!!"

"..."

Lampy held her mouth, letting out shaky gasps as tears began to pour down her face and onto the cold ground.

"Don't give me the tears. Not this again, Lampy!!"

"I-... I just..."

"Crocodile tears..." Camera rolled her eyes, looking Lampy in the eyes with nothing but malice as she let out a sigh.

"H-How do you know her...?"

"I don't, okay? It was a joke! Jeez, messing with you isn't even fun anymore."

"..."

"You're different now. So disgustingly different..." Camera looked

Lampy up and down, slightly disgusted, yet slightly confused. She pressed her hand against the glass panel that was separating the two, a slight smile on her face as Lampy stayed silent.

,"Where'd the old you go?"

PERCÉE.

_____

_____

12/05/2001.

-

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"Flashlight! Flashlight! Flashlight....."

"..."

"Flashy! C'mon!"

"Huh? Yeah?"

Lampy tugged on Flashlight's arm, the two walking down the streets of the bustling Goiky City, his older sister Camera walking behind them with a look of slight embarrassment, clutching onto her bags as she tried her best to keep a good face, despite the fact that Lampy was already getting on her last nerve.

"Can we go to that place?" Lampy held up a smile, clutching onto a single shopping bag as Flashlight simply looked back at her, slightly confused.

"Real specific." He smirked, rolling his eyes and turning away to face the street.

"No, you know what I mean. The place that serves, like, the cheese pizza, but like, the ketchup sauce is spicy or something! We always go there, c'mon,c'mon!!!"

"What fucking place serves spicy cheese pizza? That actually sounds so terrible, in my opinion." Flashlight chuckled, simply confused.

"You're either lying, or you genuinely have the memory of a goldfish. Either way is hilarious to me." Lampy smiled as Flashlight suddenly stopped before turning to face what looked to be a fast food place.

,"'Chuck's Cheesy Chips'...? This sounds like ass already." Lampy snorted, rolling her eyes as Flashlight cracked a laugh.

"I wanna waste some money, it won't hurt to try. C'mon, let's go."

-

-

"These chips taste like fucking paper. Ugh! This sucks, couldn't you have taken us to some posh restaurant with your money?" Lampy groaned, pushing the greasy box of chips to the side as she turned to Flashlight, who simply chuckled, eating the chips with no problem whatsoever.

"I was bored, okay?! Maybe later."

"You're like, Richington McRich. Right? Why would you take us here! This blows!!" Lampy jokingly complained, nudging his arm as the two began to laugh.

Camera quietly watched, palm on her face as she rolled her eyes. It was just so annoying! her obnoxious jokes, her annoying laughs, and most importantly, HER.

She chucked her chips to the side, her hands trembling with rage as the two's laughs began to die down.

"This place seems like the perfect place for rats to live in, not gonna lie." Flashlight chuckled, an obnoxious-looking smirk on his face.

"Honestly, it's so yuck. So ick. So gross and it-"

"Lampy, do you ever shut the fuck up?! Holy shit, your voice is so annoying, 'Ugh, this sucks!!', 'Ugh, take me out!!', giving me a headache for fuck's sake!" Camera suddenly cut her off, slamming her hand against

the table as Lampy went silent, her and Flashlight slowly turning to face her, seemingly surprised that she was there.

"Why are you even here anyways? Don't you have a kid to look after? Bitch." Lampy immediately snapped back, rolling her eyes and laughing to herself, Flashlight also cracking a slight laugh.

"Wh-"

"Yeah, Lampy's right y'know. Can't you go? This is kinda awkward with you here." Flashlight added, raising an eyebrow.

"Okay but like, I wanted to go to the city to buy stuff, and you guys were also going so it kinda just y'know, would be odd if I went alone if we're going to the same place, and y'know... I-"

"Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah...!!" Lampy cut her off, that same stupid smirk on her face as Flashlight began to laugh once again.

"What?"

"You talk too much, TBH. All bark, no bite!"

"Gotta agree with her there, Cam." Flashlight shrugged, still smirking as Camera looked to the side, not bothering to respond but instead getting up from her seat, fastening her bag onto her shoulder and sighing as she looked back at them one last time, their stupid faces, their stupid expressions. It was so stupid. So stupid.

But before the two could even utter a sentence, Camera picked up Lampy's drink, opening the lid and chucking it back onto her face without hesitation before walking off, completely ignoring her loud gasps and shouts as she promptly left the restaurant.

-

"LAMPY! C-Come on, let's just go!" Flashlight scrambled for napkins, tissues, anything, softly grabbing onto Lampy's arm and helping her get up. Though, she stayed completely silent, her face pale and paralysed with a sort of shock that she didn't expect. It was so sudden, so random. It was just a joke, right...? Why would she take a joke so personally?

-

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"I'm sorry, babe. Camera can be such an asshole, right?"

"Yeah..." Lampy mumbled under her breath, a shadow cast over her face as she looked down to the ground, shameful, the exact moment replaying in her mind over, and over again.

"Anyways, you know that Magazine girl or whatever her name is, the one who's your friend?"

"Mhm..."

"I think she's a bad influence. She's nothing but trouble. I don't think you should be around her, Lampy." Flashlight crossed his arms, his tone stern and dripping with an unusual amount of anger as Lampy turned to him, slightly confused.

"What, why...?"

"Have you seen her? She's crazy! She always acts drunk and out of her head. You should stay away from her, I certainly don't like her. I think she's trouble."

"You're not my mom to be deciding who I hang out with..." Lampy rolled her eyes, turning away from him.

"So you're just gonna tolerate her? She's crazy, she's so rude and incompetent, she behaves like a child, stay away from her!"

"And what would you know, huh?! You think you're so clever but you actually know nothing. I won't ditch her, I've known her since I was 11, you think im gonna take your word when I've only known you for a year?" Lampy snapped back, rolling her eyes as Flashlight simply stared at her in disbelief, tearing up ever so slightly before taking in a deep breath and clenching his fists.

"You better listen to me..."

"Or what? What is the worst thing you could possibly do, Flashlight? Huh,

HUH??!!"

"Shut up."

"What? Why? What did I-"

"OH SHUT UP, WILL YOU? CAMERA WAS RIGHT, YOU'RE SO DIFFICULT, SO INCOMPETENT, JUST... LISTEN TO WHAT I SAY ALREADY!!!!" Flashlight suddenly screamed, getting up on his feet and yelling in Lampy's face as she looked back at him, her expression confused, yet unsurprised.

"Get out of my face, Flashlight."

"Or what? WHAT ARE YOU GONNA-"

"GO AWAY!!" Lampy suddenly got up, pushing him against the wall with as much strength as she could, watching as he sank to the ground with little remorse.

"To hell with it. Screw you and your stupid little grudges, you child."

She turned her back, picking up her handbag and sighing before simply opening the door and leaving his room, slamming it shut and alas, leaving Flashlight to be alone.

Again.

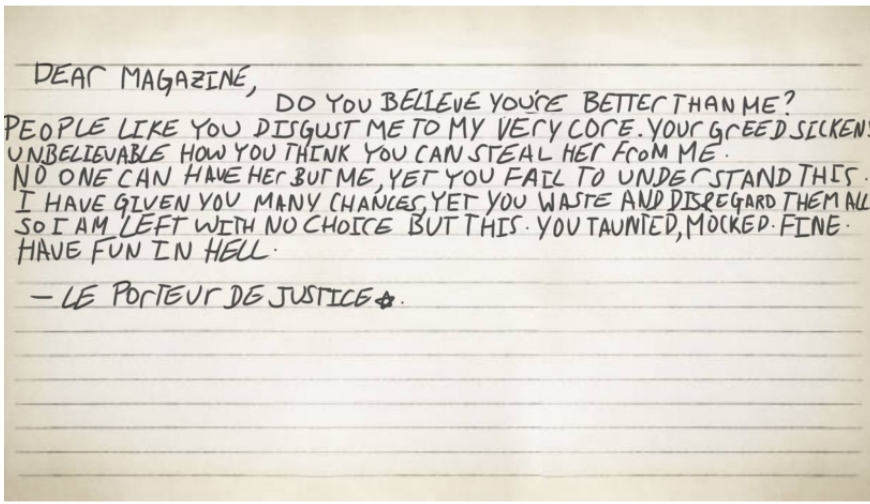
...

...

There was just silence, and nothing else.

Silence only.

"I'll make you pay..."


DEAR MAGAZINE,
DO YOU BELIEVE YOU'RE BETTER THAN ME?
PEOPLE LIKE YOU DISGUST ME TO MY VERY CORE. YOUR GREED SICKENS.
UNBELIEVABLE HOW YOU THINK YOU CAN STEAL HER FROM ME.
NO ONE CAN HAVE HER BUT ME, YET YOU FAIL TO UNDERSTAND THIS.
I HAVE GIVEN YOU MANY CHANCES, YET YOU WASTE AND DISREGARD THEM ALL.
SO I AM LEFT WITH NO CHOICE BUT THIS. YOU TAUNTED, MOCKED. FINE.
HAVE FUN IN HELL.
— LE PORTEUR DE JUSTICE ✿.

CONTINUER

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2 DAYS LATER.

"So yeah, that's the letter I found... amongst many others."

"You really couldn't just search the whole house? It's a goldmine for evidence, if you ask me." Sundial stated, shrugging a little as Tophat sighed, his hand pressed against the bandage that wrapped tightly around his left eye, a cruel reminder of the burn just a few days prior.

"We weren't allowed to search the whole place. Like I said to you before kid, they're filthy rich."

"I don't see what that has to do with anything." Sundial snapped.

,"Money doesn't override justice and-"

"In the real world... it does. That's the unfortunate world we live in. Anyways, we're done with this whole Liy's family thing, correct?" Tophat questioned, raising an eyebrow as a look of guilt washed over Sundial's face.

"I... don't know what to think. It just feels wrong, all of it. It's like we're missing something, it's like Flashlight planned all of this ahead of time. It's like he already knew the outcome, and prepared himself."

"I've never seen anyone like him before." Tophat added with a sigh, folding his arms.

,"We should focus on the hotel now, what do you-"

"What should we do about Lampy? I feel bad, just sending her home like that. She can barely remember the date, or anything."

"...Okay. That's not the main concern though, and-"

"It's not fair though. We should be helping her, not sending her off with just a card! Isn't this job about helping innocent people?"

"Innocent people. Do you hear yourself? That Lampy doesn't exactly fit into that category. She is much to blame as well as the others for this, if you ask me."

"It's not her fault, boss. She didn't know! And anyways, you shouldn't be taking into account what their relationship was like, that's not the main issue! If you remove that from the equation, then you'll see that Lampy was also affected. Just try to be more understanding!" Sundial argued, his voice becoming louder and shakier as Tophat simply sighed.

"You can't get too attached to people in this job, Sundial."

"But...-"

"Lampy isn't innocent either. She neglected her daughter from a young age, partly influencing Liy's actions. You can't, okay? You just can't defend that, no matter what excuses there are, you have to face the truth."

"Y-You can't just say that, i-it... isn't her fault!!"

"Sundial." Tophat raised his voice ever so slightly, fist on the table as Sundial went quiet, his eyes filling with tears of anger and disbelief.

,"I think you should take a break from this job. Take your time to think about this all thoroughly, okay?"

"N-No, what about—!!"

"As your boss, I'm going to put you on temporary leave, starting from tomorrow."

Sundial went quiet, his tear-filled eyes widening as the colour began to drain out of his face with pure shock and confusion. Why this? Why now? Why, why, just why?!

"But... the hotel, Liy...!!"

"We have it covered. I suggest you go home now, Sundial. It's for the best."

———

"Sorry Sundial, man." Picture Frame leaned against the desk, slightly guilty as Sundial handed over his badge.

"Yeah, it's fine." Sundial replied, forcing a smile and trying his best to hold back his emotions as he let the badge go. The badge he proudly wore every day for more than 3 years. Gone just like that.

"We're going for drinks tonight, do you wanna come?"

"No." Sundial firmly replied, startling the other officer by his suddenly cold tone.

,"I think I'm fine."

"Alright, see you soon...? Enjoy your break!"

-

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CONVERSATION STARTED AT: 04/05/2019, 18:49.

Hey Clock, I haven't had time to catch up with you in a while. How are you doing?

I'm ok honestly. A little shaken up by this whole situation.

Of course.

Yeah.

What about the Jr.?

Firey Jr.? He's been staying with me at my folks' place ever since what happened. We've just been watching movies and playing card games with my folks. He actually managed to beat dad at chess!

Your parents?

Yeah? Lol

Why not his own?

Oh, I don't really know how to explain this, but FJ doesn't actually have anywhere to go. He refused to explain for some reason, he just said 'it's none of your business', or something.

Alright. Say, I'd like to meet up with you tommorow. You available?

Yeah, why?

—

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"The Grasslands?!"

"Yeah! I figured you could help, considering that you competed in BFB and all, and I think-"

"Sundial!" Clock snapped loudly, causing his older cousin to go quiet.

,"What the hell is wrong with you? We can't come here! Don't you know what happened, and besides, isn't it against the law to be here now?!"

"I AM the law. Anyways. Get searching, I'm not gonna ask again. Your contribution is crucial." Sundial replied, his tone cold, controlling and slightly detached as Clock stared at him, confused.

"Me, FJ and Stapy came here like less than a week ago, Sundial. Everything we found in Liy's room, Stapy already took. If that's what you're after, anyway..."

"He... what? Why'd you let him go?!" Sundial exclaimed, stamping

forward with rage in his tone as Clock stepped back fearfully.

"I-... I didn't think-"

"Ya' didn't think? ARE YOU STUPID? WHAT WAS IT, TELL ME NOW, TELL ME NOW OR I'LL-"

"IT WAS JUST PICTURES!!" Clock screamed, trembling as Sundial blinked, a mixture of anger and perplexity on his face.

"Pictures of what. Tell me."

"I... dunno! It was like, her parents! It didn't seem like anything important! Stapy just took 'em and went off! We haven't seen him for so long, please, d-don't blame me!!"

"Wow. Just wow. First you irresponsible kids go here without my permission and then you destroy evidence?! CRUCIAL EVIDENCE THAT COULD'VE HELPED WITH THE CASE?!!"

"IT WAS JUST SOME STUPID FUCKING PHOTOS!! I-... I'm not doing this, I'm going home." Clock scoffed, slowly turning around as Sundial remained still, barely able to think straight as he suddenly turned and scurried away from the huts and into the Evil Forest, Clock chasing after him with haste.

"SUNDIAL, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?!" He called out to his cousin, running as fast as he possibly could, coming closer, although before he could possibly, he felt some hit his ankle with force, causing him to trip and slam face-first into the mud.

"Sundial... cousin...?" He weakly cried out, trying his very best to push himself forward, to catch up, to help. Right...?

But he was gone, as if he was never there to begin with. Engulfed by the pitch darkness of the forest and gone without a trace, leaving Clock alone on the ground, helpless to whatever lurked in the corrupt grasslands...

-

Sundial slowed down, his eyes wide and bloodshot as he gasped for

air. He stopped, dropping to the muddy floor as he tried to catch his breath, to try and make sense of it all. Nothing made sense anymore, it just didn't. The job, the case, his life, everything. It was nothing. Just nothing. Just bullshit.

"You're super lucky!"

Sundial shivered, gasping so hard he felt he was going to choke. He immediately turned up, just to be faced with a massive, unrealistically sized metal box, with a keypad and a screen on the side with glowing green text.

"What... are..."

"Silly, don't talk to yourself! This audio is prerecorded! But I have some very special news for you..."

"Liy? No, NO, THIS ENDS NOW, THIS-"

"You just avoided the Great Killing of the Goikian Grasslands! Well done, give yourself a pat on the back!"

"K... kill... wha... NO. STOP, DON'T, DON'T!!!" Sundial quickly got back up on his feet, running up to the machine and clawing onto it with such force that his nails uncomfortably scraped against the metal.

"Yes!!! Bull's eye!! That's my new favourite phrase now, BUT ANYWAYS!!!"

"LIY, I-IF YOU CAN HEAR ME, PLEASE, JUST SURRENDER! YOUR MOM, L-LAMPY, SHE'S HERE, SHE WANTS TO SEE YOU AGAIN AND-"

"Planning this whole thing took even longer than it takes to attain a college degree..."

"LIY, LIY!!!!!! STOP THIS NOW!!!!!!!" Sundial screamed on the top of his lungs, banging against the metal box as hard as he possibly could, hoping, just praying that someone, anyone could hear him, Liy or not.

"JUST KIDDING! I pulled this idea right out of my ass and it's absolutely amazing! What's more entertaining then watching the people you battled alongside absolutely demolish eachother?"

"LIY... STOP THIS.... please...!!"

"Just thinking about it makes me want to run around faster than a toddler on a sugar rush!!!"

"STOP!!"

"All these remaining contestants that didn't come to the hotel... they really thought they were safe, weren't they? How... HOW FUNNY!!"

"...no, it's not, IT'S NOT, IT'S NOT FUNNY, IT'S NOT, IT'S NOT, THEY'RE INNOCENT, ALL OF THEM AND-"

"Well, I won't stall you any longer. Let's let you go to wherever you wanna go."

"I-..." Sundial stepped back, a sudden wave of fear washing over him as the machine abruptly powered on, whirring and beeping as the chute suddenly opened, pulling the former detective in with a godly amount of force.

"SOMEONE HELP ME, STOP THIS NOW!!!!!!!!!!" Sundial hollered on the very top of his lungs, clawing onto the machine for dear life, yelling and screaming before the machine simply sucked him in before closing like nothing had happened...

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BLOODLUST - DATE: N/A.

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"HEY, YOU!!" Stapy yelled, holding up an angry fist as Flashlight slowly turned around.

"Oh, hi."

"HOW DARE YOU HURT LIY!"

Flashlight stared at him, not even saying a word, not even caring in the slightest. Just staring.

,"SAY SOMETHING, ADMIT IT, YOU MONSTER!"

"Nah, I'm good." Flashlight uttered, a blank, lifeless look on his face as he folded his arms, Stapy dumbfounded.

But before he could say anything else, even utter a syllable, someone grabbed him tight, pulling him away with as much force as physically possible before running away at immense speeds.

"WH-"

"JUST COME ON!!" Liy yelled, clutching tightly onto Stapy with her arm as she used the other to flip her switch, the immense power causing the two to blast off into the distance faster than a reckless motorcyclist on the highway.

Stapy squinted his eyes as the wind blew into his face with full force, staring into the distance, slightly mesmerised by the otherworldly terrain that just seemed to keep going on and on infinitely, no end in sight.

"Why'd you do this... Liy?"

Liy scoffed, simply ignoring him as she continued to run at high

speed.

,"Ignoring me won't solve a thing, Liy." Stapy sighed, rolling his eyes and folding his arms, quite unsurprised by Liy's behaviour.

"Don't ask questions you already know the answer to, moron." Liy snapped, slightly pissed off, but trying to hide it with a careless tone.

Suddenly, she halted, letting go of Stapy and flipping back to her usual switch, dusting herself off as he slowly got up from the ground.

"Why'd... you do this?"

"Come on then, fight me, COME AT ME WITH ALL YOU'VE GOT!!" Liy suddenly screamed, her eyes wide and teary as Stapy backed away fearfully.

"W-Wait, wait, what?!"

"Do whatever you want, punish me for what I've done. I don't even have the motivation to kill you anymore."

"Liy. What?"

She blinked, not a hint of emotion on her face as she turned her back, arms crossed and silent.

,"Why do you think that's right?! Killing. IT DID NOTHING FOR YOU! ALL YOU DID WAS WORSEN IT ALL!!" Stapy yelled, his arms raised in the air as Liy remained silent.

"..."

"Of course you're going silent, OF COURSE! Y'know what, why am I even surprised? You've always been such a hothead."

Still no answer. Just nothing.

,"All these people gone... do you not feel anything...?"

"Kinda, I dunno." Liy suddenly replied, turning back to Stapy with a blank look on her face.

"...huh?"

"It doesn't feel like anything anymore. All this anger that I felt before, it's just nothing. Eventually realising that no one will truly give a damn about you takes all remaining emotions away. I feel nothing."

"H-How...?" Stapy gasped, slightly shocked.

"I don't know what you want me to say to you, Stapy."

"I just... want you back..." Stapy muttered, his voice shaky as tears began to fall out of his eyes.

"You can't."

"..."

"You destroyed me. All of you destroyed me. Now you want me back? You're just speaking to the wall at this point."

"...oh." Stapy mumbled, a look of immense guilt on his face as he looked to the side, trying to hide his tears.

"Why were you trying to talk to my dad, anyways?" Liy asked, hands on her hips as she turned to face him.

"You can still call him that...?! After all that-"

"There's really no use trying to talk sense into him. If that strategy actually worked we wouldn't be stuck here."

"I'm sorry, Liy."

"Shut the fuck up. I'm sick of hearing that word."

"Wh-"

"God, you're pathetic." Liy scoffed, turning away as the two went quiet, not saying a word to eachother and both looking away into the distance.

"Harsh." Stapy mumbled, looking back at Liy, although not receiving any eye contact from her back. Expected.

"..."

"I've said my sorry Liy. We all have. So why can't you? You hold everyone up to this standard... a-and you expect everyone to just obey you. But you don't even respect anyone for yourself!"

"Really?!" Liy snapped, turning back around with a look of anger on her face as Stapy stayed firm, folding his arms furiously as she stepped forward.

"I have to apologise? You've all apologised to me? Do you really have nothing to say but shit?! You don't know me, STAPY! You don't know a THING! You only say sorry years later, and you act like some tragic hero! Why don't you shut the hell up?! You have no idea what happened in my life, NOTHING! SO SHUT YOUR FUCKING MOUTH AND-"

"Liy...?!"

Stapy and Liy both went quiet, trembling in fear as they slowly turned around just to see someone unfamiliar. Someone... unknown...?

"WHO ARE YOU?!" Stapy shrieked, backing away from the detective as he painfully rubbed his head before slowly getting up from the ground.

"I... what is this, W-WHERE AM I?!" Sundial yelled, looking around just to find himself in the middle of a dark, cold terrain, the floor a grim maroon shade, the sky blood red, but most importantly, a key suspect standing right before him, utterly clueless.

"D... Detective...?" Liy uttered, beginning to shake as she stepped back, a wave of panic washing over her as she wrapped her arms around her body, shutting her eyes and taking long, deep breaths as she tried to make sense of it all. Everything. How was he here, how, why, and-

"L-Liy, do you remember me...? I-... I'm the officer that came to your school, and-"

"N-No..."

"I... got into contact with your mother, Liy. She wants to see you again!"

-

"My daughter died a long time ago at the hands of a filthy murderer..."

-

"STOP IT!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

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_____

hey, dean here!! hope you enjoyed this chapter, because I certainly had a lot of fun writing this one! ^_^

as usual, make sure to tell me your thoughts in the comments (criticism is allowed too, I'm always willing to improve!), and make sure to leave a vote too!

word count; 15,295

see you in chapter 27!

-dean, out!

_____

chapter 26 - to hell with it. everything.

FIN.